Do I Terrify You Or Do You Feel Alive?

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Do I Terrify You Or Do You Feel Alive?

by ohmyvhope

Summary

Hannibal Lecter is a passionate painter, who insists on his artworks being perfect. He is internationally famous and admired, but the models he chooses for his paintings mysteriously disappear and die under shady circumstances. The moment Will Graham, young art student, appears in Hannibal's life, the hungry painter decides for a slightly different approach.

Notes

First of all, we want to thank our amazing beta Kirsten for all the help she's giving us with this fic.
The general idea for the fic came from the game Life Is Strange.
We do not own Hannibal and Will, (but boy we wish we did).
The title of the fic is from the beautiful Hannibal fan song, *Become The Beast* by Karliene.
Also, the person who dies in chapter one is NOT Will.

This is a WIP and it looks like it's going to be quite long. We haven't decided how it's going to end just yet. There is the possibility of Major Character Death.
Also, we intend to update it every Saturday and Wednesday, at least for now that we have quite a lot of chapters ready. If real life gets in the way, we'll change it to only Saturdays, but that's unlikely since we write pretty fast.

Chapter 1

The room around him was so blurry he couldn't even see anymore. Everything was shifting in front of his eyes, objects suddenly changing shapes as if they were dancing in front of his eyes. The young Tipson Academy art student tried to blink himself back to reality, but it was to no avail.

How long has he been in here, and where exactly was *here*? It could've been days, but it might as well could've been months. He was so confused of his whereabouts and the fact that he couldn't see properly was scaring him even more, despite the room being well illuminated.

He could see someone sitting in a far distance at the end of the room across from where he was, but the person was absolutely quiet, not making a single sound.

The student moaned silently from his place, a rather comfortable sofa he way lying at, although his arms and legs were bandaged together. What was happening? What was this place and who was that person in the corner?

The boy tried for another feeble cry; tried to move his limbs, but his body was just so ridiculously heavy. He was absolutely exhausted, and couldn't even muster up the strength move a single muscle.

After what seemed like ages, his eyes finally picked up on a trolley next to his head, taking note of the bottle of water and syringes placed atop it.

A wild thought suddenly embraced the boy's brain, was he kidnapped? When was the last time he had talked to his parents? He couldn't remember.

His memories were hazy. He vaguely recalled heading home one night when it was pouring as if the sky had torn in half and decided to flood the ground.There was nothing particularly weird on that evening, apart from a car stopping by his side at some point, and the kind voice of his art teacher offering him a lift.

A gasp left the student's mouth and his green eyes ever so desperately tried to focus on the person on the other side of the room. His lips were so heavy as he barely pushed the two words through:

"Mr. Lecter?"

Hannibal heard the boy's voice calling his name and turned around, making sure to keep the knife he was holding out of the boy's field of vision. It had taken him a while to decide how to kill this one - there were so many ways of killing a person if you were creative, but Hannibal had decided to go for something simple but very effective this time. He always preferred knives - he couldn't poison people, otherwise he wouldn't be able to devour them later.

There was also something beautiful about using a knife to kill someone, the proximity, the way he could watch the blood flowing out of the person's body... it was *awe-inspiring*. That was one of the things he liked the most.

"Oh, you're awake," Hannibal smiled at the boy as he approached him, no longer caring if the boy saw the knife. The boy was heavily drugged and tied up; he wasn't about to run or defend himself anytime soon.

Hannibal liked watching his victims' faces when they realized what their fate was, the fear in their eyes hauntingly ethereal.

"So beautiful," Hannibal whispered as he leaned closer to the boy, kneeling in front of the couch, already wearing his plastic suit to protect his clothes from the blood. The couch was covered to ensure an easy, untraceable cleanup.

A protected couch and body could only mean one thing: Hannibal was ready to kill his latest victim. Smiling, he gently caressed the boy's cheek with his fingers.

"So perfect. When I saw you for the first time, I knew I had to paint you. Your beauty is... fascinating." Moving his hand down, his fingertips gently traced the boy's neck, and then his chest, slowly.

The boy’s pupils dilated, eyes widening as if he was a doe in the headlights. The sudden understanding and terror that followed had him sweating profusely, evident by the growing wet patches creeping into the fabric of his shirt. He was going to die.

Shaking his head slowly, the boy whined, trying to drag his heavy body away from the teacher. He used the last of his remaining strength to move further away from the man, but nothing was working. It was as if he was stuck in place.

"Mr... Mr. Lecter... please... please don't... no..." He couldn't pinpoint the exact moment he had started crying, but salty tears were now streaming down into his partially opened mouth. "Mr. Lecter... don't kill me. Please... I wanna go home... I want to see my parents... please..."

He was losing any sense of dignity and confidence he had left, and he found himself entirely impartial to it. He hoped; prayed for the teacher’s heart to open for him, to show him some kindness. The boy was willing to trade everything for his life and freedom.

He couldn’t even begin to guess how long he’s been here; he had no way of knowing whether his parents already had begun to search for him, offering money to anyone with any information on his whereabouts. They also could have already given up all hopes on finding him and buried an empty casket. The student trembled at the terrifying thought.

"Oh, darling... I can't let you go." Hannibal's fingers moved up again to the boy’s neck, caressing his skin in a way that could have been soothing, that is, if the boy wasn't expecting to die.

"You see, if I let you go now you'll tell them... Shh..." He pressed his index finger to the boy’s lips before they could open again. "Don't even try to tell me that you'll lie for me. You won't. You'll tell them that I did this to you, and all of this, all of my work would be ruined." Hannibal traced the boy's lower lip with the tip of his finger, almost longing to kiss away his tears.

"No... you can't be free, my darling. But don't worry, you're not going to die. You'll live forever in my painting. You should be happy. This way you'll always look beautiful... and will never be forgotten."

"What? No... no no... no please... Mr. Lecter... oh my God; please don't hurt me... please... I have... I have money... if you want any you just have to ask... oh fuck... why me... what have I ever done to you?" The boy's cheeks were entirely wet with tears, and he still had that doe-like expression on his face.

He couldn't believe he'd gotten himself into such a mess. He was a good student, not excellent, but a good one nonetheless. He played football and had been making his parents proud; he'd even found himself a girlfriend... and all of this would vanish soon.

Every good thing in his life would be lost, all because of one insane man who decided to choose him, *him* rather than anyone else. "I will be quiet... professor... please, I swear I'll be quiet." He whimpered in last attempt to save himself.

"No, darling, no..." Hannibal said softly, a small smile on his face that didn't quite reach his eyes. The boy had to die, it was that simple. Hannibal wasn't about to start changing his ways now, all for one petulant boy.

"I don't want your money. I don't need it. You see, I have more money than I could ever possibly need," Grabbing the knife with his right hand, Hannibal used his left to grab the boy's hair, forcefully exposing the youth's unmarred throat. "But yes, I do believe you when you say you'll be quiet. That's true, you'll never say a word again." Hannibal lifted the knife and rested it against the boy's throat, right above his carotid. The knife was very sharp and it would be a quick death, a rather kind when compared to other things he could, and has done before.

"You've done nothing to me," Hannibal continued. "You are just too beautiful, and I long to preserve that beauty." Tightening his grip on the boy's hair, he pressed the knife against flesh, slicing the boy's carotid open before he could try to say anything else.

He watched as the boy's life poured out of him and painted everything it touched a breathtaking red. It was beautiful.

Contemplating his work for a moment, Hannibal considered the various ways he could prepare the boy for dinner that night.

Chapter 2

"Jesus Christ Will, can you hurry up already? Do you really wanna be late to Lecter's class?" Jack Crawford, an art student of Tipson Academy, leaned against the locker adjacent to Will's - whose head was currently buried in the books and other miscellaneous junk he kept in his locker.

Jack shook his head. Will had always been such a dreamer, barely noticing the reality around himself. His head was usually in the clouds, while his hands drew all over his notebooks. It seemed Will wasn't even listening to him; the boy way too focused on looking for something in his locker.

"Good God, Will, I'm speaking to you!" Jack nudged the boy's leg with his boot, wondering if that would make any difference.

Will Graham sighed, his slim body straightening as he was nudged by his only friend. He raised an eyebrow that pretty much disappeared beneath the wild curls on his head, folding his arms over his chest as his blue eyes focused on his peer. "Huh? What do you want, Jack?"

Before Jack could reply, the sharp sound of the school bell interrupted him, resonating through the entire school, including corridor they were standing in. "Oh shit, we're already late!"

Will grabbed his backpack and yanked it over his shoulder the same moment he slammed the door of his locker and joined Jack who was now running towards the art class.

Hannibal had already started his lecture when Graham and Crawford burst into the room after obviously running through the corridors in an effort to get to class in time. And failing. Hannibal looked at them - looked at Will Graham, in fact, watching him move to his seat. Graham was beautiful, and Hannibal had never seen someone as breathtaking and ethereal as the boy. He had beautiful, big blue eyes, perfect curly hair, and lips that Hannibal longed to kiss.

Will Graham's smile was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life. Hannibal loved his face, and wondered how good his body would look naked, on his couch, tied up and rendered a painting.

He waited for the two boys to take their seats - and quietly took in the sound of Will Graham panting with exertion. *Oh, how he longed to push that boy into his bed and ravish him, leaving him out of breath as he was now.* Hannibal cleared his throat and continued on his lecture, his eyes focusing on Will with far more frequency than appropriate.

The last thing Will wanted was to come late to Lecter's lecture. The boy took his seat as silently as possible, but seeing as he sat relatively close to his professor, his efforts were all for naught.

Will cursed every deity he could think of as he loudly unzipped his bag, taking out his sketchbook and clearing his throat; intentionally avoiding the professor's gaze. He knew Lecter was looking at him, he could feel those sharp honey-coloured eyes burning into him, going through the thick layer of his jacket, under his shirt and straight to his skin. Hannibal Lecter and his mesmerising eyes kept Will up at night. The professor's face caused Will to breathe faster, his heart loudly pounding in his chest. When it came to Professor Lecter, Will found himself struggling to control the way the man made him feel.

He kept staring at his sketchbook, focusing only on the man's exotic voice. Will knew Hannibal wasn't originally from America, although his professor's English was quite refined. Ever since his first day of class, the boy hadn't been able to pinpoint the origins of the man's accent. It bugged him, admittedly much more than it should have.

The professor didn't mind the fact that Will was late. Or Jack Crawford. He didn't care about Jack Crawford at all, in fact, because once he chose someone - his new model, the most beautiful kid in class - he didn't change his mind, and didn't want anyone else. This time, it was Will. The fact that the boy was late and arrived panting in his class just made him want him even more.

Once the lecture was finished, everyone quietly stood up to leave. It was true that Hannibal wasn't the sort of teacher who abhorred their students talking amongst themselves. But then again, Hannibal had no need to demand his students' respect, because he already had their admiration. He hoped Will Graham admired him too. And Hannibal was just waiting for the perfect moment to get Will alone.

"Will? Grace is waiting for me, I gotta go.. you know how pissed she will be if I'm not at her locker at the precise time," Jack was already halfway to the door when he called back to Will, who had only just begun packing his stuff up.

The curly boy raised an eyebrow, sitting up straight in his chair. *Typical, Jack was so into his girlfriend that he was ignoring anything else.* Said girlfriend also wasn't particularly fond of Will, because the boy wanting to spend time with his friend - her boyfriend, was apparently unacceptable.

He shook his head as he stood up, taking the time to stretch out his long legs. He noticed out the corner of his eye that Hannibal was still present as well, which made him feel a bit uneasy.

"Will Graham," Hannibal smiled at the boy. Hannibal was stood behind his desk, his fingers tracing the spine of a nondescript book. "What did you think of the lecture today?"

His question seemed innocent, but it was anything but. Hannibal wanted to seduce the boy and take him home so he could begin his masterpiece.

He wanted to preserve Will's perfect face forever.

Will, in turn, had been paying more attention to the fact that Hannibal's suit was perfect, emphasizing the man's finest features. He looked absolutely gorgeous, and Will had struggled to focus on his art lecture with such a masterpiece standing before him.

"Um, it was nice... I suppose what I appreciated the most were the paintings you were showing us, Mr. Lecter." Truthfully, that was the only thing he remembered before Hannibal had to go and bend over his table to turn on the projector.

Will shook his head. Lecter was his *teacher*; he shouldn't be thinking about him in this way.

Hannibal smiled at Will again. "The paintings. I like them too." He knew Will liked the paintings, for the boy always seemed to focus more on them than anything else in class. *Aside from Hannibal himself, of course.*

Hannibal had been observing Will for a while now and having talked to the boy more than once, he ascertained that Will was the best student in his class. There was an art exhibition he planned to view in a few days, and the sudden thought of taking Will with him proved to be an irresistible one.

"Have you ever been to an art exhibition, Will? Took in the beauty of the paintings in front of you?"

"Only a few vernissages.. nothing spectacular though, there are never many good ones in this town. Maybe I'm just too picky when it comes to the artists, though." Will shrugged and smiled a bit, slowly making his way towards Hannibal's desk (seeing as there was no point in staying next to his own any longer).

"The painters I prefer seem to be only in the national museums, you see, and bigger cities like New York and Washington," he added and then snickered, "It's okay.. I can always drool at them from the confines of my dorm room."

Hannibal chuckled. "You don't have to. Not anymore," Amber eyes fixed onto perfect blue ones. He would have to find a way to keep Will awake for a while so he could properly paint them. It would almost be a waste to kill Will Graham and see the light leaving those blue eyes.

Hannibal had considered the option of keeping them as a trophy, but that would disturb the beauty of Will's dead body. He couldn't mutilate Will that way; Will *needed* to stay beautiful.

"Can you keep a secret?" Hannibal asked, with a small, almost imperceptible smile. "There's an exhibition in Washington next week. I want to take the class there. Would you like to go?"

Will's eyes widened with excitement and he let out a silent gasp, "An exhibition in Washington? A real exhibition with truly interesting pieces? Mr. Lecter.. that would be so nice of you, of course I would go and I'm sure the rest of the class will be as equally excited as I am right now!" Rubbing his face with his hands, he wondered for a second why his professor decided to tell him of all people, but that thought was soon washed with another wave of excitement.

Van Gogh, Da Vinci, Friedrich.. all of his favourite painters would surely have their masterpieces there. "I will keep this a secret, but I can already tell you that many people will be excited about this."

"That's the idea," he winked at Will and smiled, thinking about how scintillating his new painting would look. With every second more he looked at Will, the more fascinated Hannibal grew with the boy's face.

He would have to take pictures of Will's eyes and smile, they were *too beautiful* to be lost forever. *Oh, how he longed to finally take Will's clothes off and see if his body was as perfect as his face.*

"You should go," Hannibal nodded to the boy, even though he would drag the boy into his car and take him home immediately if he could. *To his basement.* "You don't want to be late for your next class."

"Oh shit! I mean... sorry, today isn't my lucky day it seems.." Will startled when he saw he only had about two minutes to get to the other side of the building for his next class, "Well, thank you for trusting me on this, Mr. Lecter... have a nice day!" He burst out of the classroom quickly, not noticing the one folded piece of paper that had fallen from his opened backpack.

Inside was a sketch of Hannibal's face, which could be easily judged because the drawing looked so similar to its original, being half buried in the dark, adding the intended aspect of horror to the sketch. Will had planned on framing this little picture of his after arriving to the dorm - he had no way of knowing it had fallen into its subjects hands.

It was too late to call Will back to return the paper, so Hannibal simply bent down to grab it. Curiously, he unfolded the paper and stared at his own haunting eyes peering back at him.

Had it been Will's intention to make him look so dark in the sketch? Was that how Will saw him, or how Will liked to imagine him? *Was Will Graham attracted to him?* What other reason would Will have to draw him?

Hannibal folded the paper again and took it to his desk. He had never kept anything from his models, but he was definitely going to keep that sketch. He hid the folded paper inside one of his books, thinking, at the same time, about how he would cook Will Graham and how heavenly the boy would taste.

That evening, Will and Jack decided to throw a little private party in Will's dorm room; just the two of them and some video games and vodka. Jack brought quite a lot of bottles, surprising the curly-haired boy as he opened his door.

Will yearned to share the exciting news with Jack, but he had made a promise to Hannibal, and was definitely not one to break a promise. Besides, he didn't even know if Jack would come to the exhibition, since the other boy apparently only appreciated art in comic form.

The two finished three bottles of vodka after only two hours of gaming and giggling like a couple of idiots. When Will didn't think this evening could get any more fun, Jack pulled a paper from his pocket and handed it to Will. Mobile numbers to their professors on the academy.

Will raised an eyebrow when he noticed Hannibal's name at the end of the list and the sudden urge to text the man lit up inside him as a fire. *No, he couldn't text his teacher, it was one in the morning already, and he wouldn't do it because he had some dignity*. What he didn't know though was that the moment he left to pee, Jack snatched his phone and texted a couple of teachers, including Lecter, the same text.

I'm so aroused and thinking of you. -Will Graham

Hannibal was in the first stages of sleep when his phone buzzed on his bedside table, and he picked it up to read the text message. He immediately felt a stab of hunger for Will, because he wanted that boy, *wanted him there in his bed, on all fours, begging for Hannibal to fuck him.*

He wanted Will Graham's mouth around his cock, taking it all in. He wanted Will Graham in every possible way, and he felt inclined to reply to the text message and ask Will to tell him exactly what he was thinking about.

After typing the first letter, he stopped. Should he reply to it at all? It seemed unlikely that Will Graham would send him a message like that - the boy was shy and seemed to innocent to do something like that. Perhaps it was a prank text? Yes, it probably was.

Unless Will Graham was drunk in his bed now, touching himself and thinking about Hannibal. The teacher sighed, his desire for Will threatening to blind him. He was certain that Will Graham was attracted to him too, judging by the sketch he had so carelessly left behind.

Curiosity got the best of him, as it always did, and he decided to investigate further. There was only one way to know. He typed his reply and clicked send.

Would you tell me exactly what you are thinking about, Will? -HL

"Dude.. what the fuck is that my phone buzzing at one in the morning? Who's texting me at one a.m.?" Will was too drunk at this point to function properly. Truthfully, so was Jack, but he was controlling Will's phone and therefore the boy's future now. Opening the text, he smiled when he saw the initials HL behind the text. *So, Hannibal Lecter was still awake at this time of the night? Interesting.*

"Graham, would you fuck Lecter? I mean.. like really fuck.. or let him fuck you? Cause you know.. he's pretty hot, and this is coming from a straight guy." Jack knew this prank wasn’t quite fair, but then again it had been Will who had set him up for dates with three different guys in one restaurant on the day of Jack's birthday. His little curly-haired friend was long overdue for some revenge.

"Let him fuck me? Oh I don't even know, man.. I've never had sex with a man.. I'm not sure I want it.." Will's eyes were closed and his head was facing the wall instead of Jack, otherwise he would’ve noticed his friend holding *his* phone. "He is hot..how he bent over that desk today.. but he's my teacher.. that would be so fucked up!"

Jack didn't take this as an answer, and since he was already taking a bit longer to reply, he quickly typed out another message :

I want you to bend me over your desk as you did it yourself today and fuck the soul out of me. -Will

Will's text sucked the breath out of Hannibal's lungs. That couldn't be real, he couldn't believe that it was Will Graham who was texting him. He wondered if the boy was drunk and if he would remember this later; if he would go through the messages and feel embarrassed about it.

Will would look beautiful, blushing in front of Hannibal after confessing his attraction to him. He wanted to tell Will that he would gladly do it; take him right there in the classroom after everybody left, not even bothering to close the door. He wanted to say that - wanted to *feed* Will's fantasies.

He shouldn't, though. He was curious, but wasn't stupid, and if that phone fell in wrong hands - if it already was in wrong hands, that could cause him problems. He would be curious in the next day when he saw Will again, but right now he had to be rational. The fact that he was already half hard just by thinking of holding Will's hips down and pounding into him didn't help matters, but he typed and sent the message anyway.

I understand. You shouldn't be thinking about those things with me, though. I am your teacher, Will, and this wouldn't be right. -HL

"Hey, what the fuck do you think you're doing?" Will noticed Jack had been looking at his phone for far too long. Turning his head towards it, he noticed it was, in fact, his own phone.

Will completely flipped out and yanked it out of Jack's hands, looking at the display and holding his breath. He could feel his heart skip a beat as he saw the four messages on the screen, *oh no, oh fuck no, this didn't mean anything good for him.*

The rage in the boy's body grew to the size of Mount Everest, and it wasn't exactly rational thinking that led his hand to grab Jack by the shirt and drag him across the room before he threw him out of his dorm, slamming the door in the other boy’s face.

His body relaxed against the wood and Will let out a desperate breath. *What was he supposed to do now?* He looked at his phone again and bit on his lower lip. Damn it. He was totally fucked, now Lecter would surely ask about this the following day. He would certainly cross Will out of his plans for the exhibition too. His hands were still shaking as he formed a reply.

You are right, I shouldn't think about this at all. It won't happen again, I'm sorry. -Will

The text made Hannibal sure that it was Will who had sent the message. If that was a prank, the person would have insisted. Hannibal considered his options. Text Will back and try to make the boy feel better, because he was certainly feeling embarrassed by Hannibal's rejection, or don't text back, and let Will feel the embarrassment.
On the following day, Will would blush every time Hannibal fixed his gaze on him during the lecture, and Hannibal couldn't lose the opportunity. He made his decision and put the phone down again.

It had been too long since Hannibal last had sex with one of his models. He didn't do it with all of them, just with his favorites - the shy and innocent ones. He liked to steal their innocence, show them what sex could be like; teach them. Teach them more things than he did at school.

He couldn't resist. And he knew he wouldn't be able to resist Will. Hannibal wished he could have the opportunity to bend Will over the desk in the classroom and fuck him, thrust hard into him and make Will scream until he came inside the boy, marking him as his own. Claiming his territory.

Hannibal's hand slowly wandered down his chest and belly to gently cup his erection through the fabric of his underwear, sighing as he arched his back slightly. *Fuck*, that felt good. He thought about having Will on his knees and the boy's beautiful mouth around him as he freed his cock, closing his eyes with the first movement of his hand.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> "Grem" is Jack's nickname for Will. Not that it matters much since now Will's life will become going terribly wrong. :D

"I swear to God, I will murder you for this, Jack! Do you even realize how much trouble I am in? Mr. Lecter will think I'm some horny pig that texted him in the middle of the night... not to mention all the other professors you sent the same text! How could you do this to me?" Harsh words fell through Will's mouth in a whisper as he and his friend waited for Hannibal to arrive and start the lecture.

Jack's eyes widened a bit. He did feel stupid, that much was true, but he also felt the sting of justice for finally getting revenge on Will's previous pranks. "Grem, don't fret, it's not gonna be *that* bad, he didn't text you he'd go to the dean or anything, did he? You need to chill out dude, I bet he already forgot about it." He patted his brooding friend on the back, offering him a small smile.

Will pushed Jack aside, no longer in the mood to joke around with his friend. He silently took a seat in the lecture hall, running a hand through his hair hopelessly, "Fuck... what have I done? I should've told him it was a prank, why did I let myself take the fall?"

Everyone was seated when Hannibal walked into the room. He took notice of Will immediately, but didn't make eye contact - not yet, not until he could stand in front of the boy and stare right into his soul. Walking over to his desk, he set down everything he needed for today's lesson, doing his best to ignore the fact that he wanted Will Graham *here* and *now.*

"Good morning," Hannibal stated, moving into Will's line of sight. The older man let his gaze roam over all his students, finally settling on the boy's beautiful eyes.

Oh God. He definitely remembers. Will felt so infinitesimal, shivering as he closed his eyes and tried to calm down. *What does a person do when they embarrass themselves on such a grand scale?*

Opening his eyes in an attempt to blink away his regrets, he looked down at his sketchbook only to remember how he'd lost a drawing somewhere yesterday.

Eyes widening in trepidation, Will prayed he hadn't left it here in this room for Hannibal to find. He cursed under his breath. The day had just started, and it was only getting worse with every waking hour.

"As some of you know," Hannibal continued, focusing elsewhere so as to not draw attention to the fact that he *wanted* to keep observing the boy for the rest of the morning. "There's going to be an art exhibition in Washington next week, and I intend to take you there so you can see the paintings. Judging by the smiles on your faces, I assume you want to go, no?" His lips twitched in amusement at the collective 'yes!' sounding from his students. "I would like to be aware of who will be accompanying me by the end of class so I can begin the necessary arrangements. That aside, let us begin with today's lecture."

Will thought about not going and instead staying in his dorm, avoiding Lecter as much as possible. He was already resigned to seeing the man every day in class, and after Jack's prank, it was sure to be an arduous undertaking.

Shifting in his seat, Will gazed out the window. The weather outside was beautiful; the autumn colored the leaves, and the sun shined bright from above. He soon drifted off, startling awake the moment the bell rang, announcing the end of class.

As the students made their way out the door, they stopped in front of Hannibal's desk to let him know they were interested in going to the exhibition, signing their names on a list.

"Will Graham," he said suddenly, before Will could even get up from his seat, lifting his gaze to the boy. "Please stay, I'd like to discuss something with you."

Will could feel his heart dropping as he slowly stood up and took a deep breath. *Fuck, fuck fuck!* The older man would surely send him to the dean now, where he'd be reprimanded for trying to initiate a sexual relationship with a faculty member. His parents would probably be notified, too.

He didn't want to drag his parents into this. They were already displeased that their son chose to pursue art, rather than attending the police academy as they had hoped. Will was sure they would murder him and chop him into millions of tiny pieces if they found out he was drunkenly sexting his professor.

Straightening his back, Will stiffly made his way over to the front of the classroom. "Yes, Mr. Lecter? You wanted to speak with me?" A silent whimper betrayed the boy's nervousness.

Hannibal thought Will was beautiful when he was terrified. Twinges of arousal began low in his gut at the way *his* boy's voice hitched in fear.

"I've been thinking about how to take the students to the exhibition," he started, waiting to see the relief in Will's face as the boy realized he wasn't going to ask about the text message. "I know all of them have cars and can go there by themselves, seeing as most just told me they prefer to go by themselves."

Hannibal understood that. It was supposed to be on a Sunday and he was sure that most of his students wouldn't want to go home directly after the exhibition, considering that they'd be in Washington for the day. With most coming from wealthy and affluent families, they were sure to spend the rest of the time shopping. Except for Will, of course.

"What I want to know is if you need a ride." Hannibal almost smirked, thinking that he would like it very much if Will would ride him. Not the right time to think about this, though. "Unless, of course, you're carpooling with one of your classmates. If not, I could take you."

Will didn't have a car, that much was true. He knew how to drive, but he seriously doubted his parents would just lend him the family car, especially since Will's dad used it daily.

The exhibition took place on Sunday which was also very inconvenient for the boy - all the buses would run on different schedules. On top of everything, Jack told him he wouldn't go on the exhibition right before he left to see his girlfriend again. Will was left with no choice but to accept Mr. Lecter's offer.

Running a hand through his hair, Will looked back at the professor who was surely expecting a reply by now, "I don't have anyone who would take me there... my friend isn't going and I'm not exactly on friendly terms with the others; I don't think they would give me a lift," He

shrugged, nervously rubbing the back of his neck.

"But, Mr. Lecter.. I don't think I should go after all, it's too far away and my parents wouldn't approve, *especially* if I told them I have no other way to get there unless you gave me a ride. Plus I don't have the money to pay you back for the ride…I'm really sorry, but I can't go with you."

"Of course you can go, Will," the teacher insisted, his hands resting on the book where Will's drawing was hidden. "You dream about seeing these paintings; unless of course, you were lying during our conversation yesterday?"

Hannibal wouldn't accept going there without Will, not when he had the opportunity of driving there with the boy. *Having Will in his car as he drove, so close Hannibal would be able to touch him. If only he could.* He knew for sure that Will wanted that, but he shouldn't try anything, not while Will was *free.*

"I'm sure your parents would understand your love for art, and you don't need to tell them you're going with me if you think they wouldn't agree with it. You don't have to tell anyone, Will. And you certainly don't need to pay me for it." No one could know that Will was close to the professor in any way. Not with the plans Hannibal had for him.

"Tell your parents you're going with a classmate who will take you home right after the exhibition. Please. You're the best student in this class and I want you to be there. It will be important for you."

"The.. b-best student in your class?" Eyes widening, Will took a deep breath, unconscious of how close he was leaning into Hannibal. "You think I am the best student in your class? But there are...I.. thank you Mr. Lecter. I will talk to my parents, they don't know Jack isn't going... so unless he tells them, I should be okay. Besides, I'll be going with a teacher, right? I couldn't be more safe."

Smiling softly, the chocolate haired boy looked down at the sign-up sheet for the exhibition. Grabbing a pen, he signed it before turning back to Hannibal. "Where will we meet? In front of the campus?"

The teacher let his fingers brush softly on Will's as he grabbed the pen, looking up at the boy and offering him a smile.

"No, I don't think that's a good idea." Hannibal mimicked a sigh. "I'm afraid this could cause you problems, Will, seeing as nobody is supposed to know you're going with me. No, I'll be waiting for you at the end of the street instead. Is 8 a.m. good for you?"

"Alright then, yeah, I think that could work! Okay, I'll be at the end of the street at eight," Will nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Lecter, truly, thank you for giving me this opportunity, I.. I don't know whether you haven't mentioned this on purpose or if you plan to tell the dean straight away, but I would like to personally apologize for my actions yesterday evening."

"I...I'm so sorry, I had a lot of alcohol and I wasn't quite sure what I was doing. I just... I wanted to let you know that alcohol led my hand that night." Will quickly stormed out of the classroom as soon as he finished speaking. *This was already so embarrassing and humiliating for the boy - he couldn't take it any more.*

The teacher watched Will leave before organizing his things to leave for lunch. Hannibal had intended to tell Will that that hadn't been the first time he received that kind of message from a student, and that it was perfectly okay and he understood, but Will didn't give him time for that. Chuckling, he decided to talk to Will about that on another day.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Warning for a bit of homophobic language and bullying in this chapter.

On Sunday, Will woke up rather early, knowing there was a lot to be done about his appearance.

He was already stressed out from the fact that he'd be in a car with Hannibal Lecter to and from Washington. Alone.

Will sat on his bed paralyzed for a couple of minutes before finally getting up and heading to his wardrobe. He scoured his closet as if he was trying to dig his way into Narnia, finally managing to put together a simple, yet tasteful outfit.

Laid out before him was a clean, ironed white button up shirt, a black tie, some black jacket to go with it, and, sticking with the monochrome theme, black skinny jeans as well.

Before dressing up, he packed his shower supplies and slinked his way into the showers on his floor. In a haze of anxiety, Will ended up scrubbing his skin so roughly it turned completely red.

Sighing at his flushed appearance, he still managed to shave himself in the bathroom mirror and dried his hair as best as he could.

Before leaving, Will made sure to text Jack to cover for him in case his parents asked about him. He didn't, however, tell his friend that Mr. Lecter was the one driving him to Washington. After that nasty betrayal with the text messages, the less Jack knew, the better.

At eight precisely, he stood at the end of the street, trying to identify a car that could possibly be Lecter's. In an attempt to look somewhat relaxed, Will had his hands buried in the pockets of his trousers. In reality, he surely must've looked a bit nervous.

As for the art teacher, he had taken a shower soon after waking up, shaving afterwards and stepping into a nice dark blue suit. He wanted to look good because today was a *special* day - it could be the day when he would finally steal Will all for himself. *That was definitely something to celebrate.*

Hannibal double-checked to make sure he had everything he needed for the trip, including the drug-filled syringe he planned to inject Will with on the way back - *if everything went according to his plans.* Opting to carry it in an inner pocket, he got into his black Aston Martin and drove to meet Will, arriving to pick up the boy precisely at 8 a.m.

The Aston Martin approaching him made Will's little heart skip a beat. He'd never seen such a gorgeous car in his life before. Everything about that vehicle was perfect, just like its driver.

Will moved the weight of his body from one leg to another, rubbing one of his elbows as the car stopped in front of him. Jumping off the pavement, he took his backpack off before getting into the car.

The seat instantly welcomed him, and Will felt as he was burying deeper and deeper, almost being swallowed by all that leather. His blue eyes found Hannibal's and he smiled shyly. "Good morning Mr. Lecter... may I just say that your car is absolutely beautiful?"

"Thank you," the teacher smiled at him and started driving, thinking that they would probably get there before most of Will's classmates. "I have a special love for it myself. I must ask though, Will, did you tell anybody that you're going with me?" His tone was casual, as if his question wasn't important at all.

"No, my parents think Jack Crawford is driving me there, and Jack just knows somebody is taking me there. My parents weren't particularly happy about this decision, but they've already met Jack and trust him well enough." Will shrugged, tapping his slender fingers against his thighs.

"Nobody has to know who I'm going with as long as I return home safe and sound." He concluded.

Hannibal tried to hold back a smile at that, but he wasn't very successful. If everything went according to plan, Will would not be returning home ever again. He would be safe and sound though - Hannibal would ensure that.

Safe, sound and beautiful for all eternity, Will's gorgeous face would never be forgotten, retaining its youthful beauty in his painting.

Eternally perfect, that's what Hannibal wanted his models to be - and Will was the most special of them all.

"Your parents sound very protective," he commented, before Will could turn his head and notice his smile. Masking his true feelings with an aura of concern, he continued, "Does that bother you?"

"They are both Christians, family means everything to them, Mr. Lecter. To be honest, I don't blame them; I understand where they're coming from. Really, I learned to live with this at an early age."

"They think I am wasting my talent at Tipson, that I should be going to a police academy by now, but I can't… I can't even begin to imagine myself at a police academy."

Turning his head, Will briefly met Hannibal's eyes. "I get bullied at art school, can you imagine what people would do to me at police academy?" He let out a harsh laugh, more bitter than humorous.

"You should do what you love." Hannibal turned his head to look at the boy for a moment.

One thing in particular that Will said was bothering him - the bullying.

Who had the audacity to bully his Will? Nobody had the right to make his Will feel bad or do him any harm, tainting his beauty with their corruption.

"But what do you mean you get bullied? If it's something that bothers you, you should tell me." Hannibal pondered who he would have to kill for this.

"Hm? Oh... that's... no that's not important." Will immediately regretted the decision to tell Hannibal about his experience with bullying. “It's just.., most of the students in my class are as you said, rich and powerful, and I barely have the money to keep my dorm room. It’s nothing to. serious, I just get pushed around a bit, called some names..." He shrugged, turning to look outside the window.

In fact he'd been attacked several times by the beefier demographic at Tipson. Will had even experience what was perhaps the most humiliating moment in his young life - having his head flushed in the toilet.

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Lecter… I really do appreciate it. But please, don’t worry about me."

"Alright," Hannibal agreed, not wanting to push the boy to tell him things at the moment, not when Will could realize that he was being pushed. "But just know that you can tell me anything, if you ever need to."

Hannibal considered bringing up the text message. Thinking back on how adorable the boy next to him was when embarrassed, he decided it was worth a try.

"Will, the last time we talked..." He started slowly, watching the boy through the corner of his eye. "You apologized for the text message and didn't give me time to answer."

Will's cheeks flushed the darkest shade of crimson as he kept his look focused on the window and not on his professor. "I didn't think you would want to somehow further comment on what happened... it’s already embarrassing enough as is. I’m still very sorry, Mr. Lecter."

"These sort of things only ever happen in Hollywood, not in real life. Well, if it happens in the movies, those two people usually end up together... but in real life it's nothing but embarrassment, humiliation and the threat of getting expelled for inappropriate flirting with a teacher." Will's voice was but a quiet murmur, his eyes closed so he wouldn't have to face the reality of the situation at hand.

To Will it was obviously embarrassing, but to Hannibal it was nothing short of adorable - and arousing. He already knew the truth - Will wanted him. His student had sent that message when he was drunk, probably only regretting it because Hannibal had turned him down.

Taking in the sight of the boy's flushed appearance, he wondered if Will's skin would be that beautiful shade of pink when they first had sex.

Hannibal also wondered why Will had brought up the fact that in movies, two people in this situation usually would end up together - *was that what he wanted?*

He was all too willing to give Will just that if he so desired.

Well, at least until Hannibal killed and cannibalized him.

"Don't think you're the first person who does that - or that I'm the first teacher who gets a message like that," Hannibal said calmly, intending to make the boy feel less embarrassed now. *It was fun to play with Will like this;* Hannibal could manipulate him so easily. "It's not the first time I've received a message like that, after all."

Hannibal shouldn't do what he was about to do, but his curiosity got the best of him. He sighed, looking at the road, but kept his main focus on Will.

"I didn't want to turn you down, Will," he said quietly, "But as your teacher, it would be wrong of me to encourage you."

This completely caught Will off guard, his eyes widening as he looked at the teacher next to him. The boy was struck speechless. *He didn't want to turn Will down? So he would have agreed if he wasn't his teacher?*

Will couldn't believe his own ears, but then again, why would Hannibal ever lie to him?

"No, Mr. Lecter, you did the right thing - it was absolutely correct to reply to me in the way that you did… if… if you hadn't, we would only be in trouble. I love this academy and am grateful I can study what I feel so passionate about - I wouldn't want to be expelled for having an affair with a teacher." Will's words came out a jumbled mess, but he hoped Hannibal would be able to make sense of them.

"I understand. And I agree. That's why I replied that way." The teacher offered Will a smile as he turned his head in Will's direction for a moment. "Don't worry about that anymore, though. And please don't blame yourself for how you feel. There's nothing wrong with it," Hannibal reassured him, wanting Will to be sure that Hannibal wasn't saying no to him.

In other circumstances, he would park the car somewhere and have sex with Will right there, have an affair with the boy in secret; meet him sometimes during the night to have sex. *He didn't need that, though, soon Will Graham would belong to him completely, and that would be much better than just having the boy sometimes.*

Hannibal started talking to Will about something else, then, discovering that it was actually very interesting and easy to talk to the boy, since they had a similar taste for art. Hannibal told him about places he had traveled to, things he had seen, and they had a pleasant conversation for the rest of the ride.

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The vernissage was absolutely spectacular. It might've been quite ordinary for someone who lived in Washington, but for Will who's only been to some little vernissages in his hometown, , this was like dream coming true, standing in a gigantic hall full of the paintings he adored.

He would have to thank Hannibal for this *at least* a thousand times when they were on their way back. The professor had left the students up to their own devices, off to explore the gallery on his own.

And so, Will had accepted the glass of champagne the lady at the reception offered him, and began with the exploring.

He wasn't even in the middle of it when he noticed a tall blonde approaching him. On second glance, he realized it was his classmate Catherine. *This couldn't mean anything good,* and so the boy mentally prepared for the worst.

"Hey Will, do you have a minute?" The blonde's smile was so fake; she looked like she belonged in an infomercial.

"Well, if you keep it short," Will was seriously not in the mood to some stupid pranks, not when he was just about to admire Van Gogh's sunflowers.

"So I was wondering if you happen to have any date for that Halloween night at school? Because if not...well, maybe we could go together and you know, *have some fun*..."

This probably would've worked on any other guy except for Will. But given that Will was an empath, he could see through the lie as one could see through a hole in cheese. "I'm sorry Catherine, but I'm not really planning on attending the party, so thank you, but no."

"*You* are rejecting *me*? Seriously? Who the *hell* do you think you are?" That was obviously not the answer the blonde wanted to hear, her smile frozen as she frowned at Will.

"Excuse me, Catherine, but I have better things to do right now..." Will moved and approached the painting he so desperately wished to examine, catching in the corner of his eye that Catherine had finally left.

"Seriously, he rejected you? What the fuck is he up to? He's either absolutely insane for refusing the most beautiful girl at school or he's a fucking faggot." Oliver Burns, who was without a doubt one of Tipson's most vicious bullies, frowned when Catherine returned to him and his posse. He wanted to prank Graham, and that little twat had just destroyed everything.

Oliver wouldn't let him get away with this. He and his gorillas went after Will.

"Graham, would you mind following us for a moment?"

What was this about now? Will narrowed his eyes and sighed. "Yes, I would actually mind..."

"That wasn't a question, Graham. Follow us. Now."

The curly-haired boy noticed the irritation in Oliver's voice as well as the shade of red his face had. It would be highly stupid not to do the thing he was asked for, and so he found himself in the company of Oliver and his gorillas, leaving the gallery behind.

Hannibal saw it happening, it would be *impossible* for him not to notice seeing as he refused to keep his eyes off Will. As the boys left the gallery, he followed, keeping a few meters behind them and walking in complete silence so he wouldn't draw attention.

There were some people on the streets and that could make it harder for the boys to spot him, but none of them looked back - not even once. Hannibal followed the boys to the dark alley where they were taking Will, but didn't try to stop them - instead he hid behind a wall and waited to see what was going to happen.

He hated the idea of someone hurting *his* Will, but this was an opportunity he couldn't waste. Will would be hurt and scared, and that would make it easier for Hannibal to get Will into his car again and leave. He *could* intervene now, but he didn’t want those boys to see him leaving with Will; that could cause him problems in the future.

So he waited, pretending to just be leaning against the wall and ignoring the people around him, except for the boys behind the wall and *his* Will.

"Tell me Graham, why did you refuse Kate, huh? Why? Is it because you're a fucking faggot? Hmm? Do you like to suck cock, Graham? If I pulled my cock out now, would you get all

aroused?" Oliver pinned Will to the wall, causing the boy to hit his head against the stone and whine silently.

"I refused her because I'm done with those stupid pranks of yours! I'm done with being pushed around and humiliated for your fun! And even if I was gay, it's none of your fucking business, Burns!" Will growled back at his bully, who didn't seem to take his reply as the correct answer.

Shoving Will to the ground, Oliver kicked him in the stomach. Everything around Will started spinning. He was desperately trying to breathe properly, but it was hard when he was having the ever-living shit beaten out of him.

"You're nothing but a pathetic loser, Graham! People like you shouldn't even go to this school, you're just a waste of space! People like you should just die and leave people like me alone!" Oliver was in full rage mode, channeling his fury into mercilessly kicking Will again and again, all whilst others just stood there and watched.

After what seemed to be the fiftieth kick, Will began to lose consciousness. He could feel his head bleeding from where he hit the wall. His lip was surely broken, and maybe even some of his ribs.

Oliver was pulled back by his friends, all of them yelling at the guy that Graham would die if he continued beating on him. Finally, the bully calmed down, but before he left back to the gallery with his monkeys, he spat on Will.

The boy couldn't care less in this moment; the saliva on his face was the least of his problems. Will couldn't breathe properly, and the world didn't seem to stop spinning.

Hannibal watched as the boys left, making sure they were a safe distance away before getting into his car and driving, just to stop right in front of the alley.

Once there, he raced out of his car and toward Will, kneeling by the boy's side and holding his face in his hands.

"Will. Will, do you hear me? I'm taking you to the hospital." He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and tried to wipe the saliva from Will's face as best he could.

"Mr. Lecter? I... it... fuck it hurts so much," Will was unable to think straight. He curled closer to Hannibal's touch as a wounded animal would its savior. His eyes closed and he could feel his own mind drifting away from him, his thoughts long gone by now. There was nothing left but a confusion and the monstrous fear that those guys would return back.

"Mr. Lecter... please... don't... don't stay here with me... they might... they might come back for you too..." he mumbled and shivered at the feeling of the handkerchief that was wiping the saliva off of his face.

Hannibal didn't answer. *Those boys couldn't win him in a fight, Hannibal could take them down even if they all attacked him at the same time*, but Will didn't need to know that just yet. He pulled Will up to his feet, guiding the boy to his car.

It was good to have a car with quite some space inside. He was able to put the boy on the passenger seat and recline the seat as much as necessary to keep Will comfortable. They were going to take a while to get home, but until then, Will was in good hands.

Hannibal got into the car right after him, and, closing the door and being sure nobody would see them, he pulled out the syringe he was hiding inside his pocket, injecting the liquid right into Will's neck. He watched as Will lost consciousness almost immediately, from both the drug and the pain.

The journey back home was almost tedious without having Will to talk to him, but Hannibal put some music on and kept driving, feeling happier than he had in weeks. He was taking Will home with him, and now there was no turning back.

The boy belonged to him, and Hannibal would keep him forever. First, because Will would live forever in his painting, and second, because Hannibal was going to eat him. It was almost too good to be true.

When they finally arrived to Hannibal's house, the doctor carried his new model inside, laying the boy on his bed and undressing him carefully, for he didn't want to hurt Will even more. He left the boy in his underwear, and as Will's body was revealed to him, Hannibal realized he had been right that whole time - Will Graham was *utterly divine*. There was nothing about him that didn't look simply stunning.

The teacher started by touching Will's chest, caressing it for just a moment, feeling the soft skin beneath his fingers. Then, he slid his hands down to touch the boy's ribs, discovering, to his own relief that they weren't broken. *Good, this way Will would heal faster.*

He needed to clean the boy up, though, and so he did, using a wet cloth to wipe the dirt from his hands and face instead of actually bathing him. He would do that when Will was drugged, but awake.

Making sure all his windows and doors were locked, he left Will lying on his bed, leaving to the kitchen to prepare some dinner for the boy, who would probably wake up very confused.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

~*~ Warning for non consensual touching ~*~
Also: important notes at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will opened his eyes, he had no idea what had happened and where he was. Slowly looking to the side, the pain in his head made him moan helplessly as he felt the full extent of the bruises covering his body, rendering him immobile.

He blinked and inhaled what smelled like...cologne? The scent lingering throughout the room was very familiar to Will, but he couldn't remember why nor who was associated with it.

Will was certain of only one thing: he was not in a hospital room. The room was inhabited by someone with rather good taste, he surmised, noting that the furniture belonged to an expensive brand. His gaze lingered on heavy curtains, missing the sunlight underneath them that peeked inside the room.

The boy tried to move again, finally realizing that he was naked - except for his underwear. Naked and clean. Naked and bruised. Letting out a small sigh, Will stayed on the bed, closing his eyes to allow himself a bit more of that blissful silence and peace.

Hannibal, of course, had different plans. The teacher walked into the room, making sure to shut the door behind him. Balancing a tray with a plate on it and a glass of juice, the man hoped Will would like what he had prepared. After all, who could resist dinner in bed?

Hannibal, in truth, also took pleasure in the fact that the boy was ignorant when it came to the true source of his meal. Will would probably refuse to have human meat, but that was a secret Hannibal would keep until Will's last moment, when he would finally tell the truth just to see Will's reaction.

"Good evening, Will. How are you feeling?" Hannibal placed the tray on the bed, away from Will to keep it safe. He smiled. "I brought you dinner."

Will blinked again in slight confusion as his blue eyes finally focused on the man who had just entered the room. "Mr. Lecter? How… *am I in your house?* You... I barely remember anything... but, you saved me from Oliver and his guys... you took me to safety... I... did I break anything? Were we in the hospital? I don't remember being in a hospital…"

His hands suddenly felt ridiculously heavy, and he struggled to lift them so he could rub his eyes. *Something wasn't right*. He felt incredibly weak and somewhat drugged, he wasn't feeling like doing anything, and his eyesight remained unfocused and blurry.

"Have you told my parents? They'll… they'll be so worried about me. Please… I don't want to upset my mom." Will's voice was but a quiet murmur.

"Don't worry about anything, Will," Hannibal said calmly, placing his hand gently on Will's chest. "We went to the hospital, and they told me you didn't break anything. However, I was informed that you need to rest as much as possible and drink lots of fluids. I'm taking care of you to ensure a healthy recovery for you."

He knew Will would be neurotic about his parents though, and he didn't want that. "I'll let your parents know. Now please eat, and don't worry. Everything will be alright."

The boy hissed in pain as Hannibal very carefully helped him up to a sitting position before placing the tray in front of him. "I know you probably feel like your arms are heavy," Hannibal said, lips curled in a small smile. "It's the drugs they gave you for the pain. I'll help you eat, alright?"

Will's eyes connected with Hannibal's for a short moment before he nodded in deference. He had trust in his teacher. It had been Mr. Lecter, after all, who had taken care of him when he was left defenseless, bloody and broken after Oliver and his gang had finished beating him.

"Oh I see... yeah... everything... everything feels blurry... God, they must've given me some... some very strong dose," he tried to smile a bit, but it ended up more a crooked grin.

"Mr. Lecter? Thank you for everything… I'm grateful you're doing this; helping me. I just...I just have to make sure my mom knows... she'd be so scared..." he muttered as he looked down on the tray and tried to pick up the glass of juice first. His fingers wrapped around the glass, but even as he channeled as his remaining strength and energy into picking it up, it wasn't enough. "Could you...please, I'm so useless..."

Hannibal's fingers wrapped around Will's wrist, taking the boy's hand away from the glass. "Wait here, I'll be back in a second." Hannibal said as he got up and left the room, coming back very soon with a straw. He put the straw inside the glass, holding it close to Will's mouth so he would be able to drink.

"I'll take you home, alright? It's not time for you to go home yet though." Hannibal said as Will drank the juice. "I just want to make sure you're alright, Will. How are you feeling?"

Will was drinking the juice in huge gulps, the boy thirsty as a desert after all he'd been through. His eyes opened again once the glass was empty, and his lips released the straw.

"I feel very weak and very drugged... I can't remember anything that happened after you took me to your car. Damn, I didn't even see all of the paintings I wanted to - those fuckers! Oh, excuse my language..." Will ducked his head bashfully, his tone apologetic. Taking a moment to recollect his thoughts, he continued, "My head hurts the most, despite the painkillers you gave me...but otherwise I think I'm okay."

"Alright," Hannibal muttered and took a bit of the food on the fork, lifting it to place it in front of Will's mouth. "You hit your head, and that boy hurt you quite a lot. I'm suspending

him for that," Hannibal lied, because truly he wouldn't do anything. *He would pretend he didn't know anything about Will.*

He wanted to lean in and kiss the boy, feel those beautiful soft lips on his, that warm tongue touching his own. *He wanted to kiss and lick Will's entire body.* Now was not the time, though. He sighed.

"I'm sorry this happened to you, Will," the teacher lied again. "I appreciate the company, though. I'm glad you're here."

"No, I am... the thankful one here... you... you saved my life, if you weren't there... I'd be probably dead now... or close to death," Will shook his head before he opened his mouth just enough to take the food. As he chewed on it, he tried to remember what happened. He remembered the leather seats, how Hannibal put him on one and then tilted it to the back to make the position as comfortable as possible for Will. He remembered the man's words that calmed him down and then everything began to blur, and Will got lost.

He blinked himself back to reality as he accepted another bite Hannibal was offering him, "I don't want you to get him suspended though, Mr. Lecter. He's... I'm sure he has a hard life and personal issues to work through on his own... and that's the main reason why he's bullying me." Will looked down at the plate, silently awaiting another bite.

Hannibal offered him another bite then, but he wasn't happy with the way Will thought.

"Nothing gives him the right to bully you, Will. Nothing, do you understand?" Hannibal said firmly. "You don't need to accept that, you shouldn't accept that."

Nobody had the right to hurt *his* Will. Hannibal put the fork down before touching the back of his hand to Will's forehead and, relieved that the boy didn't have a fever, he moved it slowly to Will's hair. His fingers slid between the perfect curls, tantalizing Hannibal with their softness.

The boy's hair, in truth, was a bit dirty, but Hannibal couldn't clean that without actually giving Will a bath. He had managed to clean the small cut on the back of the boy's head, though, so it was okay for the time being.

"He's certainly still in Washington, having fun right now. And you're here, in pain." Hannibal liked that very much, because what Oliver Burns did allowed Hannibal to bring Will home. Still, Hannibal felt jealous. He wanted to be the only one who would hurt that precious boy.

And he wanted to hurt Will, of course he did.

Test his limits, see how much he could take.

It was always fun to play with his models, and Hannibal was sure he would enjoy it a lot more with Will Graham.

Will didn't say anything to that. He stared blankly at Hannibal, struggling to understand the older man's words. He was beginning to feel dizzy, and the need to sleep was slowly taking

over.

It must be the painkillers - Will has never felt so drowsy in his life before now. Blue eyes met Hannibal's once more before the boy's body gave up, falling back onto the pillow. The drugs he was unaware of knocked him out once more. They were especially powerful, seeing as Will had shied away from drugs all his life.

He didn't dream, he didn't see anything in front of his eyes, he was simply surrounded by a darkness that was terrifying.

Hannibal smiled at the boy who had just lost consciousness. *Adorable. Adorable, perfect Will, so weak now, so... At Hannibal's mercy.* Hannibal put the tray on the floor this time, wanting more space in the bed. He had to prepare the basement to welcome Will, but before that, he was curious. He wanted to see his model more closely. See how *breathtaking* he was.

Pushing the covers aside, Hannibal carefully put Will in a lying position again, proceeding to remove the briefs that hid the boy's beauty. He let the underwear fall on the floor - *Will didn't need it anymore; he wouldn't need it again.*

Observing the new part of Will that was revealed to him, Hannibal wanted to paint him naked - *wanted to keep him naked at all times.* His model was too beautiful to hide behind layers of clothing.

Hannibal couldn't resist the urge to touch - but still it didn't feel like enough, simply letting his fingertips touch the base of Will's cock, moving them along the length until he reached the tip - *it wasn't enough.*

It wasn't enough to carefully caress Will's testicles with the tips of his fingers. What he truly wanted was to take Will in his mouth, lick and suck and taste the boy beneath him, and so much more than that. It wasn't the right time for it yet, though.

Hannibal caressed Will's milky thighs, wishing the boy was awake so he could register his professor's touch. Admiring how fragile his student looked underneath his large, tanned hands, he let them fall to the boy's rear end.

After squeezing the shapely mounds of Will's derriere a bit in his hands, Hannibal moved on to Will's chest again, letting his fingers lightly rub his nipples - only to stop right above his heart. Hannibal could barely feel the beat of Will's heart now.

His perfect model, his beautiful, gorgeous boy who had no idea just how good he looked. Hannibal would show him when the painting was ready, though. Hannibal would help him see just how *beautiful* he was. He smiled at the boy, caressing his cheek softly, then pulled the covers up again to keep him warm as he left to prepare his basement to welcome Will.

-

When Will Graham's eyes opened again, he immediately noticed the room around him was different. No dark red curtains over the windows because there were no windows present.

The room was badly lit although Will registered some studio lights around his head. Whoever was working here, they weren't doing it at the moment.

As the boy went to rub his eyes, he noticed another peculiar thing. His wrists were bound together with duct tape behind his back, and upon moving his ankles a bit, he found that his legs were trapped too.

Will gasped, fear creeping up his spine. *What was happening?* The last thing he remembered was being fed by his art teacher. Why had he woken up in such a creepy place?

Upon further inspection, Will could tell with 100% certainty that he was in someone's basement. Wiggling a bit, he realized he was resting on a couch… *that was covered in plastic.*

Goosebumps formed on his skin, the boy shivering due to his nudity and the cold temperature of the room. Both terrified and terribly confused, Will also found that he couldn't even speak, for his throat was too sore. His vision remained blurry, and focusing on anything for more than a few seconds seemed to be an impossible task.

The footsteps down the stairs announced that Hannibal was approaching, even though he was still out of Will's field of vision. He had a glass of fresh water in his hand, which he brought to his most *perfect* model to keep him hydrated. Hannibal always took good care of his models.

"Hello, darling," Hannibal said with a smile as he noticed Will was awake. "I'm glad to see you awake for a change. How are you feeling?" Hannibal leaned over Will and placed the glass of water on the small table he had next to the couch.

"What... what is... g-going on?" Will's voice was hoarse, and he immediately began to cough after barely saying five words. His throat was on fire, and he desperately needed the glass of water that was now within his reach.

What was going on here? Why did Mr. Lecter look so pleased with himself? Will's blue eyes turned towards the man - *was he part of this, whatever this was? Had he been kidnapped?*

"Mr. Lecter... were you able to contact my parents? Can... I... can I go home now?" The boy's voice was but a quiet murmur, an undertone of fear leaking through his words. Will found himself hoping this was just some twisted sick joke; hoping that this wasn't real.

Maybe Burns paid Lecter to do this… maybe they just wanted to scare Will out of his wit's end?

Halloween was just around the corner, it was entirely within the realm of possibility.

Maybe Will was just trying to protect his fragile state with falsehoods, gaining comfort from the imaginary.

Hannibal grabbed the glass of water and offered it to Will, holding the straw for him. Will's terrified eyes made Hannibal feel powerful, made him want the boy that much more.

"Oh, Will... No, I'm afraid you cannot go home. Not now that I finally have you here, you see..." Hannibal started, pulling the glass away and placing it on the table again.

"I've been waiting for this since I met you. I can finally reveal my secret to you now, Will. You should be proud, you're a brilliant, beautiful boy. I'm very selective when it comes to letting people in on my secrets." Hannibal's eyes gleamed with pride.

"Tell me your secret, Mr. Lecter? W-what secret?" Will's eyebrows rose comically high. The was lost in a state of true confusion, and in that moment, he felt utterly helpless. He was scared for his life, truly genuinely terrified.

It was becoming more clear with every passing moment that Hannibal was not as sane as Will had hoped him to be. In his heart, he knew that this was no joking matter and that his life was in danger. But the curly haired boy found himself still holding onto the faint hope that maybe, just maybe this was all a joke.

Releasing a silent whimper, Will tried to free his hands. Tears flooded his vision when it became obvious his efforts were for naught. He was completely trapped, and to Hannibal's visible satisfaction, at the man's disposal.

"Mr. Lecter...what's going on? Is this some sort of sick joke? Or a prank?"

Hannibal seethed with anger at Will not taking him seriously. Fine then, he'd show the boy just how serious he was.

Grabbing the back of the boy's head, he tugged the loose curls back, *hard.*

Will screamed in agony. The wound Oliver had given him was very close, too close to the place where Hannibal's fingers yanked his hair. Will's eyes watered, the pain so intense that he tried to pull himself away as quickly as possible.

"Listen. To. Me." Hannibal hissed through gritted teeth, his face very close to Will's now. "I am not one of your stupid classmates pulling a prank on you. I am an *artist,* Graham, and I expected you to take me seriously."

Then, to Will's shock, the same fingers that hurt him started caressing him. The touch was so gentle and as Will looked up to Hannibal's eyes, he could see that the concern was genuine.

"I'm sorry, darling," Hannibal said softly, a tentative smile on his face. "I just needed you to understand. This is real, my dear. You're mine now."

"Mr. Lecter… I'm sorry but I don't belong to you... what you say isn't true." He tried to gauge how Hannibal was feeling through his empathy, but he was in too much pain to see the world through the other man's eyes. "W-what do you plan on doing with me?"

"I'll paint you," Hannibal smiled, his fingers still moving through Will's curls. "You're so beautiful, my dear. You deserve to be remembered forever, your radiance frozen in time."

Letting Will's curls slip through his fingers, Hannibal moved his hand down, fingertips tracing a path down the boy's spine.

Voice softening as he gazed fondly down at Will, he continued, "this is what I do to the most beautiful of my models. I grant them eternal life and in turn their beauty graces the world forever through my paintings. You cannot get older in a portrait, can you? No, this way you'll always look beautiful. I'll preserve your perfect face forever, my boy."

"Y-you want to paint me? Well I mean... that's n-not that big of a deal. Couldn't you just have asked… Mr. Lecter? Were all these… theatrics really necessary? I wouldn't say no to a painter... I didn't even know you paint." Will felt uncomfortable with Hannibal touching him like that, especially with his naked body pressed against the couch.

The teacher's fingers would only have the intended soothing effect on him if and only if they were in a different situation than the one they were at right now.

Hannibal ignored Will, relentless in his exploration of his student's body. His hands made their way up again, just to touch Will's chest. Tracing patterns on his skin as he kept his touch very light, the older man chuckled.

"Nobody knows I paint, Will," he said, amused. "Well, at least they don't know it's me. I send the paintings to galleries using a pseudonym, nobody knows who I am. That's why now that you know my secret, you can never leave." Seeing terror fill the boy's eyes, he pressed his finger against Will's lips before they could say another word.

Hannibal felt the urge to kiss him right then and there; Will's lips looked beautiful and felt so soft.

"Shh. You need to see my paintings. I'll show them to you. Critics say it looks as if the subject's lives are captured in the paintings; that it looks as if they actually dwell in them. Do you know why?" He traced the line of Will's bottom lip with the tip of his index finger. "It's because I transfer their lives to the paintings after I finish."

"What do you mean? T-transfer their lives? Because now it sounds as if you... if you were... killing them..." Will's eyes widened and he gasped, his lips still parted in shock. "No... no no no, I'm not gonna die like this, no! You sick fuck, don't you dare!" His fighting spirit returned as he caught sunk his teeth into Hannibal's finger, the metallic taste of blood, *Hannibal's blood,* filling his mouth.

Will was not naive. He knew this would only make his situation worse, but he was not going to give up and accept his fate, accept his inevitable *death*, without going down with a fight.

Hannibal groaned in pain and pulled his hand back, immediately slapping Will's face hard. He wrapped his hands around the boy's neck, ignoring the stream of blood steadily trickling from his finger.

"Now you listen to me, Graham!" Hannibal growled out, leaning in closer to Will's face. The boy was rendered helpless, unable to move his hands or legs to defend himself. He could barely breathe with the added pressure against his neck."I don't intend to kill you just yet. But if you do anything like this again, I will. Do you understand?"

It was a rhetorical question. Hannibal didn't expect an answer, eyes dancing with mirth at the sight of the boy sputtering for air. "Good. I'm still your teacher and you must respect me." He finally let go of Will's neck then, lifting his hand and watching the blood run down his index finger.

The moment he was released from the grip, Will's breathing sped up, his heart pounding against his ribcage. He so desperately wanted to rub his neck but couldn't - all he could feel was the duct tape tearing bits of hair off his body with every small movement he made.

It was ridiculous. What had he'd done in his life to deserve all of this shit?

"Fuck you! You might as well just kill me now, it'll spare me the pain I experience when I look at your stupid face! I cannot believe I admired you… y-you're nothing b-but a monster." Breathing proved to be a challenge, and Will found himself out of breath every third word or so.

"It makes me sad that you think of me this way, Will." Hannibal watched as the boy tried to get enough air into his lungs. He didn't try to help in any way, finding the boy undeserving of his aid. "We could be happy these two weeks we'll spend together. I enjoy talking to you, and we have so much in common."

Hannibal sighed, choosing his next words very carefully. "Well... I suppose I'll just have to keep you heavily drugged, then."

"What? Drugged? No... no please, I am sorry, Mr. Lecter, I'm r-really sorry! Forgive me, I overreacted! I… I want to be in your painting, please… I want to be conscious when you paint me." Will couldn't plan his escape drugged and unconscious, nor could he run away when he was tied up.

He had two weeks to behave and befriend Hannibal, somehow find a way to make the man want to free him. Will needed to gain Hannibal's trust if he was to have at least tiny chance of surviving this; he wanted to die as a fighter and not just wait for death.

"I apologize, truly, forgive me… I panicked, Mr. Lecter. I didn't realize how much of an honor this truly is at first, and that caused me to act rashly. Please sir… you have my deepest apologies."

The boy wasn't fooling Hannibal. The teacher knew Will simply intended to stay awake so he could plan an escape. That didn't bother him, though. Will didn't have any chance to escape or best Hannibal in a fight. Awake or not, Will *would* be there for Hannibal to paint him, and Hannibal *would* kill and cannibalize him in the end.

Having Will awake did sound nice though. Hannibal would be able to paint those beautiful eyes with precision.

However, Hannibal didn't forget that Will had disrespected him. He did not condone this kind of behavior - nobody had the right to talk to him like that or try to hurt him. No matter how beautiful he found the boy, Will Graham still was no exception to this.

"Good," he said, standing up. "I'm glad you realized your mistake, Graham. But you know, when a student talks like that to their teacher, they are punished. You hurt me. See?" Hannibal held the palm of his hand out towards Will, which was now covered in dried blood from his finger. Walking away to his desk, he grabbed some tissues and wiped his hand the best he could. Pausing in his ministrations for a moment, he then grabbed a piece of duct tape and walked back to Will.

"You'll stay here for the rest of the night, thinking about what you did. Good night, Will." He pressed the duct tape to Will's mouth, effectively taping it shut.

Hannibal grabbed the glass of water, then, and anything else Will could use to hurt him in case he was able to free himself - which Hannibal believed was outside the realm of possibility. The duct tape was very strong and bound tightly around Will's wrists; surely there was no way the boy could free his hands.

Still, better to be safe than sorry.

Making his way upstairs, Hannibal left the basement, turning off the light and locking the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

We're really sorry we couldn't update as we intended to, this chapter was supposed to be published a week ago :(I think we'll change it to one chapter a week because that's more likely that we'll be able to update it in time. Real life has been an issue lately, even though I (hannilecter) would personally prefer to get rid of real life and just write instead xD

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Hello again! I'm truly sorry we're not being able to update this fic regularly as we intended to... Hopefully we'll be forgiven with all our sex scenes and cliffhangers xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack grew more worried when Will didn't show up to school the next day. He tried texting his friend, calling him; hell, he even lowered himself so much he tried to call Will on Skype. Each was met with no response.

His eyes glued to the chair Will usually sat at, Jack didn't pay any attention to what Lecter was saying in the front of the class. In his anxiousness, he had placed his phone atop his desk so he'd immediately see any incoming messages. Not once did his phone light up.

When class was dismissed, Jack made his way up to the professor's desk, clearing his throat awkwardly as he waited for the teacher to put all of his stuff in his satchel. "Professor Lecter? Can I please ask you a question, sir?"

Hannibal stopped what he was doing immediately, giving Jack Crawford the full breadth of his attention as he would any student.

"You may, Jack. Is everything alright?" The older man pretended he didn't already know what Jack's question would be, his face the perfect picture of concern.

"Not really, Professor Lecter. You see...I was covering for Will yesterday when he told his parents I would drive him to the exhibition, since he wouldn't have been able to go otherwise." Taking a moment to recollect his thoughts, Jack continued.

"But last night, his mom called me asking if Will was over at my place because he hadn't made it home...so I lied again and said that he was sleeping over at my place. I didn't want to get him in trouble, so after reassuring her that he was fine I tried calling and texting Will but his damn phone wasn't even on!"

Hannibal eyed Jack as the boy rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "Sorry for getting carried away, sir. I was just wondering... did you see Will yesterday? D-did he even make it to the gallery? He told me he had found a ride, but he was being purposefully mysterious and vague about the person taking him there and now I'm worried as hell."

Eyeing his student with a worried expression (albeit, a completely faked one), Lecter played along, "Are you telling me that Will disappeared?" Amber eyes fixated on Jack, almost piercing through the boy's soul with their intensity. "Yes, I did happen to see Will after I

arrived. He and several other students were already at the gallery, however, so I unfortunately haven't the foggiest idea how he got there or who gave him a ride."

Hannibal let out a sad sigh to fool Jack, and wondered if Will was still asleep in his basement. Perhaps he was already awake. He had checked on the boy in the morning right before he went to work, but Will had been still asleep then.

His stubborn, beautiful boy was probably exhausted from trying to free himself during the night.

"I'm afraid I cannot be of much more help to you, Jack. Not too long after arriving I received an emergency phone call and had to leave the exhibition earlier than I intended. I didn't believe it would be an issue as another art teacher was there with his class too." Hannibal's face fell, further convincing Jack that the man didn't know what had happened to Will. If he did, he wouldn't be so beaten up about it.

"I do not know if this will be of any use to you, but the last time I saw Will, he was talking to Catherine Myers. I regret to say I couldn't hear what they were saying, for I was already leaving."

"Myers? Will would never just talk to her without a reason… that girl hates him. Uh...what I mean to say is that she's a part of Burns' posse of wannabes and jerks." Jack hissed, rolling his eyes in exasperation.

It took a few minutes before he calmed down enough to continue talking to the professor. "So you left and didn't see Will afterwards? Goddammit... I have to tell his parents the truth now, they're gonna be worried sick!" Jack really didn't want to explain to Will's mom that he actually hadn't taken their son to the exhibition, but as the situation grew more grim it seemed there was no other option.

"I'll try and talk to Catherine then. I...um, thank you for your time, Professor Lecter. If Will is still missing, do you think you could alert the principal? I'm really worried about Will...this is really unlike him. Even at his maddest, he's never just disappeared without a word before."

"Jack, if he's really gone we need to tell the police. If he never made it home, he may have disappeared in Washington. The police will have to interrogate everyone who was there," Hannibal rubbed his face with his hands, letting out a sigh. "I'm sorry, Jack. I should have stayed there, I should have at least asked him how he got there and how was he planning to go home. I could have brought him home in safety if he had asked me."

"Yeah...you could've, but you didn't and now it's too late; it's not like you can go back in time and change things, Professor Lecter. But thanks for the info, I'll ask around and if there's nothing, I'll drive over to Graham's to tell them and call the police," Jack muttered, eyes downcast with devastation. He was clearly upset that he didn't get the answer he was hoping for. Instead, he was more confused now than he was before.

"I just hope he's safe and not somewhere bleeding out or something...I should've gone with him, for God's sake..." Cursing under his breath, Jack grabbed his backpack and left the class without saying goodbye, effectively ending their conversation.

Hannibal chuckled as he watched his student leave. If Jack tried to talk to Catherine, Oliver Burns would probably fight him. He wondered which one of them would come to class in a worst state tomorrow.

After he finished his last class for the day, he went to the principal's room to inform him that a student, Will, had disappeared. That led to a series of questions, since Hannibal told the principal that the boy who disappeared was from his class. Hannibal answered them all, though, and was, of course, very convincing. His part in being the concerned outsider in Will's disappearance complete, Hannibal left the university, smiling as he drove back home to check on his current model.

Will decidedly was not a fan of being tied up and almostly completely restricted from movement. All he had achieved from wiggling around the past hour was falling off the sofa. His head smacked against the floor, sending him into a world of pain and unconsciousness for the next twenty minutes.

When he came back to his senses, his eyes started scanning the room for anything that could help him escape.

Of course Lecter didn't leave any sharp objects behind, he wasn't an idiot, quite the opposite, in fact. Will had come to the realization that Hannibal was a psychopath.

Will shivered at the touch of the cold floor against his bare skin as he lay there in silence. All he had were his thoughts, and he had quite a few of them. Trying to think of the best way to manipulate another person, Will thought back to all the horror and detective movies he and Jack had watched together.

No, doing all that stuff in real life wouldn't help him. This wasn't Hollywood, this was real life, and he was naked and bound in his art professor's basement.

Will managed to wiggle closer to the sofa again when he heard a door close somewhere above him. Hannibal was back. Hannibal had come back, and would now be coming *for Will.*

Hannibal took his time preparing some soup for the boy instead of directly going to Will after returning home. His model, after all, hadn't eaten anything since the day before, when he was still in Hannibal's bed. It had been more than twenty four hours already and the older man was sure that Will was starving at this point.

Cooking now complete, he grabbed a warm blanket and a bowl of soup as he walked towards his basement door. After unlocking it and switching on the lights, Hannibal closed the door behind him and slowly descended down the stairs.

"Dear Will, what are you doing on the floor?" It was a rhetorical question of course, Hannibal knowing Will was unable to answer due to the duct tape covering his mouth. Temporarily putting the bowl and blanket down, he gathered the boy's lithe limbs in his arms, gently seating him back on the couch.

"What did you think you were doing, Will, throwing yourself on the floor like that? Are you hurt?" Only then did Hannibal pull the duct tape off of Will's mouth, trying to be careful not

to hurt the boy. He failed - Will whined in pain as the duct tape was torn from his mouth. Tears pooled in his blue eyes, threatening to spill over.

"I'm sorry... I must've had a nightmare and rolled off the sofa. I only woke up when my head smashed onto the floor, I...I'm sorry sir, I don't want to cause you any trouble." Blinking away tears, Will noticed for that first time that there was dried blood on the floor. He must've hit his head harder than he thought. With that amount of blood, it was more than likely that he had reopened the wound located on the back of his head.

"Oh shi-, I mean...I'm sorry for this, sir. F-for the floor, that is; I didn't want to dirty it with my blood." Incapacitated from his crash to floor and the freezing temperature of the room, Will's words were no longer part of his plan to escape. His voice was but a quiet whisper.

"It's alright, my darling," Reaching for the blanket, Hannibal wrapped it tightly around Will's body so the boy wouldn't feel so cold.

While the blood on the floor was indeed inconvenient, he only cared about Will at the moment, and that *his* boy was hurt and chilled to the bone.

"How's your head? Does it still hurt?" Hannibal circled the couch, leaning over the back of it to see for himself that the wound wasn't bleeding anymore. Satisfied as he was that Will hadn't hurt himself more severely, the boy's hair was still matted with blood, and he could definitely do with a warm bath at this point.

"I'm not gonna lie, it stings a bit and I feel slightly dizzy and disoriented...but other than that I suppose I am more or less okay, Mr. Lecter. T-thank you for the blanket though, t-that'll come in handy." Will couldn't stop trembling even now that he had the blanket. Having spent the entire night in a cold basement, half of it on the even colder floor, he was still freezing. Teeth chattering as he looked up at Hannibal, he softly asked, "Could I please get some hot tea? P-please, Mr. Lecter?"

"I brought you hot soup. It's been much too long since you've last eaten anything." Hannibal grabbed the bowl of soup and the spoon, sitting down next to Will on the sofa. "I can bring you hot tea later, if you still want it. Now, I must insist that you need to eat, my dear."

He lifted the spoon full of soup, blowing on it first to make sure it wouldn't be too hot when he gave it to Will.

"I'll take you upstairs later. To take a warm bath. Would you like that?" Hannibal guided the spoon to the boy's mouth before Will had time to answer.

Anything to make his frozen bones warm again,×he would do anything to stay alive.
The soup felt like heaven, so delicious and warm that Will found himself trembling. Eyes closed in temporary relief, he let out a silent whimper, turning his head towards the older man. "A hot bath would be very nice...yes, I would appreciate that." Will eagerly agreed as he tried to burrow further into the blanket cradling his body, the boy seeking more warmth.

Oh, how he wanted to cradle the boy's body against his own to keep him warm. Hannibal found himself smiling at Will, charmed by the boy's helplessness.

He considered drugging the boy and placing him on his bed, just so Hannibal could sleep by his side. He never did this to his models, though he obviously had sex with some of them - *in which the models were always very securely tied up and drugged* - but never had he brought them to sleep with him. It was illogical, and an inconceivably bad idea at that.

The repercussions far outweighed the benefits - it was far less of a challenge to escape from Hannibal's bedroom than his basement. Still, his lips pursed in thought as he envisioned pale skin caressed by silk thoughts. Shaking his head, Hannibal raised the spoon to Will's lips, offering the boy a bit more of soup.

"Alright. After you eat everything, I'm taking you upstairs for a bath." His eyes darkened as he watched those *delicate* lips open to accept more of the soup. "I'm glad you stopped trying to fight me, Will. Soon you'll see that you've made the right choice."

"I've made the right choice? I didn't kidnap myself, sir! Although, I do have to give you credit for the originality behind your plan...you saved me and at the same time-" Will carefully chose his next words, "...made me yours. That was truly very clever and well thought out, Mr. Lecter. It's refreshing to see that you're a skilled professional rather than an amateur."

Trying to warm himself up more by wiggling around on the sofa, he managed to also mumble out, "I apologize, and this is extremely embarrassing...but I also need to use the bathroom."

"I'm taking you upstairs," the teacher agreed. "Just eat a bit more, alright?"

He insisted on Will eating a bit more of the soup, but decided that he would prepare something else for Will to eat later anyway. He needed to keep the boy healthy, and for some reason he couldn't quite understand yet, he cared more about Will than he had about any of his previous models.

Once he was finally satisfied with how much Will ate, Hannibal went upstairs to quickly open the door of his basement so he could walk through it with Will in his arms. He carried *his* boy up out of the basement, and then up to his own bedroom.

He laid Will across his bed, opening the drawer of his bedside table and grabbing one of the syringes he had prepared.

Will's eyes widened when he saw the syringe, he didn't want the drugs to float through his veins again; didn't want to lose what was left of him. He turned his head to the teacher, curls falling into his eyes as he put on his best puppy dog eyes, "Mr. Lecter? Could you maybe give me a smaller dose this time? Please… j-just don't knock me unconscious again. P-please, I beg of you..." Will knew with 100% certainty that he would not succeed if he asked for no drugs at all, so he tried to at least lessen the extent of the dosage. Biting on his lower lip nervously, his eyes flitted over to Hannibal's.

The teacher had not intended to knock Will unconscious, but preferred to let Will think that he was merciful rather than informing him of his true motives.

"Yes, I can give you a smaller dose. Don't move," Hannibal said as he sat by Will's side and carefully pressed the needle to Will's neck, injecting the drug there slowly just as he had done

in the car the day before.

Task complete, he proceeded to cut off the duct tape with the scissors he had left in his nightstand as well, freeing Will's legs first and then his arms.

It was so relieving to be able to move his legs and arms a bit. The first thing Will did was to bring his wrists in front of his eyes, the duct tape having done quite a mess seeing as his wrists were now all dark red and bruised.

The boy slowly rubbed one of them, hissing in pain before resting his hands against his flat stomach. He let out a deep breath. He spread his legs out a bit wider and the brought them closer together again, relieved to find that he could now slightly bend one of his legs to lay comfortably on the bed. It was the most comfortable Will had been in the last two days. He sighed and brought his hands up to his hair, running the fingers through the messy curls with what could be only a very satisfactory expression on his face…

Hannibal watched Will move, paying attention to every movement the boy made, prepared to hold him down if necessary (*not that he thought it would be necessary*). The bruises on Will's wrists displeased him, though. They distracted from Will's beauty - the boy wasn't supposed to have bruises on his perfect, unmarred pale skin. Unless Hannibal had willingly inflicted them himself - which hadn't been the case.

"You hurt your own wrists trying to free yourself. I want you to stop doing that, darling. But tell me, how are you feeling?"

"My bones are all heavy again, but at least I can move. I-it's so refreshing that I can move again...I didn't think a person could get this addicted to being free." Will whispered, slowly propping himself up on his elbows.

"Thank you for the lower dose, Mr. Lecter. I'm so glad I can use my hands and legs again-" Will stopped mumbling when he took in the sight of the older man scanning his body like a hungry wolf. Was…*was Hannibal attracted to him?*

Was it his body that Hannibal craved? Will felt hopeful and terrified all at once. He didn't want to sacrifice his body, but if it would mean getting the hell out of there, he would do it. Maybe, just maybe he could use Hannibal's desire to his own advantage.

Earlier, Will had noticed the man's cell phone atop the nightstand. If Will could get a hold of that cell phone, he could call for help. However, the phone was *just* outside his reach and more importantly, Hannibal himself was in the way. Will bit on the inside of his cheek. He would need a good plan for this.

"Come on," Hannibal said, pulling Will to sit and then to his feet, wrapping an arm around him to help him walk to the bathroom. "Let's warm you up with a nice bath, hmm?"

Wills skin was still cold, and Hannibal had no idea how long Will had been lying on the floor, but he didn't want the boy to get sick. Will had said he needed to use the bathroom, though, so Hannibal guided him to the toilet, remaining at his side. He did not intend to leave the boy alone for even a second.

At this point, when Will had been naked for an entire day. He was dirty, smelled bad, was covered in his own blood and freezing; there was no point in feeling shy when it came to using the toilet. Usually, he would never under any circumstances use the restrooms in school when someone else was present, but Hannibal had already taken all of his dignity away.

Finishing his business, Will flushed and turned to face Hannibal, looking him right in the eyes. "You have a very nice bathroom..I think." Due to the drugs flowing through his veins, some things appeared slightly more blurry than others as Will looked around.

"Thank you, Will," Hannibal guiding the boy to sit at the edge of the bathtub as he filled it with warm water. When it was finally ready, the professor gently helped Will inside it.

For a moment he thought about killing Will in the bathtub, holding the boy's head under the water until it filled his lungs. He shook the thought away, content to just wash Will's hair at the moment.

Warm water enveloping his skin, Will let out a small moan of gratitude and relief. *Finally, he could feel his limbs coming back to life, he could feel the blood pumping through his veins and most importantly, he finally felt good after being treated like garbage by this man.*

Not knowing if or when he would be gifted with another bath, he began to lazily trace circles against his pale skin as if he were trying to rub the warmth in. He closed his eyes, resting his head against the side of the bathtub.

Hannibal gently spread shampoo on throughout Will’s curls, mindful of the wound on the back of the boy’s head. Hannibal liked having him like that, awake and in his bathtub, even if a bit drugged. In normal circumstances, Will would already be unable to best Hannibal in a fight, being far outmatched in terms of strength and mass. Still, Hannibal preferred to keep him drugged. *He reveled in the feeling of power it gave him.*

"Do you have any idea of how beautiful you look like this?" Hannibal asked as he let the water fall on Will's hair to rinse it. "I should be taking pictures of you. Your skin, Will..." He moved his hands from Will's hair to his shoulders, then slid them down his chest slowly. "So smooth. So soft."

Will had never thought of his skin, or himself in general, as something beautiful or gorgeous to beheld in worship. He just relaxed in the bathtub and gave Hannibal's words a little nod, shivering when the man touched his chest instead of his hair. The plan of how to snatch the phone was slowly forming in his head, he would have to distract Hannibal to a point when he could simply take the phone and use it however he pleased to do so. He thought of simply kissing Hannibal; kissing his way to victory. Letting out a small sigh, Will shifted so he could help the man with washing his own hair.

Hannibal finished washing Will's hair and smiled, happy that the boy was letting him touch his chest like that. He was sure that Will was feeling quite weak for now and that the boy wouldn't be stupid to try anything against him, so he moved to the side of the bathtub to rub Will's chest with the soap.

"Do you need help with this, Will?" Hannibal asked looking up at him, his hand moving slowly on the boy's skin.

"You like this, don't you...touching me." Will's eyes were now watching the man. *This was definitely his chance; he would use Hannibal's hunger and offer him his body, something the man wouldn't refuse.* The phone was still on the nightstand, it surely wouldn't be too complicated for him to snatch it. Will only hoped the drugs would ease the pain of having sex - being a virgin in this situation certainly wasn't helping.

A thought suddenly popped up in Will's brain. He was a virgin, and Hannibal had already proved just how much he loved being in power and control. Being Will's *first* would surely excite him. The boy sighed, sinking beneath the water for a moment just to wash off the remainings of the shampoo from his hair completely. The second he was out again and able to breathe, he looked at the man to hear his answer.

"Yes," Hannibal said in a low voice, watching as Will moved. Will Graham. Naked and wet in his bathtub. And Hannibal had never wanted a person as much as he wanted Will Graham right now. He let his fingers trail down the boy's chest, fingertips sliding down to his stomach. "Do you like being touched like this?"

"I am a virgin...I've n-never had sex before, not with a man or anybody else for that matter. These...these touches, t-they excite me and make me wanna do things." Will let the water wash over his body as Hannibal's fingers continued to caress him.

As much as he hated to admit this to himself, there was something truly exciting about the way Hannibal was touching him. It was almost as if Will was something sacred, something precious, a painting from the Renaissance whilst Lecter was an admiring art critic. The boy smiled at Hannibal shyly, only adding to the 'cute, naive virgin' persona he hoped would work in his favor.

Oh. A virgin, like Hannibal had imagined.

Will Graham was a virgin and wanted to have sex with him.

It was suspicious and seemed too good to be true, especially after the way the boy had acted towards Hannibal the past two days, but the teacher had to consider a few facts. First, the drawing Will had made of his face. Second, the text, where Will admitted being attracted to him. And third, Will was drugged and Hannibal was teasing him with soft touches; the boy's judgement was impaired.

If Will had accepted that he was going to die, maybe he would want to have this experience first, right? But perhaps, perhaps he would regret it after the drugs were gone? Hannibal didn't care. He wanted Will Graham *now* and would have him, *even if the boy changed his mind.*

"Would you like to try it, Will?" Hannibal moved his hand up again, fingertips softly brushing one of Will's nipples now, his gaze fixed on the perfect blue eyes in front of him. "Do you want to know how it feels? You can, right now. Just say it."

Will bit on his lip. This was his chance to go through with his plan, but should he take it? He needed that phone, but the thought of simply throwing himself out there was a bit scary. Hannibal's fingers were suddenly all over the place, and he felt as if he was losing control over his own body. He was both frustrated and excited. As much as he had control over his mind, he had no say in his body's betrayal. He could feel the hunger nagging at him; his curiosity was *enormous,* and if he wouldn't get out of this hell, he *definitely* didn't want to end up as a dead virgin.

"I do...I want it." Whispering, Will straightened himself out in the bathtub, expecting to soon be out of the water anyway.

"Good," Hannibal practically growled out, getting up to reach for a towel to get Will dry. He immediately helped Will stand up and get out of the bathtub, using the towel to dry the boy's hair as much as he could, along with the rest of his body. When Hannibal was finally satisfied, he took Will up in his arms again, carrying him to the bedroom just as he had earlier.

Although it had been a necessity before, considering Will had been bound and could not walk much less move, Hannibal found that he simply liked to carry Will around - it was a gratifying experience to have control over people; to have someone completely depend on him.

After gently placing Will on his bed, Hannibal immediately climbed on top of him, pinning him in place with his legs and arms on both sides of the boy's body. *Normally, he would tie his models up for this - tie their wrists up to the headboard as he fucked them.*

But Will, *sweet, beautiful* Will, was the first to ever ask for it. He had shyly asked to succumb to life's more carnal pleasures with Hannibal, so awkward and *pure* in his virginity, and the older man's curiosity had once again got the better of him. He wanted, *needed* to see what Will intended; if the boy truly wanted to have sex with him.

"I've wanted you for so long, Will Graham." Hannibal gazed down at his former student. "I've been watching you since the beginning of the semester. Never have I wanted someone as much as I want you, darling."

Will was no longer trembling from the cold, instead shivering as he grew aroused. Gasping for air as Hannibal moved on top of him, his eyes trailed up from the man's crotch to his chest, and then to the honey-coloured eyes that had put him under a spell from the very first moment he had seen the teacher.

He remembered what Hannibal told him in the car when they were going to the exhibition, that he would not have rejected him had he not been Will's teacher. Now, they had long crossed the boundaries of teacher of student, and with the short life Will had ahead, Hannibal would never again be his teacher.

"Y-you'll have so many models after me though...I'll blur in obscurity between all of them. You...you will forget me once the painting is complete." His voice grew rougher with arousal.

Observing Will's face for a moment, Hannibal pondered over the boy's words. Never had he forgotten any of his models, and he hadn't even started painting Will yet. That comment, though, made the teacher wonder if he truly wanted to kill Will Graham at all.

Reaching down for Will's wrists, he pinned them above the boy's head. "I'll never forget you, Will Graham. You are nothing like the others." His lips hovered over Will's, centimeters away from touching. "There's something about you that makes me so...hungry." Closing the distance, he began kissing the boy softly. Hannibal awaited the sweet moment when Will would completely surrender to him, mind, body, soul.

Having only kissed a girl once in his life, Will was quite surprised to find that he prefered Hannibal's lips so much more. Kissing a man was so much more exciting, and it made him burn inside. Not opening his mouth to Hannibal just yet, he kissed him back softly instead, genuinely unsure how to proceed given his experience.

His hands curled into fists as his legs were slightly parted. Will wondered what Hannibal would do if he were to just wrap his legs around the man's waist. He didn't feel that bold, but he still craved something...more. Gently nibbling on Hannibal's bottom lip, Will parted his mouth, inviting the man inside.

Hannibal smirked against Will's lips before sliding his tongue into Will's mouth, letting out a low growl as he finally tasted Will. He suddenly felt like he was wearing much too many clothes while Will lay completely naked beneath him, and he longed for the delicious burn of skin on skin contact. The fact that the boy was trembling only made it better, for Hannibal knew the boy was nervous and excited for what was in store. He pulled back, sitting up between Will's legs and looking down at the boy as he unbuttoned his shirt, letting him watch his fingers move and reveal his skin.

The curly-haired boy watched as Hannibal slowly undressed himself. He couldn't believe his plan was working, Hannibal's hunger for him must've been *enormous* with how quickly and eagerly he agreed to Will's suggestion. He didn't even dare to look at the phone on the nightstand, he just knew it was there...waiting for him.

Hands free, Will wished he could grab the lamp by his side and slam it against Hannibal's head. Alas, he couldn't even lift something above his head in his weakened and drug-addled state- wanting to hit the man with a lamp was simply ridiculous given the situation at hand.

Instead, Will raised his hands and started stroking every new piece of skin Hannibal exposed. He lightly touched his stomach, tracing the line of his ribs. He let out a small sigh as he ran his hands through the man's greying chest hair; Hannibal was so gorgeous, and Will lamented the fact that he couldn't be normal, no, he just had to be a psychopath.

Hannibal smirked at Will as he finished unbuttoning his shirt, letting it fall on the bed. Large hands grasped small ones, guiding the boy's hands to his crotch. "Can you finish undressing me, Will?"

"I think I can, yeah." Rather than doing what Hannibal had asked him to just yet, he instead leaned in to close the gap between their lips with another kiss. Will tried use the situation to his advantage, knowing if he was unable to flee, he would soon die.

Groaning into the kiss, Hannibal grasped a handful of dark curls and tugged them back, raising the boy's mouth so he had better access to that sweet mouth of his. *Oh, how he longed to keep kissing the boy for hours upon hours.* He was almost dizzy with how much he starved for Will.

The kiss was hard and when Will pushed his tongue inside Hannibal's mouth, it became messy and passionate. The boy had no idea where was all this lust coming from, but he squeezed Hannibal's hips tighter, his fingers burying into the skin and leaving small red marks behind.

Hannibal pulled back biting Will's lip, trapping it between his lips and squeezing, though not hard enough to hurt or to break the skin - *not yet.*

"So you truly were interested...when I sent those texts...but you refused me anyway.." Will mumbled as he finally moved down to Hannibal's pants. Will felt a rush of heat down his spine as he took in the sight of the rather impressive erection straining against the fabric.

Undoing the buttons and then pulling at the flyer, Will attempted to pull down Hannibal's trousers, but quickly grew exasperated at the lack of success. Blue eyes met amber as the two met in another kiss, temporarily forgetting the pants.

Hannibal hummed, amused at the fact that apparently Will liked kissing very much. *That was good, it meant that Hannibal could spend his free time kissing Will from now on.* And so he took his time with it, exploring the boy's mouth. He soon grew impatient, however, and broke the kiss in order to and take his trousers and underwear off, letting them fall to the floor. He felt newly energized now that he was completely exposed in front of Will, *with* Will. He reached and held the boy's chin in his hand, pointing it so he was looking directly into the boy's eyes again.

"I had to turn you down, even though I longed for the opposite. I told you that," Hannibal said as he pulled Will's face closer to his own. "But if I could, I would have fucked you on my desk the following morning." Hannibal let his lips hover over Will's, teasing the boy with the promise of another kiss.

"You said you never had sex with a man before. Does that mean you never had a cock in your beautiful mouth?"

"The only thing I've ever done was kissing...and it was with the same girl. Nothing else besides that...I've never even had sex with a woman." Will shrugged, not wanting to make a big deal out of it. Looking down at Hannibal's erection and then back to the man's face, he couldn't help but ask, "Are you asking...because that's what you want me to do?"

"Yes," Hannibal answered, fingers moving through Will's curls now. "That's what I want. Will you do this for me, Will?"

Hannibal had a fire in his eyes that said that Will truly had no choice in the matter; if he said no, Hannibal would force him. "I can teach you how to do it. Show you how I like it. And maybe, if you behave, I might return it in the future. Show you how it *feels*."

There was no way back from this situation at this point. Will had to do this if he was supposed to have the tiniest chance of getting to the phone later. He nodded and exhaled to calm himself down; *sucking off a man who wanted to kill him in two weeks probably wasn't the best one of his ideas.*

He bent down as much as he could and then opened his mouth to take the man's erection inside. It felt weird, far weirder than he had imagined, but he closed his lips around Hannibal and started bobbing his head up and down slowly, hoping he was doing it right.

Hannibal watched as Will slowly took him into his mouth, a low groan escaping his lips. He wanted to hold Will's head in place and fuck the boy's throat as hard as he could, but the boy was too inexperienced, too new to this. *It could wait for another time, considering he had different intentions than coming down Will's throat at the moment.*

"Slowly," Hannibal said, fingers carding through the boy's curls. "Suck, Will."

The boy slowed down even more and instead of just moving forward and back, he moved all the way back and then lightly sucked on the tip of Hannibal's erection. He looked up at the man to make sure he was enjoying himself, which he visibly was, before continuing with this new tactic of going all the way as deep as possible, then retracting and at last sucking on the head. He squeezed Hannibal's hips throughout the entire process to give him the stability he needed.

Letting out another low groan, Hannibal moved one of his hands down as Will was sucking only the head of his cock, tracing the boy’s upper lip with his thumb, smirking as he saw his cock disappear behind rosy lips.

"Beautiful. You look absolutely radiant like this, Will. Next time, I’ll hold your head down and fuck that beautiful throat of yours." Hannibal growled, hand moving down to cup Will's neck, feel the movements of it when the boy swallowed. "I'll come in your mouth then; making sure you swallow it all, darling."

Chapter End Notes

Aaaand yes this chapter will end like this, sorry - but chapter 7 is coming soon I hope! We stopped this chapter now because it would be too long otherwise and to make you curious what happens next xD

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> And the porn continues! Sorry for the delay, this was supposed to be posted a long time ago! Warning: A little torture at the end of the chapter - hey, Will kinda deserved it, didn't he? xD Sorry, that's my inner dark!Hanni talking. Also, I would like to thank our amazing friend and new beta Kayla, who did the beta work for this chapter and will do for the ones that will come (trust me, there are a lot of them, poor Kayla. xD) Alright, enough of me talking. I hope you guys enjoy this chapter :3

Next time? There would be no next time, asshole.

Will held eye contact with Hannibal a moment longer before he returned to sucking him off. His tongue darted against the slit at the head of his cock, tracing; teasing. He felt Hannibal throb against his palate, thickening impossibly in his mouth- Will sucked even harder, closing his eyes.

He pulled back slowly, opening his eyes as he allowed Hannibal's cock to slip free of his mouth. He moved to kiss the man's underbelly, his tongue tracing the soft skin all the way up to his hip bone.

With another hungry groan, Hannibal placed his hands on Will's shoulders. He pushed him down onto the bed effortlessly, until he had the boy on his back and beneath him.

"Now, Will..." Hannibal began, reaching into the second drawer of his beside table. Having found what he was looking for, he flipped open the cap of the small bottle of lube, squeezing a bit of it onto his fingers. "Now comes the best part."

"W-Will you please go slow with me? I...I don't want to remember my first time by how painful it was. I'd rather remember how good it felt..." Will mumbled, eyeing Hannibal.

Will was truly beginning to question his own judgement, wondering whether all of this would even be worth it in the end. He recalled reading online that foreplay alone could take a long time, but Hannibal was just *so* quick and eager. Will feared that the man would be ruthless with him; not allowing him any time to adjust and simply having his way with him, fucking him roughly and taking what he wanted.

"Shh..." Hannibal pressed his index finger to Will's lips; *those beautiful, perfect lips - Hannibal longed to kiss him even more, hungry for Will's mouth.* "I'm not going to hurt you, darling," he whispered, moving his hand away from Will's lips and settling between the boy's legs. Parting them a bit, he guided his right hand down to Will's entrance, circling it slowly

with the tip of a lubricated finger.

"Don't be scared. This is what you wanted, wasn't it? You asked for it. Yes, you were the first to ever explicitly ask for this..." Hannibal slowly pushed his finger inside of Will once he felt the muscle was relaxed enough.

“*Ah*– a-asked for what...? Sex with you? So... you don't... you don't do this?" The foreign sensation of having Hannibal’s finger inside him was unlike any other, and far from comfortable. Still, Will bit down on his lower lip, trying to relax as much as possible.

The less thinking he did, the easier this would be for him. He pulled Hannibal's face closer to his own and kissed him again. His body had finally relaxed to the point where Hannibal's finger could slide in and out of him smoothly, but Will shuddered at the thought of another finger joining the first.

Hannibal didn't respond to Will’s question right away, instead taking his time to kiss him ardently, savoring the taste. He wanted as much of Will as he could get, and knew the boy was still feeling too weak to do much else.

"Oh, I *do,*" Hannibal answered as he pulled back, looking into Will's eyes again. "Not always with their consent, though. But you my dear, you were different. You were so sweet in your eagerness, asking for it the way you did." Hannibal smiled. "I know you’ve wanted this ever since you sent me that text."

"Oh God...y-you rape the others! Are they fully conscious when you do it? D-do they know what you're doing!?" Terror pierced Will's heart. Hannibal wasn't only a psychopath, he was also a rapist... and nobody would ever know. He disposed of his models- of *evidence*- when he was done with them.

Will grew tense, making it nearly impossible for Hannibal to move smoothly inside of him. “That's horrible, Hannibal... how can you do that?" He naively tried to will his feeble body to pull away, momentarily forgetting that there was nowhere for him to run; there was no getting out of this.

Hannibal stopped immediately, removing the digit with an angry look on his face. Will was questioning his methods now, and that wasn't something he would accept.

"Rape is a strong word to use here, Graham." Hannibal's eyes burned into Will's as he spoke. "Some of them agreed to it. I didn't *'rape'* all of them. And I *hope* I won't have to do that to you."

"I...I don't w-want you to rape me...I don’t want to...oh God,” Will sighed. “Hannibal, why? *You*...you could have anybody you wanted. So why do you...why do you ra-”

Clearing his throat, Will spoke up again, this time trying to appease rather than anger Hannibal, “What I meant to say was, why do sleep with your models? What is it you're after?" Will tried to prop himself up again, but his muscles immediately cramped in retaliation, leaving him lying there like a rag doll. Gasping, he stared into Hannibal's eyes-

they were so expressive; so alluring despite what lurked behind.

Hannibal didn't answer immediately, instead he just observed the boy beneath him. He didn't appreciate the way Will was talking to him, but at the same time he was impressed by the boy and had to commended his gall. Nobody would ever *dare* to talk to him like that; usually his models just cried and begged. Never had anyone questioned him or his motives before.

"It feels good, my dear. Some models are just too beautiful for me to simply let them go. Beauty is fleeting; such is its nature. And now I have you...the most beautiful boy I've ever laid eyes on. If I can have anybody I want, then that means I can have *you*." Smirking as he leaned in, Hannibal pressed his lips to the boy's again. "Don't be afraid," he whispered against Will's soft lips and continued kissing him, coaxing his tongue into Will's mouth.

That didn't reassure Will at all. What made him so special in Hannibal's eyes; more special than his other models he had raped and then murdered? He didn't know how to feel about this revelation. Was he supposed to feel *lucky*? Feel *fortunate* that he wouldn't be bound and gagged when Hannibal inevitably laid claim to his body? And yet, Will found himself more intrigued than appalled the more he learned about Hannibal's deplorable behavior. The longer he spent in the man's presence, the more he wanted to explore the man's mind. He wanted to see the world through Hannibal's eyes; wanted to *understand* what went through Hannibal's mind when he painted his kidnapped victims.

Will's eyes closed as Hannibal began kissing him again, a single tear trailing down his cheek as he softly rubbed his tongue against Hannibal's. Hannibal eventually pulled back, lips hovering over Will's for a moment before he smiled and stared into the blue eyes beneath him.

"Beautiful," Hannibal murmured, pulling away again to squeeze more lube onto his fingers. He lowered his hand, carefully slipping his finger into Will's body again.

Will was only half present at this point. He tried to think of all the people he read about in the news; all the people who had disappeared under strange circumstances across the U.S. The sheer number of victims across different states meant it was nearly impossible to make connections between cases anymore. He remembered reading about the disappearances of young students - one had even been a student at his school, having disappeared only three weeks prior. Will opened his eyes again so he could meet the gaze of that boy's killer; so he could see Hannibal's smug smile and hungry eyes. It made him sick to his stomach.

He shifted a bit beneath Hannibal, only letting out a sigh or quiet moan when his digit sunk too too deep or brushed against someplace sensitive. Will's eyes watered with more tears, and he closed them, not wanting to look at this artist, this murderer, this *rapist*, anymore.

Eventually Hannibal felt like Will was relaxed enough to slide a second finger into him. He used them to stimulate Will's prostate and make him pliant and receptive. He observed the boy beneath him - *the way Will breathed, moved, the noises he made; everything he did made Hannibal hunger even more for him.*

"How does it feel, Will?" Hannibal asked, the pads of his fingers applying gentle pressure,

rubbing tantalizingly at the boy's prostate. "Good?"

"Y-Yeah... I suppose it does... does feel good..." Will heard himself reply breathily, but it came from somewhere distant. Like he was detached from his own words, his own voice. He could see his hands going up in front of his open eyes, watched his fingers tangling in Hannibal's hair, pulling eagerly.

"Thank you for respecting my…*inexperience.* I...I don't think I could handle rough sex, especially not while drugged..." It felt as if someone else, some other Will, was controlling him. Will suddenly felt as if he were a mere spectator to the show happening in front of his very eyes.

Will's words pleased the teacher, and he pumped his fingers in and out in steady, precise movements. "Believe me, you could. *Especially drugged,*" Hannibal said, as if it were perfectly normal. "Do you think you're ready for me now? Would you like me to try another finger first?" He asked, not wanting to cause the boy any pain. For some reason, he cared about Will and his comfort; whether the boy would enjoy having sex with him or not.

"*More*...please. Just to be sure," Will blurted immediately, sent spiraling back to reality. The strange new persona that seemed to grip him had suddenly disappeared- Will wasn't sure if he should be grateful or disappointed. It left him with the distinct feeling of being utterly alone.

"Before you do it...if you could prepare me as much as possible..." The boy blinked in confusion and then looked at Hannibal again. "I think maybe I'd enjoy it more," he muttered, and pulled Hannibal close to press their lips together.

Hannibal was quite satisfied with the way Will was responding to him. After the kiss, he pulled his fingers out, added more lube to them and slid two inside Will again, pressing in and stretching him before he slowly pulled them out.

"*Ah* - I don't know if you'll fit..." Will said, breathing heavily. He tried to swallow between breaths. "Maybe you'll have to just... just penetrate me very slowly... although I'm sure three will make it a bit easier..."

Without another word, Hannibal pushed three lubed fingers into Will, moving carefully but with purpose. "Alright?" He asked, looking down at the boy.

Will gasped as he squeezed the sheets beneath him so tightly his knuckles turned white. He hissed, arching his back and it *hurt.* The burning sensation of being stretched too far only contributed to his discomfort. Will closed his eyes, trying to relax his body and think of something pleasant.

"*Relax*. I need you to relax," Hannibal whispered. He loved the way Will gripped the sheets, the way he arched his back and panted his heavy breaths. It was glorious.

"I'm…*trying...ah*! I-It's...not so easy when you've never done this before… I wouldn't initially call it *pleasant* to have three fingers stuck up your ass," Will huffed slightly in annoyance before tilting his head back with a gasp. Hannibal used his other hand to tease him, stroking

him slowly, bringing him to fullness. Will buried even deeper into the pillow at the onslaught of sensations, keening softly. Now *this* was more enjoyable, he could find himself succumbing to the pleasure as Hannibal's clever fingers pushed inside him, never ceasing in their movements.

Will Graham was nothing like the models Hannibal had had before. The way the boy talked to him was something no other would ever dare do to Hannibal Lecter, especially during sex. If it were anybody else, Hannibal would have probably found it irritating. When Will did it, though, it seemed fascinating and it just made him want the boy even more.

Pulling his fingers out, Hannibal removed his hand from around Will's cock, and put more lube into his other hand. He then spread the lube on his own cock, making sure he was very slick so he wouldn't hurt the boy, and lifted Will's legs, wrapping them around his waist as he guided the head of his cock inside Will's body - just the tip at first, giving Will time to adjust to the intrusion.

It made Will's heart race - Hannibal was way too big and he couldn't fit, it was impossible... or at least, that was what Will thought at first. He raised his hips and squeezed the man around the waist with his thin legs, arching his back even further as he let out a sound that was a mixture of pleasure and pain. How did Hannibal expect to just press inside him? Will bit his lip and kept his eyes shut tightly. This would hurt like hell, he wouldn't be able to stand the pain, he thought.

"Hannibal... *please*... please be gentle, I need to... need to get used... oh fuck..." he groaned now, his body relaxing very slowly, almost tediously so.

"Breathe," Hannibal whispered, leaning in to press his lips to Will's, a soft and tender kiss. He didn't move, just pulled back from the kiss and looked deep into the boy's eyes. "Focus on it. Breathe."

Hannibal spoke in a low, soothing tone that was supposed to make Will feel calmer. After a few long moments, when he thought it was the right time, Hannibal steadily pushed the rest of the way inside, until he was fully seated, his achingly hard cock buried to the hilt. He let out a loud groan as Will gasped, stifling a scream at the pain.

Will's nails dug into the man's broad shoulders, piercing through the skin there. He had definitely made Hannibal bleed, the deep scratches welling up with blood. His body tensed, wanting nothing more than to twist away, escape from the deep, aching pain. It flared with each small twitch of Hannibal's hips, and he whimpered again, wrapping his arms tightly around Hannibal's neck. He practically yanked the man toward him only to squeeze him in a tight embrace. He kept his eyes closed as a few stray tears slid down his cheeks.

Hannibal groaned in pain at the bite of Will's nails, he had never let any of his models hurt him like that, keeping them tied-up or otherwise incapacitated during sex. He wanted to punish Will for his insolence, but at the same time the pain of the scratches appealed to his baser instincts, sparking a flame of heady arousal.

"Breathe, Will," Hannibal repeated, needing the boy to relax. He had never cared like this

before, if any of his models had felt pain during sex he'd always ignored them and kept going. But he didn't want to continue causing Will pain, he wanted Will to enjoy it. "Breathe deeply- in through your nose, out through your mouth on the exhale..."

"Fuck fuck *fuck*... okay... okay... alright..." his breathing was frantic, it sounded almost as if he were hyperventilating. He buried his face in Hannibal's neck, trying to focus on the man's scent, on the feel of his pulse thrumming as he pressed his mouth to it; on the salty taste of the sweat beading on Hannibal's skin. The pain was slowly fading, and just as surely, Will's breathing began to calm. Will kissed Hannibal's neck almost lovingly, stroking his back, and in a raspy voice spoke, "I'm sorry...for hurting you..."

"It's alright," Hannibal said, his voice equally as rough. He felt Will's breathing beneath him - breathing and kissing his neck so tenderly, wanting to continue instead of pushing Hannibal away. It thrilled him.

"Don't worry about me," the teacher heard himself say. "Just breathe. Relax."

Hannibal tilted his head to catch Will's lips in a soft kiss, moving his hand up to rub his thumb against Will's skin and wipe the boy's tears away.

"Hannibal... did... did you kiss them like this? The way you kiss me? The others... did you... did you care about their tears or their comfort like you do mine?" Will knew this was a very dangerous question, he knew it might shatter his chances of escaping because Hannibal could get angry now and throw him back into the basement. Yet he had to ask, because the man's behaviour kept changing from a cruel, ruthless killer to an almost gentle lover, especially when he continued to kiss Will as tenderly as he did.

Hannibal wondered if he should even answer him. He wouldn't answer to anyone else, but Will Graham was different. He was better than any and all of them, every single one.

"*No*," Hannibal said, almost in a whisper, still caressing Will's face with his fingers. "Not even once." Kissing the boy again, Hannibal finally started to move, groaning again at how tight Will felt around him.

This revelation left Will confused and speechless. He didn't think he was any more special than all of the other victims this man had, but Hannibal's admission meant that he was in fact much more to him than they had been, that he *meant* more. This threw Will headfirst into a dangerous mindset; a mindset he definitely didn't want to be in. It made him feel significant and loved– an absurdly inappropriate sentiment given that this was a murderous psychopath making him feel this way. The boy began questioning his own sanity- *was he losing his mind?*

As Hannibal started moving, he let out a soft moan, chests brushing; lips sealed together. He was the first one Hannibal didn't rape. He was the first one Hannibal seemed to care about. He had to be the first one to escape this hell, but right now he was only hopelessly sinking deeper.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will's shoulders to press him even closer, burying one of

his hands in Will's curls. He couldn't stop kissing the boy, coming to realize that he enjoyed the simple act with Will far more than he had with anyone before him.

Rocking slowly into Will's body, he angled his hips upward to glide over the boy's prostate with every thrust. Part of him wondered absently how it would be for him after he killed Will Graham - would he ever feel satisfied again with just another one of his models?

"So good, Will... You're so tight, so good," Hannibal groaned against Will's lips. He pulled back to attack the boy's neck, kissing and biting, then sucking marks into his skin.

"Hannibal... oh God... *Hannibal*..." Will could hardly articulate anything more; he was too overwhelmed by the intense pleasure that he could barely control himself. He never would've thought sex could be this enjoyable, this uplifting, waking so many little nerve-endings in his body and making him feel euphoric despite the awful situation he was in. Will crossed his legs over Hannibal's waist, completely embracing him so that their bodies were as close and connected as humanly possible. The man's kisses were making Will dizzy; all of the attention he was getting was so distracting that for a split second he forgot why he was doing all of this in the first place.

Increasing the speed of his thrusts, Hannibal bit harder at Will's neck, ignoring the fact that he didn't want to mark Will's perfect skin. None of that mattered now though; Hannibal had his lips pressed to Will's skin, at the mercy of his mouth as he intently sucked a hard bruise into his tender flesh.

"Hannibal... I... don't stop... oh, *don't stop*…!" Will released Hannibal's wide shoulders from his grip. He buried one hand in the man's hair, pulling eagerly; the other stretched out above Will's head and gripped at the headboard of the wooden bed. The curly-haired boy realized that in order to get to the phone he would have to move with Hannibal, only slightly, but still- it could raise suspicion if he wasn't careful enough. Will was determined to come up with a plan, but then Hannibal thrust into him again and he moaned in abandon, all of his plans shattering in his head as he lost himself to the pleasure.

Hannibal gripped Will's hair tighter, using the leverage to pull his head back and expose the boy's throat to him.

"My sweet, sweet boy..." Hannibal muttered, biting and sucking on the boy's skin, and he was sure he was leaving far too many marks; marks that he shouldn't be leaving at all. It would surely interfere with the unmarred perfection of Will's skin, and therefore the painting- but he couldn't bring himself to care. In fact, the thought of marking him was so arousing that he couldn't stop himself. Will's skin didn't simply look good, it *felt* good, and tasted even better.

"Yes...m-move a bit...faster. Fuck, *harder*....I think I can take it... I *want* to," Will gasped and his Adam's apple jumped as he swallowed heavily, "I want to try..." he finished, moaning again with his eyes closed and head tilted back as far as it could go. He could see the headboard if he so decided to open his eyes again. The hand gripping the wood above his head moved to the right, reaching toward the nightstand and the phone atop it. Fuck, he was so close and yet so far. He let out another moan, the burning warmth gathering; pooling in between his legs and growing in intensity. The pleasure was short-circuiting his brain,

scrambling his thoughts completely.

Hannibal did as Will asked, thrusting faster and with more force as he growled into the boy's skin, needing more, so much more. He wanted Will to come before he did, wanted to feel Will's insides clenching around him. The boy's skin was hot and covered in a thin layer of sweat, and Hannibal licked it from every pale inch he could reach with his tongue.

"Like this?" Hannibal asked with a groan, capturing Will's skin between his lips again.

"Oh God! Yes... yes, just like that!" when Will tried to scream his voice came out hoarse, as if he'd been screaming for hours beforehand. His blue eyes opened, wanting to see the man who was giving him so much pleasure now... but would surely hurt him brutally afterwards. Hannibal was such a contradiction- he was a beautiful man, his body bearing no imperfections whatsoever. In Will's eyes Hannibal was simply perfect, at least physically. The only problem was his twisted personality; the darkness and cruelty that lie behind the facade.

Will suddenly began to clench around Hannibal- before he could warn the man or realise what was happening he was tumbling helplessly toward orgasm, coming in hot spurts between their bodies and moaning loudly with the sheer ecstasy of it all. His hand jerked, moving so quickly that he knocked over the lamp on the nightstand, and it crashed to the floor with a loud clamor. Given the darkness of the room, without this source of light Will couldn't see properly on his right side. Right side, that's where the phone was. He surged upward to kiss Hannibal fiercely, though he was panting and struggling to catch his breath. This was his opportunity- he snatched the phone from the nightstand and slipped it quickly beneath his own body. The cool receiver of the phone pressed against the curve of his burning back, giving Will the hope he so desperately needed.

Hannibal noticed how Will had moved after the lamp was broken - he didn't care about the lamp, couldn't care less when he had Will in his arms, panting beneath him the way the boy was now. Hannibal was blind to everything else, claiming Will's lips and only needing a few more thrusts to reach his own orgasm, groaning loudly into the kiss as he emptied himself into the boy's body.

That made Will moan - he could feel Hannibal pulsing inside of him, warm come coating the already-slicked space where the man filled him. Hannibal's hips rolled forward decadently a few more times as he drew out his pleasure, savoring the last waves of his climax. It didn't bother Will much at all- he had the phone, and that was all that mattered. His shaking hands cupped Hannibal's face and he pressed many more kisses to the man's lips, soothing kisses, kisses that could very well be the last the two of them would share.

Will shivered beneath Hannibal's body and gasped against his lips, which made Hannibal smile and return each one of his kisses. The boy's lips were soft and warm and perfect, Hannibal could easily lose himself in them. There was nothing he wanted more than this, to have the boy all for himself and be able to touch him this way.

"You're perfect," Hannibal whispered against the boy's lips, smiling at him again. "You're mine."

"I’m not perfect, Hannibal... I have so many flaws, way too many and I’m not proud of them. But I am yours... and I’ll most likely be yours until you end my life... which, I'm not...not gonna lie, but I am worried about. I'm scared of dying, I..." Will gasped and looked Hannibal in the eyes in the dark. He wouldn't die of course, he couldn't, because now he had the phone beneath himself. No, he wouldn't die, the only thing he was determined to do was send Hannibal to jail so he could rot there.

"You don't have to be scared," Hannibal muttered against Will's lips, kissing him softly again. "Don't be. I know how to do it in a way that’s nearly painless."

Hannibal smiled, gazing into Will's eyes. He was still inside the boy, and he felt so sated and relaxed that he never wanted to move.

"We still have at least two weeks. You don't have to worry about anything now."

"Do I really have to die? Is the painting so important when all you keep saying is how special I am?" Will muttered as he ran his fingers softly through Hannibal's hair. "We could be happy... in a way... we would surely find a way to be happy together. You're a wonderful artist I'm sure...you could paint something else...someone else without killing them," he whispered, and kissed the corner of Hannibal's mouth. Of course he was lying through his teeth, he didn't want to spend any more time with Hannibal than what was necessary.

The words caught Hannibal by surprise. He knew that Will was attracted to him, but didn't expect to hear that they could spend their lives together. Part of him wanted to, craved it - to have Will in his bed every night, kissing the boy endlessly, touching him anytime he wanted. But he knew he couldn't, that's not what he did. His models had to die when the painting was ready. Will Graham *couldn't* be an exception, but he was already becoming one in Hannibal's mind.

"That's not what I do, Will. I have to paint you, and then I have to kill you. It's how it works," Hannibal breathed against Will's lips. He pressed one last kiss to them and then pulled out of his body, kissing all the way down Will's chest.

"I- okay...I’m not ready, but still I...I understand you. I don't agree...but I understand you," Will mumbled, although he didn't agree at all. He nipped at Hannibal's shoulder and sighed, "Hannibal? My throat is very sore... could... could I get some water? You can tie me down if you don't trust me; I’ll wait here for you," he smiled at the man, even joining his wrists in offering, showing them to Hannibal. "I don't want to upset you..."

Hannibal pondered it. He could keep Will there, tied up... Or take Will with him. He considered the options and made his decision. Once he’d untangled himself from Will's legs, he moved to the side of the bed, reaching into the bottom drawer of his bedside table. He watched Will from the corner of his eye even in the darkness. Hannibal grabbed two black ropes- specially made for bondage purposes- and used them to tie both of Will's wrists to the headboard, one first, then the other.

"I'll get water for you," he said as he made sure Will wouldn't be able to free himself, then pressed a kiss to the boy's lips and taking his leave, making his way to the kitchen.

This was something Will hadn't planned on. He thought Hannibal would simply tie his wrists together, but when the man tied him to the headboard, Will cursed silently and let his eyes drift closed. *What now*...? He couldn't possibly untie himself, and even if he changed his mind or had second thoughts, he was no longer in the position to return the phone to where it had been atop the nightstand. He couldn't win this, couldn't call anyone- he just had to hope that Hannibal wouldn't question why the phone was on the bed beside him instead of where he had left it. Will began to writhe wildly against his restraints, shifting on the bed until he finally managed to push the phone away to lay it next to him instead.

Hannibal returned, entering the room with a glass of water in hand. He placed it on the beside table and climbed back into bed, ready to release Will's wrists. When he looked at the boy however, he felt something vibrating against the mattress: a phone buzzing, the light of its screen illuminating the room. Hannibal's mind worked quickly, realizing that something wasn't right- he had left the phone on the beside table, not the bed. The phone was supposed to be right beside the lamp. The same lamp that Will had so carelessly knocked over.

Will had broken the lamp trying to get the phone. So that he could call for *help.* Hannibal froze in place momentarily, his anger burning like fire inside of him. He wanted to hurt the boy so bad, wanted to see Will scream and cry and beg for mercy- but there was no mercy to be had, not anymore.

"All of the words you said to me," Hannibal started calmly, grabbing the phone and forcing it into the boy's face. He ignored the text that arrived completely. "That we could stay together and be happy. *Lies.* You were planning to run. Send me to prison. Betrayal, Graham...is something I cannot accept."

"You're sick! You're sick and you need some *help,* this isn't normal! How could you even hope for a regular life when you're so fucked up?! You *murder* people you paint- you're nothing but a monster and I hope you rot in hell for this!" and Will was thrashing around once again, trying to free himself. He yanked his hands back and forth; the drugs were now almost gone from his system and he struggled to free himself, realizing that this was probably the last chance he had to do so. Surely he wouldn't wouldn't survive this.

Hannibal immediately wrapped his fingers around Will's neck, squeezing his throat tightly.

"How dare you speak to me this way, Graham? I thought you were better than the others." He leaned in, bringing his face closer to Will's. The boy couldn't possibly answer, couldn't even breathe, but Hannibal kept waiting to see what he would try to do.

"I..." Will would not be conquered. He wouldn't, he would show this man he was willing to fight till his last breath, that he wasn't just going to give up like most of his victims did. "Ha... te..." he was able to form the word with extreme effort, beginning to grow dizzy from Hannibal's strong grip around his neck. "You..." the curly-haired boy managed to finish, his vision slowly starting to darken around the edges.

Hannibal froze- Will's words felt like a knife, cutting painfully into his heart and wounding him deeply. Hannibal didn't want Will to hate him, he wanted him to love him, admire him,

want him the way he did before. He released Will from his grip before the boy lost consciousness; he needed him awake. Will Graham deserved to be punished, *severely* punished, and Hannibal would see to that. He got up from the bed and went to the opposite side, opening the top drawer of the second bedside table and pulling out a small pocket knife.

"This is going to hurt, Graham," Hannibal said, climbing onto the bed again, watching as the boy gasped for air. "It's going to hurt the same way you hurt me with your words."

Will's panting turned to a crazy laughter, not dissimilar to that of the mentally deranged portrayed in horror movies. He still couldn't speak very well, his voice hoarser than it was when he was screaming in pleasure- but he still felt the need to be defiant. "As if you had any feelings, you monster... as if you could actually feel anything while you heartlessly kill innocent students... you can't feel because you don't have a heart!" He spat, frowning. “Which is a shame... I would've loved to tear it out of your chest… and crush it in my palm.”

Hannibal let go of the knife and slapped Will hard across the face, hard enough to leave his cheek an angry red.

"Quiet!" He yelled with fire in his eyes, grabbing Will by the hair and pulling his head back. He didn't think he’d ever been so furious in his life. "I thought you were special, Graham. I thought you were good for me, but you are in fact the worst of them all. And now," he paused, grabbing the knife again, using his hands to part Will's legs. Hannibal held Will’s right leg against the bed, exposing the inside of his thigh to him.

"You move, you die. You said you were afraid of dying. If you move, Graham... You die in the worst possible way. And believe me. It will hurt more than you can possibly imagine."

"I'm glad... I'm not... fulfilling your... your wet dreams, you freak..." Will growled, trying to fight back as Hannibal pinned his leg against the mattress. What happened next made Will gasp and then scream in pain, a wave of terror and fear flooding him and leaving him shaking. He could do nothing but watch Hannibal slowly press the blade into the skin of his thigh. The pain was excruciating- it hurt like nothing Will had ever experienced. Will's eyes watered and he threw his head back against the pillow, trying to control his whimpers and screams as he bit his own tongue so hard he hurt himself.

Hannibal didn't stop. Will's tears meant nothing to him now that he'd hurt him so deeply - he deserved this pain. Quid pro quo. So Hannibal continued, carving the letter 'I' into Will's skin and leaning in to lick the blood that welled to the surface.

Will felt like he was drowning, sharp surges of pain pushing him into the realm of unconsciousness. Is this what death felt like? His body grew numb with pain. As he looked down at Hannibal carving into the meat of his thigh, it occurred to Will that he no longer felt anything at all. Will closed his eyes- the pain was gone and he allowed himself to become lost in the thoughts surrounding him like a fuzzy blanket. He tilted his head to the side and let the darkness embrace him.

Hannibal continued cutting into Will's skin, carving letter after letter and licking the blood that flowed from the wounds. Will didn't move at all, and he wondered if the boy had simply

accepted his fate and decided to let Hannibal do as he wished.

Finishing the last letter, Hannibal looked down at his work. The first cuts weren't bleeding as freely anymore, but he would still need to bandage them to prevent Will from×making a mess. Hannibal was satisfied with it; the words a harrowing reminder: *I cannot escape.*

As Will lie there motionless, Hannibal untied his wrists and injected another dose of drugs into his veins- enough to keep him unconscious for another twenty four hours, until Hannibal decided what to do with him next.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> Hannibal is really a little bit fucked up and is fucking up with Will's mind as well, that's all that can be said about this chapter really.

The situation at the Tipson Academy was getting out of control. The disappearance of William Graham was still a fresh occurrence, police investigators came by the school every day, endlessly questioning both students and professors alike. Some of them were actually journalists in disguise, going to great lengths just to get the latest scoop. It only made the situation worse when information was leaked to the media, earning a headline on the front page of the local news.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham sat in the principal's office, hands clasped together tightly, for the lady would not stop shaking. They were waiting for the art teacher who was supposed to arrive shortly; the terrified parents wanted to ask him some questions since he was the last professor to have seen their little boy.

Hannibal arrived at the principal's office promptly after his class ended. What he truly wanted was to go back home and see Will, but he couldn't deny that it was amusing to see the chaos that had erupted at the school.

"Mr. and Mrs. Graham," Hannibal said as he walked into the room. He greeted the principal as well, but he wasn't important right now. What mattered to him were Will's parents.

"Mr. Lecter... Mrs. Graham wanted to know which teacher took their son to the exhibition, and obviously I couldn't keep that information a secret," the principal tried to joke, but when Will's mother shot him an awful look he went silent.

"Mr. Lecter... my name is Barbara, I'm Will's mother... and as you know, my little baby..." tears filled her eyes and she squeezed her husband's hand for support. "*Will*, is missing... he always comes home over the weekend and was there on Saturday... but then came the day of the exhibition and he lied to us about going with Jack Crawford..." her speech was partially interrupted by the quiet sobs that rocked her body.

"I am sorry, Mr. Lecter, we're devastated at the moment, we don't know what to do, our son rarely does this. He's never ran away from home before, he's been a good student here at Tipson," Mr. Graham replied in a whisper.

Hannibal calmly took a seat, watching the couple in front of him. If Barbara Graham only knew that her baby had been very nicely *fucked* just the night before, and was now lying

naked on the couch in his basement. Her perfect little angel, no longer a virgin, because Hannibal had taken him, *claimed* him, and would never give Will back to her again.

"I'm so sorry for what happened, Mrs. Graham," he addressed the woman who had Will's perfect blue eyes. "I do not know the student that accompanied Will, as none of them will tell me. In fact, I don't even know if Will went with a student, or if he went alone."

Hannibal sighed sadly, rubbing his face with his hands for a moment.

"I feel responsible," he said in a low voice, gaze moving from the woman to the man next to her. "I had to leave, and since there was another teacher present I thought everyone would be safe. I should have brought Will home myself."

"Oh God... my poor little child..." Mrs. Graham sobbed, having burst into tears by now. She had completely collapsed in the chair she was sitting in, her face hidden in her hands.

"Do you think this might somehow relate to those other missing students? They were never found... the last boy disappeared only three weeks back, and from this very same school," Mr. Graham's gaze turned to the principal. "Did we just lose our only child because of the incompetence of you and your staff?" It was a sharply contrasting scene– while his wife was next to him sobbing, he was raging.

The principal exchanged looks with Hannibal and sighed, "Mr. and Mrs. Graham, I am very sorry, but you cannot blame Mr. Lecter for this... your child, just like every other student, returned a signed permission slip stating your explicit consent for this trip. Not only that, but he was eighteen- Mr. Lecter was not obligated to supervise any of them..."

"*WAS*?! WHY DO YOU KEEP SAYING *'WAS'*?! WILL ISN'T DEAD, HE'S NOT…!" Barbara slammed her skinny hands against the principal's table so hard that he jumped in his seat.

Hannibal looked devastated at this point, but in fact he felt good. He wanted the family to give up on Will Graham and just stop looking. Will belonged to *him* now, not to his family.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Graham," Hannibal said in a sad tone, lowering his eyes to the floor as if he were thoughtfully contemplating what to say next. "Will Graham was…*is*...the best student in my class. Even though I don't know him outside of school, he doesn't seem the type who would run away from home. I believe something may have happened to him."

He sighed again. Barbara Graham's sobs were getting on his nerves, and he found himself wanting to kill her just to shut her up. Kill her and then feed her to Will...that would work.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Graham, but if this is related to the other missing students, I'm afraid I cannot provide you with any reassurance...those students were never found. I'm so sorry," he added with a note of pure sadness in his voice.

"So you're saying.. that our Will is dead... or inevitably going to die?" Barbara clutched her husband's hand so tight she nearly broke it. She shook her head in disbelief and looked at the

principal. "No... no way, I'm going to call every policeman in this town, and in Washington as well... I'm not going to give up, we are going to find our son."

Mr. Graham nodded to her words and kissed the top of her head. "Of course we are, darling, we are going to find Will..."

Hannibal nodded. "Of course, Mrs. Graham, I would never give up if it were my child. I talked to the police as well, and they won't stop investigating, here and in Washington. I truly hope they find your son. I'm so sorry I couldn't protect him." He finished and looked down, sadly.

"I don't need your pity, or your empty apologies...you should've been a better teacher!" Barbara hissed at Hannibal after the man apologised for what had to be the fifth time. Her husband squeezed her hand again and they stood, Mr. Graham quietly thanking the principal before they both left.

The principal finally looked to Hannibal and let out a long sigh. "Goddamnit... we can't afford another disappearance...someone must be targeting our students and we can't even protect them! This has to be some sort of cruel punishment from God."

Hannibal sighed, now in annoyance. He didn't believe in God, and got angry when someone gave Him the credit for *his* work. And rightfully so—Will Graham had disappeared because of *him*, not God.

"It seems unjust that God would use an innocent student to punish us. Will Graham was the best student I had, boasting the highest grades in the class. He even..." Hannibal stopped, thinking. Should he say it? Yes, he should. "I have reasons to believe Will Graham was bullied by Oliver Burns and his friends. I saw Oliver talking to him one day, and Will looked terrified. I tried to make Will tell me what was wrong, but he refused. I couldn't get a word out of him. Maybe we should begin paying closer attention to Burns and his ilk."

Hannibal paused. If only he had gotten Burns to confess what he did.

"I'm not saying the boy is involved in Will's disappearance– of course not. But with Will missing, we...perhaps we should consider anyone and everyone that has had close contact with Will Graham within the last week."

The principal raised an eyebrow as he listened to Hannibal, "So, Oliver Burns, you say? Alright then Mr. Lecter, we'll start there. I will certainly look into this matter and talk to Oliver as well as his friends. We may even have to call their parents... I just hope it's not too late for poor Graham..."

Will was curled into the smallest ball his body could create on the edge of the sofa. He was completely naked except for a bandage around his right thigh and of course, he had proper handcuffs by now, instead of makeshift duct tape restraints. He wasn't dreaming, his sleep was nothing but pure exhaustion manifesting through his body. The pain had washed away by

now, although he still hissed when his thigh would accidentally rub against the other, or anything else for that matter. He was so small, looking as tiny as a child on the massive sofa.

Hannibal prepared more soup for Will that day when he got home. He wanted to make him eat more, but for that he would need the boy to *cooperate*, which Will didn't seem to want to do.

Hannibal closed the door of the basement after himself, carrying down the food and a bottle of water for Will. The boy must be very thirsty at this point, considering the fact that he hadn't had any water to drink for some time now.

"Will?" Hannibal asked when he glimpsed the boy curled up on the couch, and Will looked so adorable it warmed Hannibal's heart. He placed everything on the table next to the sofa and kneeled in front of Will, touching his forehead with his hand. "How are you feeling?"

Will's eyes slowly opened, and for a moment he thought it was his mother talking to him. The harsh reality soon hit him however, and his gorgeous blue eyes widened. He whined softly and tried to drag his weak body away from Hannibal. The drugs were still highly effective, coursing through his bloodstream. Hannibal had given him a dose that could knock out a horse. The curly-haired boy whimpered and pressed toward the back of the sofa, pleading gently, "No.. no no please.. please don't hurt me.. no.. leave me alone.. just leave me here to die on my own.." he wasn't as fierce and daring now after experiencing such intense torture as he did last night.

"I won't hurt you," Hannibal said softly, pulling up the blanket he had left there to cover Will's body. Will got what he deserved already, and Hannibal didn't want to hurt him any more. He'd only wanted it in the heat of the moment because he was angry.

"I brought you soup, are you hungry? You need to eat," he caressed Will's hair, fingers moving through the boy's curls. He wished Will liked him, wished Will accepted him the way he was and that he didn't have to kill the boy. He didn't even feel like painting Will anymore, all he wanted was for the boy to want him and love him, choose to stay with him instead of trying to run.

Will looked at the soup in the bowl and then at the bottle of water beside it. He wished all of it were poisoned; that he could ingest it and die a fast, less-painful death.

"Mr. Lecter.. I think I have an infection.. it burns all night and my thigh has swollen to twice its size now...every little movement hurts so much..." this all was true, his thigh felt as if it were on fire, and he didn't remember Hannibal bandaging it last night at all, he just woke up with the bandage covering his swollen skin.

"I want more drugs... I want to sleep and never wake up again... *please*... drug me..." he begged.

Hannibal tangled his fingers in Will's hair, not pulling or hurting him, but leaning in to press his lips softly to the boy's forehead instead, hot due to the fever the boy had now.

"I'm not going to drug you again, Will, not as much as you're asking me to. Let me see your thigh, darling," Hannibal pushed the blanket away to remove the bandage from the wound, seeing that it did look infected somehow. Hannibal would take care of that, obviously, he would take care of Will for as long as they stayed together. He put the bandage on Will's thigh again and pulled the boy to sit, careful not to cause him any more pain or discomfort.

"I'll bring you medication. I'll heal you, alright?" Hannibal said, reaching for the bottle of water and opening it, bringing it to Will's mouth. "Drink this. You need to stay hydrated to recover."

Will opened his mouth and drank most of the water that was being offered to him, for indeed he was dehydrated and starving. The shooting pain in his thigh wouldn't stop and he moaned in pain as he moved his leg slightly and unintentionally grazed the wound. If only Hannibal hadn't done this to him last night, if only he hadn't tried to escape. He should've used Hannibal's openness and hospitality to his advantage, make the man trust him; now Hannibal didn't trust him at all and Will was left alone in the basement all day long.

"Mr. Lecter.. please.. I'm so weak and tired.. I don't think I can survive this treatment..." the fever was talking instead of him, he was delusional and confused due to the drugs.

"You'll be fine, Will, I'll take care of you," Hannibal assured him, knowing that the boy didn't truly know what he was saying. He sat by Will's side, placing the almost empty bottle on the table again and grabbing the bowl instead.

"You do need to cooperate though. I need you to eat now, alright?" Hannibal said, blowing on the soup and lifting the spoon to Will's mouth.

Will had never felt so hopeless in his life. He wanted to cry at how hopeless he was, but he opened his mouth instead for the soup that Hannibal had prepared for him. Given how hungry he was Will was soon done with the broth, now absently leaning against Hannibal's side, head resting gently on the older man's shoulder.

"You're going to school anyway... aren't you... are my parents looking for me? Did you speak to them... do they still... care?" His voice was so quiet, as if he were afraid to learn the answer.

"Yes," Hannibal replied, wrapping his arm around the boy, keeping him secure in his embrace. "They were there today. Your mother was crying. She said it was my fault,"

Hannibal sighed, reaching for Will's hands that were now handcuffed and resting on Will's lap. He began to play with Will's fingers.

"She refuses to stop looking for you. Your parents love you very much, Will."

He turned his head and pressed another kiss to the boy's forehead that was now burning hot.

"I'll get your medication, alright?"

"Alright.." Will muttered half-awake before he pulled back again to let Hannibal go as he pleased.

His parents were still searching for him, that was good news - they were still trying, which made Will feel like trying as well, like not giving up. He sighed and leaned against the sofa, closing his eyes as he tried to come up with another plan of escape. Hannibal had already drugged him so much in these past few days that Will didn't think they would ever wear off. He sighed and started to tremble slightly, due to the cold of the room and his debilitating fever.

Hannibal returned with pills for pain, fever and infection, another bottle of water, and everything he needed to clean the wound on Will's thigh. He realized that he longed to see the scars left there after it had healed, but he wasn't supposed to wait that long– he was supposed to kill Will Graham before then. Hannibal began to wonder if he truly wanted to kill the boy or not. Graham seemed to be different from everyone else, and made Hannibal question his own methods every day.

"Open your mouth," Hannibal said, putting the pills on Will's tongue when the boy did as he was told. Hannibal offered him water then, to help him swallow the pills and wash them down. Then he knelt in front of the boy once again to tend to his injury.

Will whined feebly and shivered, noticing some more bruising on his chest. He began to panic before he realised that they were the hickeys and love bites Hannibal had inflicted on him the previous night.

"When... when will you start... start with the painting…? I...I've already lived longer than I should..." he mumbled with his eyes closing slowly, allowing Hannibal to take care of his inner right thigh with no resistance. "I will make such a glorious kill won't I…? You'll enjoy murdering me, and I'll enjoy finally being allowed to die..."

Hannibal thought about that for a moment. He didn't want to kill Will right now, and wondered if he would ever want to.

"I'm not sure when I'll start the painting. Right now I care more about healing you than anything else."

Hannibal removed the bandage, lifting Will's thigh just enough to place a clean towel underneath before he started cleaning the wound.

"Why do you... why do you care so much Hannibal…? I'm nothing but a little brat who's insulted you... I deserve to die in the worst way possible..." Will whispered after first hissing in pain at Hannibal's touch. It was all far too painful, and Will kept his eyes closed tightly. He suddenly remembered something he had wanted to ask the man about.

"In the bedroom... yesterday... I noticed a picture there... a little blonde girl... holding a stuffed animal... is that your daughter?"

Hannibal didn't answer immediately; he wasn't used to people asking about the girl in the picture. But to be fair, Hannibal didn't just take people to his bed, or let them see the picture

in the first place. Nor did he answer this particular question when it was asked.

"She was my sister. Her name was Mischa," Hannibal answered, eyes fixed on the wound he was carefully treating.

"You said '*was*'... is she... is she gone?" Will opened his eyes again to look at Hannibal, whose voice seemed to be much quieter and more sincere. "I'm sorry, Hannibal... I won't be too nosy... it's none of my business anyway," he added quietly before training his sights elsewhere. As much as he hated him, Will wasn't so heartless as to torment Hannibal over his dead sister.

"She's dead," Hannibal said quietly, still not looking at Will's face. "She was kidnapped, and a week later she was discovered dead. The police found her body," his voice was very low now, as if fading. He didn't say anything else for a while, just kept cleaning the wound in silence. Then, when he was finished, he began applying a clean new bandage. "She was six years old."

"I'm sorry, Hannibal... truly, I'm sorry..." that was only half true, Will was also angry because that was exactly the scenario he found *himself* in, completely at Hannibal's mercy. It'd been what he'd done with everyone else, kidnapping and killing countless victims.

Will was now more awake than he had been when Hannibal entered the basement, actually able to sit down on the sofa and look at the man face-to-face. "Thank you for this... for bandaging me," he added softly, offering Hannibal a small smile. He decided to be brave, reaching out to touch Hannibal's shoulder with his handcuffed hands. "I really am sorry about your sister..."

Hannibal looked up at him then, finished bandaging Will's thigh and finally making eye contact with the boy.

"Thank you," he muttered, and grabbed Will's wrists, bringing his hands close to his face and pressing a kiss to each one of them.

"I never told anyone about her. You asked why I care about you... I don't know why, Will." He said sincerely. "All I know is that you're different from the others."

"So you told me... because you just felt like telling me? Maybe... maybe there's something inside you that trusts me? I won't tell anyone... it's not like I'm getting away from here," Will whispered, pulling himself closer to Hannibal.

"You can talk to me, you know... about these things, you can talk to me... I can understand you, even though it seems like nobody understands. I'm able to feel other people's pain... like an empath."

"And then what, Will?" Hannibal asked, eyes fixed on the boy's as he stood to take a seat next to him. "You'll try to run away again. Call the police and leave me to rot in hell like you said yourself."

Hannibal didn't know why Will's words had hurt him so much. If any of his previous models had offended him, Hannibal would have punished them in even worse ways than he had punished Will, and then simply forgotten about it. But Will's words lingered in his mind, and he still felt a sting of pain when he thought about them. It bothered him that Will thought of him that way.

"Hannibal... I know what I said wasn't okay... and look... I'm still angry with you for hurting me like this... because of the infection. This... it's not what I wanted," Will gasped and shook his head, resting his hand on top of Hannibal's.

"But now that I know... that I know this... well, it doesn't mean I'm happy with what's happening to me... I still want to go home... but I'm starting to understand you... your intentions. That what happened to your sister…it's what's driving you to express your anger through these killings.."

"And now I have to kill *you,*" Hannibal said quietly, moving his free hand to Will's hair and pulling the boy into a kiss. He didn't give Will time to pull back or say anything, just held him tightly in place and kissed him, first with just his lips, and then his tongue as well.

Will couldn't say anything because Hannibal's lips were on his own, and in that moment he felt that it was so right, so natural that he didn't even try and stop him. He rested his hands on Hannibal's thigh, returning the man's kisses as his eyes slowly closed and he surrendered. He gasped and moaned quietly, shivering, "Don't... don't kill me..." he whispered against those soft lips, squeezing Hannibal's thigh.

"Will you try to leave me again?" Hannibal asked, pulling back and opening his eyes to watch as Will replied.

The truth was he didn't *want* to kill Will anymore...but he had to. He didn't believe the boy would cause him trouble, but he knew that keeping him like this would only make things worse.

"If you spare my life... I believe we could... we could function, Hannibal... if you uncuff me... I don't know... I... just...death shouldn't be an option, okay…? It's not a solution," Will gasped and looked Hannibal in the eyes with all of the devotion he could muster. He truly believed he could persuade Hannibal into some sort of a deal. He really fancied the man anyway and could probably accept the things he'd done, but only if Hannibal could stop. Will believed he could change him.

"I don't trust you, Will," Hannibal said sadly. "Last night I almost believed you, and you almost destroyed me. If I hadn't tied you up to the bed you would have called the police...don't try to deny it."

He sighed and kissed the boy again, hand tightening in Will's hair. The boy deserved to die, there was no other way. Still, he lost himself for a brief moment in the kiss, the boy's lips were soft and warm, warmer than they should be, and it felt so good kissing him that Hannibal just wanted more and more.

"You would've done the same thing if you were in my position, Hannibal...” Will said as their lips parted. “You wouldn't just accept this.. torture and death as your fate... that's not something you're okay with, especially after a few days of being imprisoned and tied up in a cold basement," Will pulled away and turned his head to the side, not facing Hannibal.

"You'd be only eighteen... knowing your parents are still looking for you out there, that they care and are trying to find you... and you would... you would just surrender yourself to me? To your torturer who would straight up tell you I'm going to murder you?"

Hannibal didn't answer. Will so often made him feel speechless, breathless. He pulled Will's face closer again, kissing the boy's lips softly, tenderly as he had never kissed anyone else before. He didn't usually enjoy kisses unless it led to sex, but this time he felt like he could just kiss Will for hours and not need anything more than that.

"I’m sorry I’m causing you so much pain, Hannibal... but you must understand that I won't stop trying to free myself... I care about my parents dearly, and I want to see them again, at least once more...one more time, before I die by your hand," Will's voice was shaky, partially interrupted by more kisses and tears that were running down the boy's cheeks.

"This will go on and on and on… until I have no other escape route. .. and you will break me.. . to the point where I'll *want* to stay here."

Hannibal sighed against Will's lips and deepened the kiss, wishing more than anything that Will would stay. That he could break the boy enough to make him *want* to stay. He had to try, because if Will wanted to stay for real then Hannibal wouldn't have to kill him.

"I want this," Hannibal confessed against Will's lips as he pulled back. "You can't run away from me, Will. There's nothing you can do to escape, and I can't let you. It's too late now."

He kissed the boy again, his hand sliding down to Will's neck, then to his chest, fingertips caressing Will's skin softly.

The inevitable truth of Hannibal's words hit Will like a landslide, and his tears only doubled. He pressed himself to Hannibal, his hot body against the soft cloth of Hannibal's shirt. Will missed his clothes, he missed his skinny jeans and fluffy sweaters, he missed the sun and the morning breeze.. . all he had was his own sweaty, dirty skin and four walls filled with nothing but darkness. He had to pull away; his sobs were getting louder and he couldn't focus on kissing Hannibal anymore. Instead he hid his face in the man's neck and continued his sobbing.

Hannibal held Will tightly, not caring that Will's tears were soaking his shirt. He liked them, in a way - they were beautiful, the representation of the boy's feelings and emotions. Yet at the same time, he didn't want to see Will cry.

"You're mine, now, Will," Hannibal whispered. "I can't let you go, and I don't want to."

"You can't *own* a person like this.. . you can't. .. I am my own. .. I belong to me and to my parents, because they’re the ones who gave me life... but I am not a thing you can own Hannibal... please… please stop with this obsession... I'm begging you…” Will's teary-eyed

gaze turned to Hannibal's face. The boy knew he was risking his own life again- Hannibal might not like the way he spoke, and he obviously had a problem with accepting the truth as Will noticed earlier.

"Would you... would you want this for Mischa? Would you let someone own her like a thing?"

Hannibal's hand moved immediately to Will's neck again, squeezing hard enough to hurt the boy.

"Don't. Speak. Of *Mischa*," he growled, face only an inch away from Will's. His eyes burned into Will's like fire, feeling as angry as he did when he'd noticed the phone on the bed the night before.

"You would...never stop...looking….you would never... never give up... just like... like my parents..because... that's... that's called *love*, Hannibal... love..." Will had to push the words through his mouth as breathing became more and more difficult. He could only grip at Hannibal's shirt with all of his remaining strength, keeping eye contact.

"You're punishing...every parent...because... because you failed... just like... like them... you didn't... didn't find Mischa in time... that's why... why you're killing us... you want...the...the parents to... to feel the same misery..."

Hannibal felt the tears burning in his eyes, and he squeezed Will's neck tighter, beyond the point of mercy. He wanted to hurt the boy, to make him suffer...he liked Will's tears now, because they meant the boy was in pain and Hannibal took pleasure in that.

"Don't," Hannibal said angrily, loosening his grip on Will's neck just a fraction to let him breathe. He buried his nails harder into Will's flesh, wanting to hurt him.

Will whined in pain, his whole body trembling again as he felt the nails being buried into his flesh, the pain excruciating. "You... couldn't... sa.... save her...she's gone... just... as ho...hopes of any... parent... whose child you kidnapped...and murdered.... you... want... want to... watch... the misery in... in my mom's eyes...all the tears... when...you tell...tell her...that I'm dead... just like... like they did to...you..." the pain was getting out of hand and Will restricted himself to nothing but desperate cries and sobs.

"*Quiet*." Hannibal's voice was low, very low as he spoke close to Will's face. He pressed his nails harder into Will's flesh, wanting to make it hurt even more than he knew it already did. "I don't want to hear anything from you anymore."

Will didn't speak, only made a couple of sounds that signified the level of pain he was in rather than actual words. The boy gasped for air for what could be one of his last chances to do so... and then his eyes closed and he surrendered himself to Hannibal's will completely; there was nothing else he could do. Hannibal's nails were burning crescents in his neck, and he wished he had never said anything to begin with.

Hannibal slowly released his grip, careful not to let Will lose consciousness. He had Will's blood under his nails, and he was sure he had hurt him as much as the boy deserved for

talking about his sister. His *Mischa.*

"Good," Hannibal said in a low voice, gravely serious as he watched Will try to catch his breath. "If you misbehave again, I'll carve words into your other thigh. Do you understand?"

"You just can't... handle... the... the truth..." Will gasped, and even though it hurt like hell he pulled himself away from Hannibal and curled his body into a little ball on the opposite side of the sofa again, this time protecting his neck. He had both of his hands covering the expanse of his pale throat, his otherwise porcelain white skin marred with blood. Will closed his eyes and tried to think of better things, tried to remember the happy memories he and his parents had together; cling to them, knowing it was the only thing that would keep him sane.

Hannibal tried to resist the urge, but he couldn't, the anger was burning inside him and hijacking his mind, and if he didn't do something about it he would probably end up breaking Will's neck instead.

So he stood up, grabbed Will's empty soup bowl, and threw it against the opposite wall - it smashed into several pieces with a loud noise and clattered to the floor. Hannibal leaned over Will and yanked his head back, pulling hard, hard enough to make it hurt.

"I'm done with you, Will Graham. It's over. You deserve what I did to you. You deserve even worse."

"Leave me...alone... you... you heartless *beast*..." Will hissed back at the man as he yanked his head back. Hannibal didn't seem to have had enough, but all Will wanted to do at this point was rest as much as he could and then hope to die. He whined, his neck throbbing painfully, and tried to push himself away.

"Leave me alone... or kill me... kill me right here and end this stupid charade... I'm sick of it... I'm sick of you... acting like a fucking child...when you can't handle... the truth...like an adult…."

Hannibal fisted Will's hair tightly once more for good measure before releasing him, and slapped Will's face immediately with the flat of his hand. He did it once, then twice, and he wanted to keep hitting Will, wanted to beat him and leave him covered in bruises, to hell with the perfect skin Will needed to have for the painting - Hannibal had already given him many scars and bruises. Through great effort, he somehow forced himself to stop.

"You can't be alone, Graham. You're never alone here," Hannibal said as if he were threatening Will, looking deeply into his eyes. Then he turned to leave, walking upstairs and flicking off the light, having left the room.

"NO!" Will shrieked the word at the top of his lungs as he desperately tried to get off of the sofa and crawl to the place where the light switch was. "No... please... please don't leave me here in the dark... please don't... I can't... I hate darkness... I'm begging you...please...you can leave but please keep the lights on..." there was so much terror in Will's voice, he was legitimately scared of being left here without any source of light.

He had always been afraid of the dark, always, for darkness always got the best of his imagination. He fell to the floor and moaned in pain as he hit his thigh again, but even that didn't stop him as he began to crawl toward the stairs where Hannibal was.

Hannibal froze, unable to process anything after '*please don't leave me here in the dark*'. The words had triggered a sudden flashback, from when he had taken Mischa to bed and turned off the light. Mischa's words echoed in his mind: '*Please, Hanni, don't leave me here in the dark,*' Hannibal had watched her eyes fill with tears when he turned on the light again, and he'd had to hug her very tightly until she stopped crying.

He turned on the light again and went back downstairs, still hearing Mischa's voice in his head. He pulled Will to his feet, took the boy in his arms and walked to the couch again, laying Will's small body there again in a comfortable position and pulling the blanket up to cover him, saying nothing for a while.

Then, slowly, he raised his hand to touch Will's forehead and check if the fever had gone down, thanks to the pills Hannibal had given him.

"I'm sorry," Hannibal said, the same way he had said to Mischa many years ago. "I'll never leave you in the dark again."

Will was breathing heavily, his big blue eyes all red and swollen from crying. He nodded shakily, his hands holding onto Hannibal's shirt for dear life as if nothing had just happened between them. The curly-haired boy gasped and let out a quiet whimper, he couldn't keep track of what was real and what was a dream in his life anymore. Was Hannibal a bad person? Or was he a good man after all? Will squeezed his shirt even tighter, his knuckles turning white, "Thank... thank you..."

He wanted to ask Hannibal to stay with him, *god,* he wanted to feel Hannibal's strong arms around him again. He missed the comfort he'd felt last night, when the man had treated him so well. But he didn't dare say a word; just let his tears silently run down his cheeks.

And Hannibal couldn't leave. He couldn't leave Will alone now that the boy was so scared, not now that he had reminded him so much of Mischa. He grabbed Will's handcuffed wrists and kissed both of his hands again, letting his lips brush lovingly across the boy's skin. Then he lifted his right hand to wipe Will's tears, fingers gently smoothing over the side of his face.

"Don't cry," Hannibal said softly, running his thumb gently across Will's cheek to wipe his tears away again. "Do you need anything? Is there anything you want, Will?"

"Could you... maybe... stay a bit longer? Just... just stay here... I... I'll try and fall asleep quickly so you don't have to be here the whole time... when I'm asleep, you can leave... please... if that's not too much of a bother," Will's mind was officially scrambled.

One moment he was absolutely furious and verbally abusive toward Hannibal; the other, he sought comfort and warmth in Hannibal's arms. That was exactly what the man had wanted to achieve- he'd wanted to break Will, and thus far he had been successful.
"I know I ask too much. .. but could I please...please have a sweater? Anything...something just to cover myself while I'm here in the cold..."

Hannibal couldn't leave Will like that. He should just get up and leave, tell Will he was definitely asking for too much, because how *dare* he ask him to stay, how dare he ask for anything? But Will was hurt and scared, and his big blue eyes reminded Hannibal of Mischa. And just like that, he was helpless to protect that boy.

"Come with me," Hannibal slid his arms beneath Will again and stood up, carrying Will against his chest. He had left the door to the basement open, allowing him to easily walk through it carrying the boy. He liked carrying Will around, it gave him a strange sense of power, and he felt even more that Will belonged to him.

He only stopped when he got to his own bedroom, and then he lay Will on the bed, immediately pulling the blankets up to cover Will up to the neck.

"Do you still need a sweater? Or are you satisfied with me holding you while you sleep?" Hannibal asked, leaning down to caress Will's hair.

"No... this is okay... no need for it now... I'm okay... I just... I wouldn't want to make your bed all dirty with my blood... don't.. don't let me lay on your sheets, my neck is all bloody, my ankles and wrists are bleeding from the handcuffs..." Will pulled himself up to a sitting position, using all the strength he had left in him. "Please... put... put some towels here... beneath me... I don't want to stain your bed..." he didn't even realize just how sincerely he'd been talking to Hannibal; as if he truly was in love with the man.

Hannibal understood Will's concern, and the boy was right, so Hannibal grabbed a towel and carefully placed it beneath Will's body. He then he took his own clothes off and lay by Will's side, draping his arm around him.

"Sleep. I'll take care of you," Hannibal promised, pressing a kiss to the side of Will's head and leaving the light on to keep him calm. "I'll be here when you wake up."

"Goodnight... and thank you for all this..." Will pressed the cold handcuffs to his bare chest, the cold metal against his skin making him shiver almost instantly. But there was a cozy warmth coming from Hannibal's body by his side, and Will listened to his breathing, trying to imagine this as a good thing; both of them lying in bed together after having sex like a real couple...the boy fell asleep quickly to the thought, not waking until it was morning.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> Again many thanks to my amazing beta Kayla who did her magic in this chapter again - We would be nothing without her!
>
> Hannibal is very cute, until the moment that he isn't. I know you're probably used to that already. :)

While Will was sleeping, Hannibal took the time to see to the boy's injuries. He carefully removed the handcuffs, then cleaned the wounds on the boy's neck and wrists. He injected a bit more of the drug into Will's veins, choosing his arm as the injection site to ensure that the boy would wake up too weak to try anything against him. If he had to keep Will drugged at all times to keep the boy with him, then so be it.

Hannibal didn't want to drug him too much, however - he had already administered a large dose into Will's system on the night he had carved into the boy's thigh. As a result, Will had slept through the night, the following day and into the next night, only waking up on Wednesday morning. Now it was Thursday, and Hannibal didn't have to return to the school - with no obligations, he decided to spend the entirety of the day tending to his captive.

When Will finally woke up again around noon, he found himself lying on his stomach, blissfully free of handcuffs and with Hannibal massaging his back where he sat on the bed beside him.

As always, at first Will didn't know where he was or what was going on. When he tried to simply open his eyes, his eyelids felt so incredibly heavy that he could hardly keep them open. His whole body was so weak that he couldn't even move a muscle, spread out on the bed and completely vulnerable and open to Hannibal's ministrations. Will whined gently; this would be bad, and Hannibal only drugged him this heavily when something horrible was about to happen. The curly-haired boy let a quiet whimper escape his lips, feebly trying to move but to no avail.

"Hann...ibal..." Will murmured, unable to do so much as speak properly. He took this as further proof that his dose had been substantial.

Hannibal leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to the top of Will's head, burying his nose into the soft curls there. Will needed another bath; perhaps he'd draw him one later. Maybe they could have a bath together. Hannibal smiled.

"Good morning, Will. How are you feeling?" He asked, fingertips moving in small circles against Will's back, massaging his muscles carefully.

"R-Really...dr...drugged...oh fuck, I can’t—can't even feel...my...my body..." Will's voice would have been rife with fear if only he could put the emotion to it. Right now Will felt as if he were just an object; some toy Hannibal Lecter could play with. His arms were free, but Will couldn't even move them – he was a prisoner in his own body, and it made him feel hopeless.

Hannibal offered another mediating smile, still massaging Will's back. He had already changed the bandage on Will's thigh, but now the boy was due for his medication. Later they’d share a bath and return to bed once they had finished, clean and relaxed. Hannibal decided that no matter what, he would never leave Will alone in the dark again, for he couldn't bear to see the fear in the boy’s eyes that reminded him so much of Mischa.

"No pain, then?" Hannibal asked softly.

"No... n-no pain..." Will whispered, eyes opening briefly to glimpse a face that showed great compassion, with but a hint of twisted obsession. The curly-haired boy let out a quiet sigh and turned his head away from Hannibal, glancing at the curtains on the other side of the room. They blocked the view from the window completely. "Do you live...near town? Is it...nice outside…? Do you have a garden or something?" Will wanted to talk; needed some sort of conversation so he wouldn't lose his sanity.

"Yes," Hannibal answered, flashing another smile – Will was just so adorable that he couldn't resist. His fingertips moved down Will's spine slowly, then all the way up again. "I live near town, and it's very nice outside. Today there are a lot of clouds in the sky, but you can still see the sun," Hannibal's voice was low and soothing, and he hoped it would help Will feel calmer. "Do you want me to open the curtains a bit so you can see the sunlight?"

"You could do that…? I mean...you would do that...for me? I haven't seen the sun in, well...almost a week. I miss the sun, and the air blowing against my face," Will eyed the dark curtains covering the windows. Where did Hannibal live and how far was it from his own home? Were they close to one another? The boy smiled a bit at the thought of his parents, often thinking of his old life ever since he’d been kidnapped.

"Yes, I'll do that. We're safe here, nobody could possibly look inside and see this bed. Or us, for that matter."

Hannibal helped Will turn around to lie on his back, then got up and wiped his hands on a towel he had left nearby. He walked to the window and opened the curtains to let the sunlight in and illuminate the room.

Will finally noticed all of the bruises, scratches and injuries he had on his normally unblemished skin, all of them made by Hannibal. The boy was staring at his wrists and the dark red circles around them, a reminder of where he'd been handcuffed. Letting out another sigh, Will looked up to the sun – to the sky, and the view was so lovely and serene.

"It's beautiful..." he muttered, his eyes widening at the sight despite the pain he felt throughout his body.

Hannibal smiled at Will once more - everything the boy - *his* boy - did now made him feel a warmth in his heart, and he wanted to kiss and hold Will forever. Not kill him, definitely not kill him, for if he killed Will, he would lose that contact for good. He could have Will in a painting, but then he'd be unable to touch him ever again. He somehow couldn't fathom the idea any longer; he liked being responsible for Will, liked the touches and kisses. He liked having Will drugged in his bed, and being free to do whatever he wanted with him. He liked it all, and didn't want to lose it.

Hannibal walked back over to the bed to lie by Will's side again, covering them both with the blanket to keep the boy warm.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked, nuzzling into Will's hair.

"I had no idea just how much I missed the sun... and the sky. I want to paint it – gosh, I miss sketching too. Above everything I miss my little doodles," Will cuddled as close to Hannibal as he could get, which was just enough to rest his heavy head on the man's chest. He listened to Hannibal's heartbeat, finding it soothing and a comfort. "I sketched you one day...at school. I wanted to show you the picture after the exhibition...but I must've lost it somewhere." His voice was still very quiet as he spoke shakily.

Hannibal buried his hand into Will's hair. He moved his fingers through the dark curls and caressed his scalp lovingly.

"I have it," Hannibal muttered, closing his eyes. It felt so good to hold Will like this, to feel the boy breathing with him. Hannibal felt comfortable and happy. "You dropped it when you left my class in a rush after you'd apologized for the text message. I found it, and it's beautiful, Will. You're very talented."

"Oh? You have it? That's good then...very good... it was meant for you anyway," the boy replied into Hannibal's skin before pressing his lips against it ever so softly, "maybe you could just tie one of my hands to your own? Leave my right hand free so that I can paint. I could sketch or doodle something while you kept watch, because truly...being drugged in your basement is not how I want my life to end, Hannibal."

Hannibal sighed, his chest rising and falling beneath Will's head. He wanted to let Will walk around the house, he *wanted* to let Will free but he knew he'd only try to escape him again. Try to send him to prison, because a part of Will - or maybe all of him - still hated Hannibal and wanted to go home.

"Yes," Hannibal caught himself saying. "Later. After you take a bath and eat, and most importantly take your medication, I'll let you paint something. Is that alright?"

"That sounds nice...I can wait. It's not like I could hold a pen in the state I'm in right now...I can barely keep my eyes open," a chuckle left Will's lips as he dragged his hand all the way to Hannibal's chest, resting it there where the man's heart was beating. "What is your...your fondest childhood memory? Was it with your sister?" He asked very softly, not wanting to anger the man in any way at all. He was curious about Hannibal's life, and the events that led him to this exact moment in time.

Hannibal remained silent for a while – then finally, after what felt like some time, he spoke.

"Yes," he answered quietly. "All of my memories with her were happy somehow. But there was one... from her sixth birthday. I woke her up in the morning to give her a birthday card I had made myself, with a drawing of both of us," Hannibal started tracing patterns on the back of Will's hand, moving slowly to caress his fingers.

"The smile on her face when she saw it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She hugged me and told me she loved me more than anything in the world. I'm not sure if she truly understood how much that meant... but it made me so happy."

"Has anyone else ever told you that before? That they love you more than anything? Or was Mischa the only one to tell you?" Will was actually very curious about this. He wondered if Hannibal had ever had a lover or maybe even a fiancé; someone who broke his heart or hurt him in such a way that the man stopped feeling anything at all. Will looked up at Hannibal, pressing a small kiss right above the man's nipple. "Did you ever love someone? I mean romantically...not...not family-wise."

"No," Hannibal said immediately. That was easy to answer. He had never been in love, for he could never actually get close to anyone after what had happened to Mischa. He'd suffered a deep depression as a result, and doubted he would ever recover completely or be able to love someone else in any way again. That was, until Will Graham walked into his life. "Not until now, I've never...felt anything like this."

"Not until now…? Wait– y-you mean..." Will tried to look Hannibal in the eyes, but it took some courage to turn his head and face him. He couldn't believe what he'd just heard. Did Hannibal just confess he felt something for him? That was even more twisted and sick than he'd originally thought – but if Hannibal had fallen for him, perhaps he wouldn't want to kill him in the end. Will thought he could definitely use this to his advantage. "Do you... do you feel something for me?"

"My compassion for you is inconvenient, Will," Hannibal said quietly, not wanting to talk much more. He wasn't sure what he felt for Will, his feelings were confusing and too intense for him to even try to control. All he knew is that it was too much. "I want to kill you. I should paint you and kill you, that's what I have to do. And still I wonder how I'll live after you're gone."

Will wasn't sure how to respond to this, and so he remained silent for a moment, listening to Hannibal's heartbeat. He certainly didn't want to die either, he would do anything to save himself...but if Hannibal had actually developed feelings for him, he could use that to try and manipulate the man. Will had dismissed the thought ever since the beginning, as Hannibal had always been the one in control. Will didn't think he stood a chance. "On one hand I want to run...and on the other, I want to stay...but not under the circumstances in which I'm staying right now."

"I can't trust you to stay under any other circumstance," Hannibal said sincerely, it didn't make sense to lie to the boy now. Will couldn't run, couldn't fight, definitely couldn't

manipulate him, anything the boy could try would be pointless. So Hannibal was honest.

"Unless you *truly* want to stay. Unless there's not even one small part of you that wants to leave me..."

"You would like that...wouldn't you? If it were like you said... if I was absolutely dependent on you and never wanted to leave..." Will released a small sigh as his gaze shifted back to the window; the small glimpse of the outside world that he could see if he stretched his neck enough. He wanted to go out so badly, even just to circle around the house. Will missed the fresh air and the sunlight terribly, and the lack of both was painful. "I don't know if I can offer you that, Hannibal."

Hannibal nodded, sighing softly. He knew that, he wasn't expecting Will to agree or simply decide to stay so easily.

"And that's why I have to keep you tied up and drugged. Or kill you," he moved his hand to Will's hair, fingers playing with his curls. "But you are so beautiful... It would be a waste to end your life."

"So instead of giving me the freedom I have a right to... you've decided to take that from me... tie me up and drug me to make me your property... the object of your desire," Will sighed and let his hand stroke down Hannibal's chest, going all the way to the man's hip where it stopped. "But isn't this nicer? When I can touch you the way I want, when I can hug you and make you feel comfortable…?" he hummed.

"Yes," Hannibal muttered, eyes following Will's hand as it moved. It truly felt nice to have Will like this, awake and with his hands free, able to touch him instead of just being touched. Hannibal wanted that, but you can't always have everything you want, and having Will Graham completely free and conscious wasn't an option at the moment.

"Yes it is... But it's a risk," Hannibal sighed, wrapping Will's curls around his finger. "I know you don't stand a chance against me in a fight, but you're a clever boy and I can't trust you. So I'll have to keep you drugged and tied up most of the time, unless I feel completely safe with you."

"That's fair... I understand that, and the thought process behind your logic. I'd be sceptical as well...I just – if you decide to let me live, I think it's unfair to keep me tied up and drugged all the time," Will looked back toward the window for the third time, "Could I...maybe peek from the window? Just to see what your garden looks like? You said you had a garden..." he began stroking Hannibal's hip softly. "You don't have to today...you've already done so much for me..."

"Come with me," Hannibal said, sliding from Will's grip to stand. He made his way to his closet to find some warm clothes for Will. Everything he had would be too large on the boy, but he managed to find some trousers and underwear that would fit, a pair of socks and shoes and a red sweater that was quite warm.

Returning to the bed, he helped Will dress himself. When he was ready and warm enough to

go outside, Hannibal grabbed Will's hand and pulled the boy with him – carefully, since he knew Will was still feeling very weak.

Will had never felt as good in the last couple of days as he did now, when he finally had clothes on his weak skinny body. His feet were warm thanks to the socks, and the underwear and trousers made him even warmer; not even speaking of the sweater. He would beg Hannibal to be allowed to keep it, it was so fluffy and smelled wonderfully of some exotic cologne. His skinny legs were still extremely weak and he had to practically lean against Hannibal as they slowly descended the stairs to the lower level. Will made sure to look around himself; he'd never had the chance to fully explore the place. Every time Hannibal had carried him around he'd been too exhausted or drugged to notice.

Hannibal guided Will through his home and to a glass door at the rear of the house. Will could see the garden through the glass, and Hannibal wondered if that was enough for now. On the other hand, the garden was completely safe from view so it wouldn't be a problem if he took Will out for a while. There was no way someone would see them there, so Hannibal opened the door and pulled Will through it with him, letting the boy feel the sun and the breeze.

Standing outside in shoes that were too big for him, Will almost began crying the moment he felt the sun against his face again and the breeze playing with his curls. He looked at Hannibal and gifted the man with a small smile.

"I had no idea you had such an enormous garden...this is wonderful," he muttered. Will very slowly took a step forward to look at the leaves that had changed to amazing colors with the season. His lips stretched into a smile as he turned back to the man, "Could we spend some time here, please?"

"Yes. Nobody can see us here," Hannibal smiled at the boy, for Will's happiness seemed to make him happy as well. He was grateful he had a very large property and a garden where they could stay without being seen. Maybe it would make Will want to stay with him. "Come here," he pulled Will by the hand he was still holding, and guided him to where he had roses of several different colors planted, thinking the boy would like them. He pointed to the flowers, "Do you like roses?"

"Oh Hannibal...they're absolutely beautiful... roses are my favorite," Will's eyes widened even more as he saw all of the different colors, especially the dark blue and white roses. Will suspected that Hannibal had planted some of them especially for Mischa. Still leaning against the man, Will slowly reached for one of the flowers, stroking it softly as he smiled once again. "You're taking good care of them I see. That's good...it would be such a shame if they died."

"I want to take good care of you," Hannibal said softly, wrapping his arm around Will. He held the boy tightly against himself and pressed a kiss to his forehead. Hannibal stayed quiet for a moment, lips pressed to the boy's head and nose buried in his curls, and only after a while he spoke again, a hint of sadness in his voice. "Mischa loved dark blue roses."

"I thought some of them might be for her, but I didn't want to ask you flat out... it'd be rude to stick my nose into your life like that," Will's attention was on Hannibal yet again; the man now holding him in almost a loving embrace with his lips pressed against Will's head. "May I keep this sweater? Would it be a problem?" He asked very gently as he rested both his hands on Hannibal's hips.

"Yes, you may keep it," Hannibal wrapped both arms around Will and smiled. "It looks good on you."

Hannibal kissed Will softly, lips sliding over Will's in a tender, slow, loving kiss, and Hannibal had never kissed someone quite like this before Will. Pulling back, he rested his forehead against Will's and kept his eyes closed for a moment, arms tightly wrapped around the boy's waist, ready to support all of his weight if he grew too weak.

It was moments like these when Will almost forgot that Hannibal had kidnapped him and was keeping him imprisoned. He released a shaky breath and cuddled into him even more, needing the support of this loving man at least for now. Hannibal seemed to have two personalities, one that was extremely sadistic and cruel, appearing usually when he mentioned Mischa or pissed the man off... and then there was the side of him that seemed to care for Will dearly. He squeezed Hannibal's hips and closed his eyes, relaxing at his touch.

"Which roses are your favorite?" Hannibal asked in a low voice, eyes still closed. It felt so good to have Will holding him like that, feel the boy's body against him, in his arms. Nothing could be better. He squeezed Will tighter in his embrace, wishing he could keep the boy forever and that this would never change.

"I like the white ones...you once told me that I was innocent and that's why you chose me. I like the white ones then; they represent innocence," the boy hummed, turning his head slightly to the side to glance at the roses, "I'm glad I could see the garden before I go back to the basement..." he pulled away softly and slowly walked toward one of the white roses, stroking it again as if the rose could set him free. The garden was truly beautiful, maybe he could sketch it one day. He'd surely have to beg Hannibal to do so, but he hoped the man wouldn't mind.

Hannibal let Will pull back to see the roses, but moved closer to the boy and held him from behind this time. Will was indeed innocent, probably the most innocent person Hannibal had ever brought into his house - into his life. He kissed Will's neck, seeing all the marks he had left there when they'd had sex, and the marks from his nails where he'd hurt Will as well.

Will tensed a little when Hannibal kissed his neck, he had only bad memories from their encounters and immediately panicked, fearing Hannibal would hurt him again. He shivered and pulled his neck away from Hannibal's reach, rubbing it slowly with his hand. "I'm sorry... I'm just... I… I thought you were going to hurt me…" he whimpered as he looked at the man with fear in his eyes.

"No... Not now, I won't," Hannibal pulled Will closer again, not wanting the boy to pull away from him. He wanted Will pressed tightly against him at all times, was addicted to the physical contact and to the boy's slim body in his arms.

"I don't want to hurt you, Will," Hannibal said sadly, burying his face in Will's neck.

The boy nodded shakily and slowly snaked his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, squeezing him feebly as he wasn't that strong yet, but still holding him in his arms as if they were a happy couple. His fingers buried in Hannibal's hair, stroking through it softly, "Okay... okay, Hannibal... okay," he was trying to reassure himself more than the other man. He whimpered in Hannibal's arms and closed his eyes. "Could we spend more time here, please? In general, I mean."

"Yes," Hannibal nodded gently and pressed a little, soft kiss to the corner of Will's mouth, smiling against the boy's lips.

"You can always come here as long as you're with me," Hannibal said, looking into Will's beautiful eyes. They looked so perfect in the sunlight. "We can sit on a bench if you want."

"I was thinking...maybe I could take a quick shower or a bath... and then we could return here and I could sketch a little. Would that...would that be okay?" He knew he had to be careful with his questions, avoid aggravating Hannibal with his words. It was as if he were walking through a minefield, where every wrong step represented certain death. Will stroked the back of Hannibal's neck and pulled himself up to kiss the man's chin softly.

Hannibal smiled. Will was a very talented boy, and Hannibal was personally curious to see him working on a sketch. Maybe he should ask the boy to sketch him again sometime.

"Yes, we can do that," Hannibal pressed kisses along the boy's jawline. "Come with me, let's have a bath."

"Let's have a bath? Will you be bathing with me, Hannibal?" Will was holding onto the man as they slowly made their way back to the house and toward the stairs. The boy could feel little bits and pieces of his strength coming back, but it wasn't enough for him to break free and run away, not when Hannibal was at full health and strength himself. Will slowly followed, but found himself unable to make it up the first flight of stairs. In the middle of the staircase, he realised he was absolutely exhausted and out of breath.

"Do you mind… having a bath with me?" Hannibal asked as he stopped and took Will in his arms, carrying him upstairs carefully. He didn't put Will back on his feet until they entered the bathroom, and only then Hannibal allowed the boy to sit on the edge of the bathtub while he drew their bath.

"No...no, I don't mind... it's alright, we can have a bath together," Will shook his head, gripping the edge of the bathtub so he wouldn't fall into the bath or onto the floor. He watched Hannibal preparing the bath for them and smiled a bit. "Do you think my scars will disappear soon?" He showed the man his wrists that still had bloody rings around them. Will knew it would burn the moment his skin touched the water, and he chewed nervously on his lower lip.

"Yes, these scars won't last," Hannibal assured him, knowing that it wasn't anything serious.

"The ones on your thigh will, though."

Hannibal didn't regret what he did, for he knew Will had deserved it. And if he were to be honest, he *wanted* Will to have those scars, for it was a symbol of Hannibal's power and ownership over the boy.

He moved closer to Will, kneeling in front of him to remove his shoes and clothes as well as the bandage from his thigh.

All the boy could do was lift his hips a bit so Hannibal could pull both his trousers and underpants down to get to his thigh. Will was so exposed to the man, he felt slightly embarrassed because he truly did look like a decorated Christmas tree with all of the bruises. The white bandage on his thigh stung a bit as Hannibal removed it, and Will gasped when he saw the words carved into his skin.

Hannibal took some time to look at Will's wounds, seeing that they were visibly getting better, and smiled. Hannibal still hadn't decided when he was going to kill the boy, but he didn't want to do it so soon.

"Good. It's getting better, it will heal soon," Hannibal said softly. "And don't worry. I like them," he quickly removed Will's socks and stood up again to pull the sweater up over his head, leaving the boy naked.

"You like them? Well of course you like them, you were the one who gave them to me in the first place, Hannibal..." Will frowned, a vein in his forehead popping out. He looked at the man, but Hannibal didn't seem to care about anything besides undressing himself; all so they could slip into that very tempting looking bath. Will was still holding onto the bathtub's edge. "Will we sit facing one another or...?"

"No," Hannibal said, when he was finally naked and ready to step into the water. "I want to be closer to you," Pulling Will up to his feet, Hannibal helped the boy get in the bathtub safely, then got in behind him, sitting so the boy could rest his back against his chest. Hannibal wrapped his arms around him then, before the boy could complain or say anything.

"Is this comfortable?" He asked softly.

"It's...it's okay, yeah..." Will whispered as he felt the strong arms wrapping around him like a pair of giant snakes. Something was both scary and oddly comforting about the feeling, and he decided he wouldn't investigate further as long as he was still dirty and sweaty and felt disgusting. As he sat down in the hot water however, all of his little wounds and the carvings in his thigh began to burn. The sensation made Will hiss in pain and grip the edges of the bathtub again tightly.

"Shh," Hannibal kissed Will's shoulder lovingly, slowly moving his hands up to caress Will's chest. "Those will heal soon, I promise."

He let his fingers trail down Will's torso slowly, his lips never leaving the boy's skin. He used to think it was silly, those couples that kissed all the time. Now, he was surprised at how he

loved to kiss Will's skin and couldn't possibly get enough of it.

Will let out a soft breath and shivered when Hannibal kissed his shoulder, his skin breaking out in goosebumps from the excitement of that little kiss.

"I know...I know, I'm just... it hurts. I'm sorry, I'm a bit jumpy now..." he whispered and leaned back against Hannibal's chest, feeling the chest hair tickling his skin which was more than pleasant. He closed his eyes and relaxed. "I'll just... have to wash my hair, too. I don't like when my hair isn't completely clean."

"I prefer your hair clean as well," Hannibal smiled against Will's skin, planting kisses all the way up to Will's neck until he reached his ear. He bit softly on Will's earlobe then, wanting to give the boy more goosebumps.

The bathtub was quite large, which would allow Hannibal to wash Will's hair comfortably if Will shifted just a little bit. He wanted more than that, though, wanted to touch Will's whole body, take him to bed again and fuck him senseless. That night, he decided, he would do just that.

"So...will you also show me some of those paintings of yours? Or some other artwork you have? I would love to see some of your work...do you think I could?" Will shivered again when Hannibal started nibbling on his earlobe. The goosebumps wouldn't disappear, he was sure that Hannibal was doing this on purpose just to tease him. As ridiculous as it was, Will bitterly realized that he missed the sex already – the last time Hannibal had made him feel so good and he wanted that again, wanted to feel as loved as he did before.

"Of course I can show you," Hannibal's breath ghosted across Will's skin as he spoke, and he pressed his tongue against one of the bruises he had left on his neck.

"I intended to show you the paintings... The other models before you. But I thought perhaps you wouldn't want to see them. I'll show them to you later. Let's wash your hair."

"I don't necessarily need to see the models... I bet you painted lots of other things before that, maybe some other portraits? Did you ever try to draw Mischa?" Will moved so that he was no longer tightly pressed against Hannibal, but instead had some space to wash his hair. He leaned back to soak his hair in the water and when he straightened himself again, he had to smile a bit at the feeling of warm water running down his back.

Hannibal watched Will for a moment before speaking. The pictures of Mischa were something he never showed to anybody. Did he truly want to show them to Will? Maybe. Maybe Will was the first person in Hannibal's life who deserved to see them; deserved to see Mischa.

"Yes. I'll show you everything," Hannibal squeezed a bit of shampoo into his hand and began washing Will's hair. "I never got to kill the man who stole her from me," he muttered, so quietly he wasn't sure Will had heard him.

"What happened to him? Did he run away from you or did he rot in jail?" Will kept his head

low for Hannibal to massage the shampoo into his hair, something he was grateful to Hannibal for doing since he didn't think he could keep his hands up that high for very long. He closed his eyes and sighed. "I'm so sorry, Hannibal... it must've been so awful..." he said quietly.

"He got a death sentence," Hannibal said, a hint of anger in his voice. "I remember wishing I was older so I could have found him before the police did and killed him slowly and painfully," He continued washing Will's hair as if they were having a casual conversation. "He had kidnapped and killed eight other little girls before Mischa."

And you kidnapped and killed God knows how many students… Will thought, but dared not speak the words. He nodded and sighed instead. "I'm sorry... it's despicable when someone hurts children. I can't believe somebody would do that. How can you look at a child's face and then murder them? That's just... the worst act of cruelty I've ever heard of."
The boy leaned back again when Hannibal finished massaging his scalp, rinsing his hair under the water.

Hannibal pulled Will even closer then, wrapping his arms tightly against Will and resting his chin on the boy's shoulder. Will was so sweet, so beautiful and felt so good in Hannibal's arms, Hannibal decided he might not kill the boy after all. He was going to paint Will someday, when the boy was healed of all the bruising. He'd keep the painting forever just so he could look at it whenever he wanted to. He could keep Will the way the boy was now, either drugged or handcuffed when he was alone, and keep an eye on him at all other times. That could work. No need to lose the precious boy in his arms.

"I know," Hannibal said sadly. He began caressing Will's chest, as if he were simply washing the boy's skin when in fact he just wanted to touch him.

"I'm also sorry that you had to lose her so soon, Hannibal. I admire that you survived something like that...that you didn't just, well, give up on life and commit suicide. How did your...how did your parents take it if I may ask?" Will kept staring at the water in front of him, the way it was lazily sloshing from side to side, full of bubbles from the shampoo. The boy didn't even realise how relaxed he felt, how safe in Hannibal's arms he was.

"I remember my mother wouldn't stop crying," Hannibal said quietly. "Even after weeks. And I... I felt numb most of the time. My father became a completely different person after that. Lost his good humor, became more... Closed to everything. We were happy before," he slowly moved his hands down to touch Will's thighs, carefully avoiding the wounds there. "When Mischa was gone, we lost our happiness as well. It's as if she was our source of joy. Well, she certainly was mine."

"Are your parents still alive? Are you in contact with them? Do you go on Christmas vacations together or anything?" The boy turned his head slightly to see Hannibal's face, and the man's expression of complete sorrow almost took his breath away. He'd never seen Hannibal so sad in his life, and even though he didn't want to admit it, it hurt him in a way. "Family support is what you need the most in your life... family is all we have in the end."

"You don't have one anymore," Hannibal said bitterly. "Family doesn't matter. Mine never

understood me, never really tried, so I left them when I was eighteen. I went to college and lived alone until now. I used to see them more often, but now I only visit them occasionally. I wanted Mischa, but they're not her. They'll never be like her."

Hannibal sighed, he didn't like the way these conversations made him feel. It was painful, he had never talked about Mischa to anyone else before and he wanted to do it with Will, but it still hurt. "Nobody could ever replace her, or make me stop missing her. No one was ever good enough, so I eventually stopped trying to get close to people."

"I still have my family... they're not dead. They're still here and as long as they're alive, I will live in their minds as they will in mine," Will didn't like the way Hannibal spoke of his family simply because he didn't have the happiest relationship with his own. That didn't give him any right to speak badly of Will's parents. The boy frowned and cleared his throat, "I can't imagine just how much it had to hurt... but please… when you speak of my family like that, it hurts me..."

Hannibal didn't like that, but he didn't answer either. The fact that Will still valued his family made him angry; he wanted Will to value only him and no one else. Still, he didn't want to hurt Will, for he cared too much about the boy now to hurt him in this way.

"I'm sorry," Hannibal said quietly. "You won't see them anymore. Let's finish the bath and take you back to the garden."

"I know...but that doesn't mean they're not... *here* ," Will touched his chest, just where his heart was beating beneath the skin; his flesh and bone. "Don't try to rip them away from here...just like I won't try to do with Mischa in your heart," his words were sincere when he spoke, he meant no harm by them or to make Hannibal angry. He slowly stood up and crawled over the edge of the bathtub.

"You can't," Hannibal got out of the bathtub as well and grabbed Will's arm, avoiding his already wounded wrist, trying his best to control his anger now. "Even if you tried, you couldn't, Graham."

He wanted Will to forget about his damn family and stay with him, otherwise he would eventually have to kill the boy. Hannibal decided that if Will wouldn't accept him for good, he would have to use more serious methods to make Will forget life outside of Hannibal's house. He sighed and reached for a towel to help Will get dry.

"Don't go all Hulk on me, I said I won't try, okay?" Will snapped at Hannibal unintentionally as he took the towel from the man's hands and started drying his skin himself. He didn't need *that* much help. He avoided Hannibal's gaze for he knew that one cursed sentence might send him to the cold basement yet again, naked and alone in the worst scenario possible.

"I would never try and take your family memories from you... and yet you try so hard to rip out mine. It's just... it's not fair," he added quietly as he wrapped the towel around himself.

Hannibal didn't answer, just grabbed another towel to dry himself and pulled Will to the bedroom to find some clean and warm clothes for them both. It was still the afternoon and

Will wanted to sketch the flowers; perhaps they would go back to the garden now. Hannibal began to pick out some clothes for himself when suddenly he heard the doorbell ring. *Damn* , he thought. That couldn't be good at all.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it took us so long to update! Real life got in the way, ugh. But here it is! :D
Chapter betaed by empathalitis.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Make one sound, Graham, and you're dead," Hannibal warned the boy. "I'll run away and the police will never find me, but before I disappear, I'm going after your family."

Hannibal knew that was the only thing that would stop the boy from screaming for help; threatening his family - the family Will claimed to love so much.

He very quickly pulled on a pair of underwear, trousers and a dark blue sweater before grabbing the handcuffs from one of his drawers. Hannibal took Will in his arms and led the boy downstairs quickly, right into the basement again. He sat Will down on the couch that was still covered with plastic and handcuffed him, wrapping the blanket around the boy's body to keep him warm as Will was still naked - Hannibal hadn't had time to put clothes on the boy, but if he were to be honest he preferred him this way.

"Threatening my family? That's pathetic, Hannibal...after what we've done together?" Will squeezed the blanket tightly in his fists; the only thing he had on his skinny body. He pulled away from Hannibal and curled into the little corner of the sofa, "It's probably a fan of your work..." he added quietly, before closing his mouth for his own good. He didn't want Hannibal to take what little he had away from him.

"Control your tongue, Graham, or you'll lose it," Hannibal spat angrily; he wanted to say more but there was no time for bickering. "You stay here. And don't worry about making noise, this room is soundproof. I'll come back for you after they're gone." He turned his back to Will and went up the stairs, leaving the light on – knowing Will had developed a fear of the dark – and locking the door behind him. Now Will was safely locked away and couldn't be heard at all from outside the basement. Everything was as it should be.

Hannibal walked to the door, opening it curiously just to find a policeman standing in front of him. He made his surprise visible, then offered the man a small smile. "Good afternoon, officer. I apologize for the wait, I had just finishing having a bath. Please come in."

"Mr. Hannibal Lecter? Good afternoon to you, sir, and sorry for the unexpected visit." The officer stepped inside the house, scanning the hall he stood in with a look of awe. "You have a beautiful home. Do you live here on your own?" he asked, looking to Hannibal. He did not seem perturbed.

"Thank you. I do, officer. But I find the solitude peaceful. Very conducive to work. I'm a very busy man," Hannibal said with a tight smile.

The cop nodded in polite agreement. "I'll cut right to the chase then, we're investigating the disappearance of a young student – Will Graham. The school gave me your address as you weren't present. Would you mind if I asked you a couple of questions?"

Hannibal immediately feigned a concerned expression, closing the door behind them as the officer stepped inside. Hannibal was very good at lying – he wasn't afraid of being questioned by the police, although he didn't like the fact that there was an officer snooping around his house.

"Of course – if there's anything I can help you with, I'd be glad to do so. I've been terribly worried about Will myself...he didn't seem the type of student to run away from home. Please follow me," Hannibal said as he guided the officer to his living room. The man was alone, which was good. It would allow Hannibal to kill him if anything went wrong. "May I offer you something to drink, officer?"

"Thank you, just some water if you wouldn't mind. My throat's a bit sore." Indeed, as the officer had been busy questioning countless students and teachers today alone. He gave Hannibal a small smile before taking a seat on the living room sofa. “So, you were Graham's art teacher, is that correct? And also quite possibly the last teacher to see him. Tell me, did you notice any strange behavior Will may have been exhibiting? Anything in particular? Had he been behaving oddly, maybe getting into fights with other classmates...?"

Hannibal stepped into the kitchen to fetch some water for the policeman, who continued to question him from the living room. He filled a glass for the officer and one for himself, returning to the comfort of the living room. He offered the cop a glass and took a seat right in front of him.

"Correct. However the only thing I'd noticed, officer, was Will talking to a girl at the gallery. Catherine Myers," Hannibal said, taking a sip of his water. "I had never seen Will talking to her before, but I naturally thought...well, what anybody would think. It didn't strike me as unusual. I didn't overhear their conversation, hacing received a phonecall of an urgent nature. I was already near the exit and ready to leave – but I remember seeing her smile at him. I'd wondered if she had invited him to go somewhere after the exhibition."

"Yes, I spoke to the Myers girl myself. She mentioned that she’d wanted to invite Graham to some Halloween party taking place at school, but he coldly refused her and left. It didn't take me long to figure out it was a prank after I talked to that kid, Burns. I heard he and his friends had been targeting Graham. Did you know about this as a teacher? Did Graham ever tell you he was being bullied by his classmates?" The officer took a sip of his water before resting the glass back on the table.

"I'd heard about it," Hannibal said, nodding. "I saw Burns talking to Will once, his facial expressions and body language indicated bullying to me. When I asked Graham about it, he mentioned that Burns had been cruel to him, threatening him and pushing him against lockers, but nothing more serious than that. I tried to coax him into confiding in me, urging

him to tell me anything else that may have occurred, but Graham refused to tell me more than that. He seemed quite fearful of Burns, now that I stop to think of it."

"I would have intervened, Mr. Lecter. Bullying is a serious issue, but also a sensitive one – it's no surprise he didn't feel comfortable talking about it. It would have been best to alert the principal as soon as you found out, or Will's parents." The officer sighed and rubbed the back of his head. "It's possible he ran away from his bullies. Had had enough of the abuse and left. You said you received an urgent call...may I ask what was that about?"

"My mother is very sick, officer," Hannibal replied, and it wasn't a lie, although he hadn't shared this information with anyone – not even Will. He didn't want to hear how sorry they were, or that they were praying for her to get better. Hannibal himself didn't care much about his mother, but the woman was truly sick. She had taken so many drugs for treatment that her memory was foggy, and she was often confused and disoriented. She could easily confirm calling Hannibal should he choose to manipulate her into doing so. He had already made use of this alibi once. It was true that the man didn't keep much contact with his family, but he kept tabs on them well enough.

"My father works to pay for the medication she needs, and I help when I can. Sometimes she feels alone and calls me. This time she was feeling quite ill and begged me to visit her. I couldn't say no to her request, I was afraid something would happen while I wasn't there."

"I'm going to need to corroborate that if you don't mind, just to confirm your alibi. If you could write her number down for me," the officer said, handing Hannibal his notepad and a pen.

"Of course," Hannibal replied pleasantly, jotting down the number. He was already mentally planning how to convince the woman that she did indeed call him. He'd have to visit and have a chat with her in earnest. Hannibal was good at improvising, and he was genuinely curious about how this was going to end up.

"Another thing," the officer started, "I talked to the boy who claimed to be Will's best friend, Jack Crawford. He confessed to me that the night before the exhibit they'd had a bit too much to drink. That he took Will's phone; started texting other teachers – you included. Crawford said you were the only one to reply to the texts...the other teachers ignored them entirely. Would you mind showing me the texts on your mobile device since we don't have access to Graham's?"

Hannibal nodded, reaching for his cellphone that was right beside him on a small table. He went to Will's texts, showing the whole conversation to the officer, the man's words finally sinking in. Jack Crawford had sent that message using Will's phone. *Messages*, because the same message was sent to more than one teacher. Will was not attracted to him at all - it had been nothing but a prank. Jack Crawford was the one he'd talked to, not Will Graham. But Will had pretended he'd done it. Why? The boy had deliberately lied to him.

"As you see, officer, I had to turn him down. I wasn't offended by it, it wouldn't be the first time I've received a message like that from a student – in my experience young students often get confused about their feelings toward a teacher they admire. He said in the text that

he was drunk, so I didn't judge him or bring the subject up again to save him the embarrassment. In fact, I'd thought maybe Graham didn't even remember sending them," Hannibal said casually, hiding his anger. How dare Will Graham lie to him? That wasn't something Hannibal could forgive. Now Hannibal was completely sure that Will had never wanted to have sex with him, using the texts to his own advantage...to make a fool of him. "I didn't know it was a prank, however. Nor that Will Graham wasn't the one who sent the texts."

"Crawford said he texted you twice. Apparently rest *was* Graham, who decided to take all of the blame. That's all I know, and everything Crawford told me. The other teachers I talked to who received the text, they mentioned they'd ignored it because they knew it had to be a prank. They assumed Will Graham would never send a text like that." The officer read through the conversation once again before nodding. "But you didn't bring up the topic. Alright. One last question for now, and forgive me if it's a bit forward but I have to ask. Was there any sort of sexual attraction involved on your part; did you engage in any kind of courtship? I wonder if he made any prior offers or ever acted strangely toward you in the past."

"No, not even once, officer," Hannibal lied, completely calm. He pretended to think for a momens before speaking again. "Graham never showed any kind of sexual interest in me before the text, his focus always seemed to be on the lectures themselves. The paintings were what he seemed to care about most, I hadn't noticed any interest toward me in particular. We've talked very few times outside of classes, and it was always about the subjects I teach, never about our personal lives – save for the day I questioned him about the bullying. That's why I sent the first text, asking what he was thinking about. I confess, I didn't believe it was Graham at first. I thought maybe someone had stolen his phone and wanted to stir up trouble. When I got an answer, though, I started to think that it could possibly be him and turned him down. When he apologized for it, I was convinced it was him."

Hannibal shook his head sadly. "But even if I *had* felt any kind of attraction to him, I would never act on it, officer. It wouldn't be right. I only wish I could have somehow protected him from whatever happened after I left the exhibition. I never thought something like this could happen to one of my students, and now I feel...powerless."

"Not as powerless as his parents must feel. Thank you Mr. Lecter, for the water and your time," the officer said. He finished the water in his glass before he stood up and stretched out his hand to shake Hannibal's. "I'll give you the number to the precinct in case you remember anything that could possibly help us in this case...and I'll also check on that alibi of yours with your mother." He smiled softly. "Have a nice day, sir."

"Of course, officer," Hannibal offered the man a smile as well, guiding him to the hall again and opening the door to let the man out. He graciously took the number to the precinct, scrawled on a small Post-It note. "Just one more thing...I don't know if I may ask, or if you're allowed to answer, but could Will's disappearance be connected to the other students that have vanished recently? I've been quite concerned about this possibility."

"We don't know yet...it's certainly possible, but we still believe to know the whereabouts of at least one of them, and have reason to believe that they're safe," the officer said. He shuffled

through the doorway. “Thank you for your time, Mr. Lecter. Goodbye." With that, the man got into his police car, waving at Hannibal for the last time before driving away.

Closing the door and locking it, Hannibal went upstairs quickly to retrieve his duct tape and scissors. Will was already handcuffed, but Hannibal may need them for something else entirely. After opening the basement door and closing it after himself, he descended down the stairs quickly. Anger flared hotly inside of him as he fought to control himself and not kill Will Graham right then and there. He had forgiven the boy after carving the words into his thigh because he believed a part of Will had actually wanted him – but now he knew it had all been a lie. He knew that when Will took the blame he had only been covering for Crawford, pretending the texts were real to make Hannibal believe in Will's desire for him. Desire that was never truly there in the first place. He had been a fool to believe the boy.

Hannibal noticed Will was awake and leaned over him, pulling the blanket away from the boy's neck and wrapping his fingers around it as he often did.

"How dare you lie to me about those text messages, Graham. *How DARE you!"* He yelled angrily, fingers tight around Will’s neck but still loose enough to allow the boy to breathe and speak, but not without some difficulty.

"What texts? Oh God...what texts?" Will's eyes widened, and he definitely hadn't expected anything like this to happen. He had just been trying to take a peaceful nap on the sofa. "You mean the...from when I was *drunk*? I didn't lie to you! I knew about them. I even wrote some of them! I didn't lie, I never lied..." he gasped for air and tried to squeeze Hannibal's wrists as well, just as their eyes met. He knew everything was about to go to hell when the man called him Graham, he knew it and tried to prepare himself for it.

"You let me believe you had sent all of them! You let me believe you wanted me, Graham, when you didn't! Your friend *Crawford* sent those texts, not you!" Hannibal released the boy's neck and grabbed his hair instead, pulling hard. "I thought when you said you wanted to have sex with me there was a part of you that truly wanted it, because of those texts. But you were only trying to manipulate me, weren't you Graham? That's all you wanted, and you *succeeded*. Lies and betrayal, Graham. How could you do this to me? You’re just too *clever* to stay *alive*, aren't you?"

"Do you really think that if I didn't fucking mean it I would've told you I wrote those texts? If I didn't mean it, I'd tell you to forget about all of it, I'd beg you not to bring it up again, but I didn’t!" Will snapped. He growled at Hannibal as he pulled tightly at his curls, feeling as if he were trying to take his scalp with them. "I *did* want to sleep with you...for fuck’s sake, I gave you my *virginity*! That's not something I'd fucking offer anyone on the street, Hannibal!"

"You gave me your virginity because you wanted to *escape*!" Hannibal yelled as he released his hold, just to slap Will across the face with all the strength he could muster. "How can I even be sure that I was your first? That you hadn't been with women or even men before me, telling me you were a virgin just to make me want you *more*? Stop lying, Graham!" He slapped him again and moved to grab Will's ankles, wrapping the duct tape around them tightly. He ignored that the boy was trying to pull away. Using his scissors, Hannibal cut the

tape from the roll. He considered stabbing Will with them, but it would be messy. Would lack finesse. He decided against it for the time being.

“I wanted to paint you. I wanted to keep you with me. I wanted to take care of you, Graham, but this was the final straw. You're not worth it. The small hope I had for a future with you is gone. You never wanted me, all you want is to see me locked in a prison cell. But you won't. I'll kill you before that ever happens."

Hannibal turned his back and trudged upstairs, ignoring Will completely as he opened the door, flicked off the light and exited. He left the frightened boy locked in the basement alone, shrouded in absolute darkness.

He had broken his promise.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the patience of who's still reading, lol. Chapter 11 coming as soon as possible. :D

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> I'm sorry for the delay. I wish we could have published this weeks ago. I promise - and this time it's for real, that I'll start publishing one chapter every week again.
> But, everything comes with a price xD This is unbetaed. Please forgive any mistakes.
> *hides in the shadows*

Time didn't matter. Nothing really mattered. He was dead anyway.

How long has it been now? It must've been days since his kidnapper last walked out of those doors and left nothing but darkness behind himself. Everything was blurring together, despite how much Will Graham tried, he couldn't even see his own hands when he pulled them right in front of his face. The only affection he got from now on was from the darkness, darkness that was everywhere. Will wondered whether he's lost his mind completely, he didn't think of anything, he could barely remember the voice of Jack or his mum, his parents' faces were smudging in front of his eyes and sometimes he caught himself wondering who were those people in his head and why did he keep thinking of them.

There was nobody left in Will's life, he was there all alone and he was going to die. Death. Will only hoped for death to come quickly and take him away painlessly. The boy spent all the time he had on the sofa, shivering under his blanket for his dear life, crying his eyes out there when he feared the monsters lurking in the dark... he did lose his mind, he absolutely lost his mind.

How long had it been? Days? Weeks? Months? Will couldn't tell, he had no idea what time was in this dark place.

Hannibal had been watching Will through the infra-red cameras he had in the basement. The boy had been crying and shivering and was surely starving and very thirsty. Will was scared of the dark just like Mischa had been. But Mischa had never lied to him. Mischa wouldn't have lied to him, or tried to manipulate him like Will Graham had. Graham deserved the punishment. Still, Hannibal caught himself wishing things could be different, that Will would accept him and love him, choose him. As he watched Will sleep, he wondered if he could maybe use drugs to create good associations in Will's mind and make the boy stay.

Hannibal closed his laptop, got a small bottle of water from the kitchen and the antibiotic pills he needed to keep giving Will in order to heal his thigh. Hannibal crushed the pills and dissolved them on the bottle of water, being sure that Will would drink everything, due to the fact that Will was visibly thirsty and dehydrating in that basement. Hannibal decided to keep giving Will the medication like this, with small amounts of water so the boy would desperately drink everything. He went down to the basement while Will slept, placing the

bottle right in Will's hands so the boy wouldn't miss it. After that, he went back upstairs, locked the door, and left to visit his mother, taking some of his syringes with drugs he would probably have to use to help implant false memories into his mother's mind - which, he was sure, wouldn't be hard at this point.

Will woke up many hours later, not even knowing what time of the day it was since there was nothing but darkness in front of his eyes. After his good hour or sobbing and pleading to anyone in this world to come and save him, Will noticed there was a bottle of water next to him in the sofa, that one he put aside. He quickly undid the lid and drank the entire right away, being so thirsty he started feeling dizzy. Having all that water in his stomach, Will once again curled on the sofa and cried himself to sleep beneath the blanket, hiding his head so that the monsters wouldn't get to him.

When Mrs. Lecter heard the doorbell ring, she wished it was Hannibal coming to see her again. He had visited her the day before, and last Sunday, so it hadn't been as long as it usually was, but still, she always missed her son. She had lost a daughter many years ago, and after that Hannibal had basically abandoned her, claiming that it was painful to live in a house with them but not Mischa. That much she remembered. She knew her short term memory wasn't as good as it used to be, though, especially with all the medication that made her sleepy and drowsy.

She walked to the door and opened it, facing the policeman in front of her.

"Oh, hello officer. What may I help you with?"

"Good morning, madam, I'm not going to bother you for too long, I just came to check on your son's alibi for Sunday afternoon for he said he received an emergency call from you since you weren't feeling particularly well.. is that correct, madam? Did you call your son and he immediately came to see you?" The officer pulled out his notebook again, noting the time and date to it already before he turned his mahogany-coloured eyes to the woman in front of him.

The lady thought about it for a moment, trying to recall all her memories from Sunday. She remembered calling Hannibal and that he arrived at her door a while later. It was confusing, felt like a dream, but she remembered it. The memories were there in her mind, even if they seemed to be fading, like all her other short term memories.

"Oh, yes, officer... I wasn't feeling well, from what I recall, so I called Hannibal and asked him to come check on me... Sometimes I am afraid of being alone for too long," the old lady shook her head and smiled. "That's silly, isn't it? Do you want to come in, officer? I just heard in the news about a boy who disappeared, a student from the school where my Hannibal teaches... Is that why you're here, officer?" She focused her blue eyes on him, wondering if the man was thinking that her son had done something wrong.

"Yes, madam, I am investigating the disappearance of that boy, you see, your son was the last teacher who saw him and when he left, well we don't quite know what happened to Graham from that moment," The officer shrugged and rubbed at his wide jaw, "So he was here with

you.. could you please tell me for how long? Did he stay till the rest of the day or did he go back home after a while?" He noted what the woman said earlier before fixing his eyes on her again.

"Oh, I think he stayed for a few hours maybe? I like his company, and his father wasn't at home last Sunday. It was evening already when my Hanni left, I think, just a few moments earlier than my husband arrived. Hanni and his father don't talk much to each other, you see, they have a difficult relationship since... since my younger daughter died."

The lady remembered that very well, how Mischa was found dead and how that destroyed the entire family. Hannibal was on antidepressants for years and her husband became an absent father for Hannibal, and Hannibal never seemed to have forgiven his father for that. It had been more than 20 years and nothing had ever been the same.

"I see, I am sorry for your loss, madam," the officer bowed his head before straightening again, "I shall bother you no more, madam, this was all I needed to know, thank you very much for your information. I'll leave my card with you in case you remember anything that could help, alright? Don't hesitate to call me anytime in the day," he pulled his business card from his pocket and handed it to the lady.
"Have a nice day, madam," he smiled at her before leaving to his car and driving away.

Hannibal let that carry on for five days. He took a small bottle of water with the medication for Will twice a day, watched the boy through his cameras, and left him without food as a punishment. The boy deserved to suffer for what he had done, Hannibal wouldn't accept Will Graham's lies and manipulation like that. He decided he would have to kill the boy soon, Graham was very pretty but was also a mistake, and didn't deserve to be in a painting after all. Hannibal would just kill the boy and eat him, now that the drug was gone from his system.

Will would cry so often his eyes were burning every time he even touched them. Trying to get out of the basement many times, his body had bruises and cuts all over as he would often throw himself against a wall or brush his knees against the ground. Everything stopped mattering to him, he didn't care for his own life anymore, he didn't care of any false hope of rescue that wouldn't come anyway, he knew far too well he wouldn't get out of his hell just like that. The only way how he would go home was in a bag for corpses.

Will was hiding in the corner of the room, ignoring the couch entirely; hating the couch by now anyway. The only thing he had with him was the blanket, he wrapped it around him as tightly as he could and as efficiently as he could since he was still handcuffed. His head was buried in his hands and he was shivering, whispering words he himself didn't understand to the darkness.

Hannibal decided it was time to end that. He was going to check on Will, and at night he would kill the boy. He couldn't forgive Will for lying, couldn't forget what had happened, and he was sure Will Graham would hate him, despise him even more now.

He sighed as he opened the door and turned the light on for the first time in five days. He left the door open and descended the stairs, a bottle of water in his hand.

"Will?" He called the boy in a soft voice, standing in front of him.

The light was so blinding after so long and Will let out something that sounded like a cry of a wounded animal. He squeezed the blanket even tighter and pressed against the corner of the room, maybe hoping the wall could swallow him and never let him out again. His puffy blue eyes turned to the person in front of him, the man who stood there bringing light and water. He blinked and gasped, staring at the man for a while. Was this his redemption? Did this man come to save him?

Will extended his hand feebly and squeezed at the cloth of Hannibal's trousers, checking whether the man was even real and not just a sick trick of his imagination. He was there, strong and solid, he was there talking to Will with his sweet voice.. something in the boy broke at that moment and he let out only a silent sob before saying, "You.. came..back.."

Hannibal wanted to kill Will Graham, he had decided to do so, but in the moment he heard the boy's voice again after five days without hearing any sound from him, Hannibal decided he wouldn't be able to do so. Will's eyes were red from crying and there was nothing Hannibal wanted more than to make the boy feel alright again.

"Yes," Hannibal caught himself saying. "I came back for you."

"You... came.. back.. back.. for me.." Will dragged his feeble limbs towards Hannibal and since he couldn't hug the man or anything, he just leaned his head against the man's knees, nuzzling against the cloth of the man's trousers, "I..I thought.. I .. was dead.. I.. was.. so lost.. in here.. so.. lost.." tears were running down his cheeks whilst his hands kept squeezing Hannibal's leg at least, being able to do only that with such a restricted reach.

Hannibal couldn't help himself. Kneeling in front of the boy, he wrapped his arms around him and held him close, not finding the strength to let go. He should let go, should give Will water and leave, and come back to murder the boy at night. Seeing Will again, though, feeling him in his arms, made him change his mind immediately and Hannibal couldn't move, couldn't breathe, couldn't think of anything that wasn't saving Will from this.

"I'm here. I'm here for you, Will, you're not lost. I'm here," he promised the boy, his beautiful boy, sweet, beautiful, perfect Will Graham.

"I will.. never.. never behave badly.. never ever.. I promise.. you will.. you will love me.. I will be a good boy.. a good.. boy.. no more problems.. no more.. troubles, I promise.. please.. just don't.. don't leave me in the darkness again.. please.." Will rested his face against Hannibal's shoulder and continued in crying. This all felt so good to him and he wasn't concerned one bit for he was so broken already that there was no way for him to be saved at this point.

Hannibal held Will tightly, burying his hand on the boy's hair and pressing Will's face against his chest.

"I won't. I won't leave you in the dark again," Hannibal promised, pressing his lips to the top of Will's head, not caring that it had been days since the boy last had a bath. All he cared was for Will's well being now, because he had hated the boy so much, but now all he wanted was to protect him. Will was his, and needed to be protected. "I'll take care of you. How are you feeling?"

"I.. I didn't mean to hurt you.. with those texts.. they were true.. I wasn't.. wasn't lying.. I might not have written them.. but I meant them.. I didn't deny them.. I want you so bad.. by my side.. to protect me.. oh please.. please don't leave," Will's fingers squeezed Hannibal's shirt now, holding onto it for his dear life whilst he continued in his heartbreaking crying.

Hannibal pulled back just enough to look at the boy's face, using his thumbs to wipe the boy's tears.

"Do you mean this, Will? Do you truly want me to stay by your side and protect you?" He asked, wondering if it was true, if the boy could actually want him.

"I do.. more than anything.. I do.. I never want to leave your side.." Will stared back into Hannibal's eyes, his own so red and puffy he barely saw the man at all. He sniffed again and raised his handcuffed hands to wipe away the tears from his eyes, not knowing what would happen to him now and not caring that much. He knew his feelings for Hannibal were true, he was convinced of their truth and if the man decided to kill him now, then so be it.

"Come with me, Will. You need a shower, and you definitely need to eat something," Hannibal said, caressing the boy's hair. "Let's get you cleaned up and fed, and then I'll take you to bed to rest. Alright?"

Hannibal stood up again and pulled the boy to his feet, supporting his weight since the boy was certainly feeling weak after spending five days without eating.

"Do.. do you forgive me? Do you.. forgive me.. please.. Hannibal.." Will stood on one place, tugging at the man's shirt now, "I cannot.. cannot move.. you tied.. tied my legs together.. I cannot.. walk on my own.." he said silently, looking down on his skinny legs and the duct tape around his ankles, being tied so tight Will's legs were all red.

Hannibal immediately took Will in his arms, taking the boy up the stairs and out of the basement.

"Of course I forgive you, Will," Hannibal said as he carried Will upstairs to the bedroom, slightly breathless. "I can't... I wanted to kill you but I can't." Hannibal put Will on the bed and proceeded to cut the duct tape from around Will's ankles, and then got the key to unlock the handcuffs from his drawer, freeing the boy's hands as well. "We'll have a shower now." Hannibal said, already undressing himself.

"Yes.. shower sounds nice.. very nice.." Will agreed as he was finally able to rub the once again bloody circles around his wrists. He understood Hannibal's intention behind this, he knew he behaved badly and he knew he deserved such a punishment, he absolutely deserved it for hurting the man so much. Dropping his feet to the ground, Will sat on the bed and watched Hannibal undressing himself in a hurry.

When Hannibal was finally naked and ready for their shower, he reached for Will's hand and pulled the boy with him. Entering the bathroom, he turned the shower on and stepped into it with Will, smiling as the warm water finally touched his skin.

"Come here," Hannibal said pulling the boy closer, placing him right under the shower so he water could warm his skin. "Tell me how you feel about me, Will," Hannibal asked, wondering if there was a slight chance that the part of Will that liked Hannibal and wanted to stay was stronger, now.

"I adore you.. I do.. I realised that... I realised how much I adore you and how much I've hurt you.. and I am so sorry.. so sorry, Hannibal.. you have no idea how much I regret all the bad things I told you.. I never meant you any harm.. but it happened.. and I.. I would rather die than to see you unhappy.." the boy started trembling under the hot water because of the sudden change of temperature that was both shocking and incredibly pleasing to him.

It took a while for Will's words to sink in. Hannibal cupped the boy's face, looking into his eyes to see if he detected any sign of lie. He didn't. From what he could see, now that he wasn't being influenced by his desire and hunger for the boy, everything Will was saying was genuine, and sounded too good to be true. Still, it seemed to be true.

"If this is truly what you feel... You don't have to keep apologizing," Hannibal said softly, a small smile on his face. "Will you ever try to leave me again?"

"No.. I don't want to leave.. I want to stay here with you.. for as long as you'll let me, you always treated me so well.. when I got punished it was for a good cause," Will's eyes were drowning in Hannibal's, he made a tiny step towards the man and rested his hands hesitantly on Hannibal's hips, squeezing lightly. His lips stretched into a small smile, "Will you keep me here? Is it okay if I stay here with you?"

Hannibal's arms wrapped tightly around Will and the teacher smiled. There was no lie in Will's eyes. The boy was being honest, and Hannibal still couldn't quite believe it completely and he would have to test the boy, see if everything he was saying was true. Still, he felt so happy, so amazed by the fact that Will truly seemed to want to stay, for that was all he wanted since the beginning.

"You... Will be my downfall," Hannibal said before kissing the boy, pressing himself tightly against Will's wet and warm skin.

"You are my everything.." Will gasped against Hannibal's lips, pressing himself more tightly towards the man as their bodies collided together. The boy started returning the kisses, there was so many he was feeling a bit dizzy, mostly for the fact that he hasn't eaten anything in five days. He buried his hands in Hannibal's hair when he pulled his arms up, tugging at them as he stepped hesitantly back, tugging at Hannibal's lower lip with his teeth before he spoke once more, "I am sorry.. I am.. too exhausted to make love to you now.. I need some.. some food.. please.."

"Do you want to make love to me?" Hannibal asked, moving his hands up Will's back, caressing the boy's skin. "We'll finish showering, and then you'll eat. And rest. You'll keep taking the medication for your leg. Everything will be alright, I promise."

"Of course I want to… I want to please you.. as much as I am able to.. in my situation," Will caught Hannibal's face in his hands and pressed a long loving kiss to his lips, tasting some wine the man must've had earlier, "And yes, that sounds like a wonderful plan..." he hummed happily, smiling softly at his teacher.

With a soft smile, Hannibal let go of the boy for a moment just to grab the shampoo and start washing Will's hair. He did it carefully but didn't waste time, for he wanted to take Will downstairs and prepare something for the boy to eat. Will had lost weight due to the lack of food and the stress he had been under in the last days, and he had to gain that weight back. Hannibal needed to take care of him now.

While the teacher washed Will's body, he wondered if it was possible that Will's good feelings for him were stronger than the bad ones in the boy's mind now. He wondered if the boy saw him differently, as someone who went to the basement to save him from all that darkness, and Hannibal liked that, he wanted Will to be completely dependent on him. Wanted Will to love him. As they finished their shower in silence, Hannibal helped Will get dry and then did the same to himself, taking the boy back to his bed when he finished.

Will followed his teacher everywhere like a sheep. He sat on the bed, waiting for the man brought him some clothes that were now even bigger on him than the previous time he wore something of Hannibal's. Catching a glimpse of himself in the bathroom mirror, he noticed how he had lost weight, which only made his cheekbones stand out more as well as the other bones in his body. He had to go scavenge for clothes by himself since the clothes Hannibal originally picked were too big. As he was trying on some underwear that would fit him the best, he turned to Hannibal with a sad smile, "Could you maybe.. maybe go to a store sometime and buy me some clothes? This is all.. it's too big, it doesn't even stay on my body.."

Finally he found some underwear that must've been there from when Hannibal was younger. It didn't fit 100%, but at least it wasn't falling off his hips at every move. Socks were a thing he could wear combined with that one fluffy red jumper, covering his thighs now.

Hannibal smiled fondly at the boy. Will Graham looked too thin to Hannibal's liking, but at the same time he looked cute with clothes that were too big on him.

"Yes. I'll buy clothes for you," Hannibal said with a smile. "But you can continue wearing my sweaters. They look good on you."

Hannibal smiled at the boy and grabbed his first aid kit from his closet. He needed to bandage Will's wrists and his leg again, which was almost healed now, but still needed some care. "Now sit. We need to take care of you.

William walked back to the bed and sat on it, pulling up the sleeves of Hannibal's jumper to expose his wrists that were clean of all that blood now at least. The bruises were still visible, dark red circle around Will's pale skin and the boy looked up to the man in front of him, question in his eyes.

"Can you.. please use the bandage rope to tie me up this time? The handcuffs.. I know I deserved them, I deserved all the pain I received.. but I'll be good now, you have my word.. I won't run away.. because I don't want to run away," he reached his hands out to Hannibal to take care of the wounds.

"I won't put you in handcuffs again," Hannibal started cleaning Will's wounds and bandaging them, first the boy's right wrist, than the left, and at last his thigh. When he finished, he took both of Will's hands in his and kissed them, smiling up at the boy. "Come with me, let's get you something to eat."

"Alright, thank you.." Will checked on the white bandage around his wrists, his ankles didn't need bandaging for most of the time they were trapped in duct tape only. He made few hesitant steps, not being used to the freedom of walking, rather than hopping around when he managed to get up. It felt weird to walk again and Will searched quickly for Hannibal's support, grabbing at the man's hand for the stability as if he was going through some post-surgery rehabilitation.

Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will instead of just holding the boy's hand, and helped him descend the stairs and walk into the kitchen as well. He knew Will had gone through so much in the last days, all the physical and emotional torture made the boy feel weak, and Hannibal made sure he was sitting comfortably on a chair before he moved away to start preparing dinner for the boy. He decided for more soup to help the boy recover, especially after spending so many days without eating anything. While he prepared it, he observed Will, who seemed somehow different from what he was. The way the boy looked at Hannibal was different, and that gave him a pleasant feeling.

"Does your leg still hurt?" Hannibal asked. "You're mostly free from the infection now."

Will rested his elbows against the table, not even noticing the back door in the kitchen right by his left side. He felt indifferent towards the door, there was no desire inside him to try and escape, none whatsoever. Instead he laced his fingers together and turned his big blue eyes to Hannibal.

"It stings.. from time to time, when I move too quickly or when I bump into something. It still burns a bit in the shower, but I suppose that is due to the infection," he shrugged and straightened himself in the chair, "All I can say is that it's healing, slowly, but it is healing.."

Hannibal hummed, smiling at the food as he heard Will talking to him. The boy was so beautiful, so perfect, Hannibal wanted to keep him safe and happy forever.

"You'll be fine soon," he promised, and continued preparing dinner. When he finished, he took Will and the bowls of soup to the dining room, preparing the table for them so they could eat together.

When Will sat by Hannibal's side, all comfortable and warm, he grabbed the spoon and began with the soup the man just finished cooking. It was truly difficult not to eat as an animal, especially after 5 days of terrible hunger, but Will still did a good job as he was eating the soup slowly, enjoying each spoon separately, most of the times with his eyes closed. The warm soup filled his starving stomach, leaving Will truly happy and feeling loved. He remained at the table after finishing his dish, just looking at Hannibal with a look of a boy who was in love.

As soon as both of them finished eating, Hannibal took everything back to the kitchen and decided to care for that on the next day. Instead of doing the dishes, he took Will back to the bedroom with him, deciding that the boy would sleep in his bed tonight. He wasn't going to drug Will this time, but he had left the phone in the living room and didn't leave anything that the boy could use to hurt him in the bedroom anymore. Even though now it truly looked like Will's feelings towards him had changed, he still couldn't trust his luck completely. Hannibal smiled at the boy, making him sit on the bed again.

"How do you feel?" the teacher asked. "I can give you a massage if you're feeling any pain."

"I just feel really sleepy.. I think I ought to go to the basement and sleep some more now.. after you've taken care of me," Will smiled as his eyes wandered up to Hannibal's face, "where are your bondage ropes? I recall you put them here.." he opened the first drawer in the nightstand and pulled out the black ropes, resting them on his thin thighs, "alright.. that's one for the hands and one for the ankles.. good," his voice was so full of surrender as he spoke very calmly.

Hannibal immediately grabbed the ropes, taking them from the boy's hands. That wasn't what he wanted, not now. Maybe he would tie Will up again later, in another time, but now Will would stay right there in his bed.

"No, no, no. You're not going back to the basement now, Will," Hannibal said, putting the ropes back into the drawer and closing it, then sitting next to Will on the bed. "You're staying here with me. Alright? I want you to sleep here."

Will's big eyes widened as he followed Hannibal's hands that threw the ropes in the drawer and closed it.

"What? But.. why? I haven't done anything to deserve such kindness from your side.. I haven't done anything to please you or to be prosperous to you in any way.. I deserve to stay in the basement." He wondered just why did Hannibal want him to stay when all he's brought into the man's life for the past few days was pain and suffering. His hands lifted and squeezed Hannibal's, the slender fingers rubbing Hannibal's skin softly, "I am not worthy of your warm comfortable bed and your strong arms.."

"You're mine," Hannibal said, letting go of Will's hands to wrap his arms around the boy. "Mine, and I decide where you sleep. It doesn't matter if you feel worthy of it or not. Tonight I want you here with me." Hannibal leaned in closer, lips brushing over Will's softly. "I want you to sleep in my arms, and in the morning I want to make love to you."

Will made out a soft voice when Hannibal finished with his speech, meaning every single word as it seemed. He nodded eagerly to the sound of Hannibal's voice and leaned even closer, closing the gap between their lips in a tender kiss. His arms snaked around the man's waist and squeezed him there, the boy sighing into the kiss blissfully as it warmed his body better than any soup in the world.

Hannibal returned Will's kisses, feeling happier than he had been in years. Was it really possible that he would actually be able to have Will just for himself now? That he was all Will wanted and would want for the rest of his life? That he wouldn't need to kill the boy because Will would never try to escape again? Could he have twisted and damaged Will's mind that much that it changed everything the boy felt? He would have to test this, to make sure that wasn't all another lie.

"Alright," Hannibal said as he pulled back to stare into those perfect blue eyes again. "Time to go to bed."

"Okay.. yes, time to go to bed.." Will nodded when he pulled back slowly and slipped under the blankets in his fluffy red jumper surrounding him like another pair of arms. Will hummed contently, he didn't need any stupid towel beneath his body now, no, now he was clean and as Hannibal said, he was worthy of this bed and of spending the night here. This made the boy feel better and he snuggled under the duvet into a little ball again, something he just learned to do in the captivity.

Hannibal smiled at the boy and lay by his side under the duvet, hugging Will and pressing his chest to the boy's back. He pressed a kiss to the back of Will's neck, smiling against his skin after.

"Sleep, Will. I'll be here when you wake up."

"Goodnight, Hannibal.. sleep well, my darling," the curly-haired boy said softly and closed his eyes, falling asleep almost immediately. He was so exhausted he couldn't just stay awake for much longer and in the first time in ages he slept well and without any problems, eventually having some dreams of being in Hannibal's garden and drawing the roses there.

Hannibal watched Will sleep for a while before he could sleep himself. Sleeping beside the boy again made him realize how he had missed it, and how he would miss it if he lost it someday. He wondered how he could have ever considered killing Will, and how he could ever live without the boy.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

> Yay chapter 12 is here :D again, we tried to beta it ourselves, but none of us is a native English speaker, so please forgive any mistakes. We hope you like it.

In the morning when Hannibal woke up, he left the still sleeping boy locked in his bedroom and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, bringing it back to the bedroom along with the pills Will still needed to take for his leg.

Once the curly haired boy woke up, he went to the bathroom to take a quick shower there without washing his hair this time. He had only the towel around himself when he heard the door closing in the bedroom, which meant Hannibal was back. He continued with brushing his teeth in front of the mirror, watching the bruises on his neck from Hannibal's nails and hands. The hickeys were long gone by now, only the real bruises remained. Will rubbed his neck with his free hand before clearing his mouth with water and splashing some of it on his face. After the morning hygiene, the boy returned to the bedroom, seeing Hannibal has brought the breakfast with him. Will quickly dressed in his underwear and the red sweater before he walked over to Hannibal and pecked his cheek lovingly, "Good morning."

"Good morning," Hannibal replied with a smile, placing the tray he was carrying on the bed. "Please eat and take your medication, and then we can have the day all to ourselves. I don't have to go to school today, only tomorrow. Do you still want to sketch those flowers?" He asked lovingly, pulling the boy to sit on the bed with him.

"I do, yes, it would be splendid if I could..." Will nodded excitedly, his face already looking a bit better after the successful sleep. He hopped onto the bed and grabbed himself a toast with jam, biting into it almost cheerfully. His other hand grabbed the cup of tea that was pleasantly warm in his hand. He smiled and at Hannibal and continued in eating his toast.

"Do you maybe have... some newspaper or something?" He asked casually since that was also part of his morning ritual when he was living in that other house that now didn't feel like home at all.

"Why do you want to read the newspaper?" Hannibal asked suspiciously, wondering if the boy was curious to know if his family was still looking for him or something of the sort. If there was any news about him. He grabbed a toast and started eating it as well.

"Oh, I'm sorry... I always used to read it whilst eating breakfast... it's okay, I don't need the newspaper, forgive me," Will blurted immediately when he noticed the suspicion in Hannibal's voice. He didn't want to receive any other unnecessary punishment so he rather

didn't say anything at all after this, just continued in eating his toast whilst sipping the tea to it.

"I'll get it for you," Hannibal said, realizing that the boy didn't mean any harm and leaning in to press a kiss to his forehead. He left the room, closing the door behind himself to get the newspaper he had left in the living room earlier.

As he entered the bedroom again, he sat next to Will and handed him the newspaper, continuing to eat his breakfast.

The boy smiled at the teacher and took the newspapers from his hands, resting them on the bed and looking at the first page. There was a huge article with his photo on the main page saying ‘Missing: Will Graham.’
Will blinked and then shook his head, turning to a different page without even reading this particular article. He focused on some economic news on different page, finishing his toast in the meantime.

"You're not interested in knowing that people are still looking for you?" Hannibal asked curiously, watching the boy. He took a sip of his tea, taking a look at the page Will was reading, before focusing his gaze on the boy's eyes again.

"No... I don't care about them anymore, I only care about you and our happiness," Will raised his sight to meet Hannibal's gorgeous eyes, "They never truly cared about me, only you do," he rubbed the back of his head as he finished the toast and cleaned his fingers with a napkin. His tea cup was halfway empty and he rested it on the tray as well.

"Yes," Hannibal agreed, a smile on his face as he watched Will. His beautiful boy. "I care about you." The teacher put the tray on the floor and gently pulled the newspaper away from Will, folding it back and letting it fall on the floor as well. "You can finish reading that later, right?" He asked, moving closer to kiss Will's lips softly.

"But... I haven't finished my tea," Will muttered softly against Hannibal's lips whilst he smiled widely right afterwards. He didn't move from his place, remaining at the exact same position, although he rested his hand on top of Hannibal's, lacing their fingers together lazily. He truly liked kissing Hannibal, it was certainly the most enjoyable thing in his life, way better than kissing a woman.

"I'll make you more tea later," Hannibal smiled against Will's lips, leaning over the boy to make him lie back on the bed so Hannibal could lie on top of him.

He kissed Will's lips softly, feeling as the boy breathed beneath him, slowly moving to his jaw and then his neck, wanting to take that sweater off and feel Will's perfect skin touching his.

Just like the previous time, Will gasped and tried to pull back slightly, being a bit jumpy when it came to his neck. His neck just went through a lot and he was worried every time Hannibal approached it either with his fingers or with his lips. He smiled at the man with apology and stroked his cheeks, "Sorry... you will have to give me some time... my neck is a

bit... well, I'm a bit jumpy when you start kissing my neck."

Hannibal pressed a kiss to the corner of Will's mouth then, then moved to his jaw again, following the line of it and moving slowly to Will's ear. "Just soft kisses. I promise," Hannibal muttered before starting kissing Will's neck again. "Unless you want something else," he smirked.

"Can we please just... stay with the kisses for today maybe? I need some time, that's all... I know you understand me, you always do," Will looked down at Hannibal and started running his fingers through the man's hair, so very softly and tenderly as if it was something more sacred than just hair. He let out a soft gasp and tilted his head hesitantly to the side to allow Hannibal more access.

"I always do," Hannibal said softly, speaking against Will's skin, meaning that yes, he always understood his perfect, beautiful boy. Always. So he continued with the kisses, not using his teeth at all, only his lips to tease Will's soft skin.

"I want to make love to you, Will," Hannibal muttered, moving up to catch Will's earlobe between his lips and sucking. He wished he could bite and leave more marks, but Will had explicitly asked him not to do that, and he would respect the boy’s request.

Will let out a silent moan and opened his legs to capture Hannibal between them, wrapping his thin limbs around the man's waist. His fingers then began to pull at Hannibal's shirt, the one he slept in, and once he reached its very top, he pulled the shirt over Hannibal's head and threw it beside him on the bed. His lips found his lover's jawline, and he traced it with his lips, biting at it softly as one of his hands buried in Hannibal's hair and tugged at it. Hannibal groaned softly, closing his eyes to focus even more on Will's kisses, humming softly every time he felt the boy's lips on his skin. He moved his hips slightly, rubbing his cock on Will's, only his pajama bottoms and Will's underwear between them.

"Tell me what you want..." Hannibal muttered, capturing Will's lips on his and pressing a brief kiss to them. "I'll do anything you want."

"I don't... I don't know... I'm not that experienced as you are... I guess I want to face you again, I want to be able to kiss you when you're inside me, this sex... it's very important to me," Will captured Hannibal's face in his hands again, smiling at the man lovingly, "This is the start of our new life together, Hannibal, I believe in it," he pressed his lips to the man's chin before he moved up to Hannibal's lips, kissing them tenderly and very slowly.

"My boy," a smile spread across Hannibal's face as he spoke the words against Will's lips. "My sweet, beautiful boy."

Hannibal pulled away just to sit between Will's legs and pull his sweater up above the boy's head, exposing his skin. Hannibal leaned in and started kissing Will's chest, lips rubbing softly on the boy's perfect, soft, warm skin, making Will moan out loud. It was addictive, Hannibal couldn't get enough. Will gasped as the man's lips ran up and down his soft skin, he shivered when they got so close to his nipples and he let out a small whine when the man was close to his neck. The boy lifted his torso on his forearms and found Hannibal's lips again,

needing all the affectionate kisses as much as the man's strokes. He pushed his tongue inside his lover's mouth, leading the kiss.

Hannibal responded to it with a hungry groan, letting Will lead this time. He loved feeling that Will wanted to lead, to take control like that, because it showed him how much Will wanted that, wanted *him*.

"Ride me," he breathed against the boy's lips. He wanted to prepare Will slowly, then take Will on his lap and make the boy ride him hard. "Show me how much you want it."

"That actually sounds good... I'll be able to kiss you... hmm I like your way of thinking..." Will gasped against Hannibal's lips when he bit on the man's lower lip a bit too hard, drawing the tiniest drop of blood. He smiled and blushed, licking the blood off of Hannibal's lip, "You taste good," he felt like making that remark before he leaned closer to continue kissing Hannibal passionately. Hannibal attacked Will's mouth then, kissing him hungrily and burying his hand in the boy's hair, pressing his body against his. Will was everything - his smell, his taste, the warmth of his skin, his touch, everything was driving Hannibal crazy and he wanted so much more.

"You," Hannibal breathed as he pulled back for a second, "will be the death of me, Will Graham."

"How can someone as amazing as you... be charmed with someone as me? I am... not special in any way, I don't... have that much of a charisma or beauty or anything... you have it all, you're a gorgeous man... and my crush now goes beyond anything known to a human kind," Will pecked Hannibal's lips softly as he squeezed the man tighter with his thighs since he was still the one bottoming at the moment.

"You have no idea how beautiful you are," Hannibal muttered against the boy's lips, looking up at him. "How fascinating, how... Addictive you are. I can't keep my hands off you, can't keep my lips off you, you're perfect, you..." Hannibal hesitated for a second, grabbing Will's hands and intertwining their fingers, pinning them to the bed. "You're mine. All mine."

"Of course... I am all yours... you saved my life, you brought the light to it when I was drowning in darkness," Will said very sincerely, staring into Hannibal's eyes, "and I am so grateful to you for that, you have no idea... I will stay with you for the rest of my life... or for as long as you want me to," he smiled and squeezed Hannibal's hands in his own in a cute loving gesture.

"I want you forever. I'll never stop wanting you," Hannibal let go of Will's hands to remove the boy's underwear and his own pajama pants and then they were finally both naked, and Hannibal could take a good look at his boy again. Perfect. Even with all the bruises and bandages, Hannibal didn't mind, Will was utterly perfect. He grabbed Will's hands again, sliding his fingers between the boy's, and started kissing all the way down his torso.

"Oh fuck... Hannibal... don't stop... please don't stop... I need all of your kisses and affection, all of it... oh we will be so happy here, so happy," Will moaned and arched his back to offer Hannibal even more of his chest. His legs laced with Hannibal's, the man's body on top of his

was a bit heavier on him at the moment, but his deep breaths and the pleasure he was in were making it better. Hannibal smiled briefly before letting his lips brush on Will's nipples, wanting to tease the boy. He licked one of the boy's nipples, then, sucking on it after before moving to the other one. Then, when he was finally satisfied, he continued moving down until he reached Will's right hip bone, looking up at the boy.

"I want to show you what this feels like..." Hannibal said simply, without further explanation, wondering if the boy would ask.

"What what feels like? Are you going to... to suck… my..." the worlds were getting out of his so slowly now since he was blushing more and more before he just threw his head to the back and whined silently, closing his eyes, "Good God Hannibal... do whatever you want to do with me, I want it all..." he said through gritted teeth as he was focusing so much on not to get aroused so quickly.

Hannibal smirked, loving to see the boy blushing. Will was so innocent and pure Hannibal wanted to corrupt him in every possible way. The teacher wanted to take Will apart slowly, make the boy whimper and squirm beneath him using only his lips and tongue. He grabbed Will's cock in his hand and started kissing the shaft softly, pressing open mouthed kisses on the whole length of it, humming softly.

Will's body froze and for a good moment there he was paralysed, trapped in that blissful feeling of pleasure surrounding him. He let out a loud moan, his toes curling into the mattress and as he bit on his lower lip, he opened his eyes just to peek at Hannibal to see how the man looked like whilst kissing his growing erection. Only the look sent him back to the pillow and he moaned again, tugging at his own hair desperately. *Beautiful* , Hannibal thought. Will was so perfect like that he could do that for hours. He took Will's cock in his mouth, sucking on the tip for a moment before taking more of the shaft into his mouth, feeling as it became fully hard against his tongue.

Hannibal usually wouldn't give his models blowjobs, he used to only force his models to suck him off. But that was Will and Hannibal felt a desperate urge to touch and feel and *taste.*

"Oh my God... Hannibal... Hannibal that is..." no words whatsoever could describe how Will was feeling at that very moment. He let out another excited moan, shivering, before his hips moved up and against Hannibal's mouth, pushing deeper. The boy was almost dead from pleasure already and they just started. "Oh God, I hope I can make you as happy as you make me right now..."

Humming around Will, Hannibal didn't stop, only sucked harder. He didn't want Will to get on the edge too soon so he held the boy's hips down and moved slower, letting almost all the length of Will's cock slide out of his mouth. He sucked just the tip and then moved down again, until it touched the back of his throat.

"Hannibal... please I can’t... go on like this... if you don't want me to... to come all over your mouth... I can’t... oh my God..." Will's shivers were now so intense it was as if he was a little branch in a windstorm. Both of his hands were holding tightly on the sheets beneath him and he couldn't help himself but moan so loudly his throat began to get very sore. He was in so

much pleasure he lost all the control over his body.

Hannibal wanted to smirk, and he didn't want to stop. In fact, he wanted so much more. Will was leaking into his mouth and Hannibal loved the way it tasted. He wanted Will to come, wanted to taste and swallow it all. Hannibal couldn't help himself. Reaching for Will's hands, he grabbed them and untangled the boy's fingers from the sheets, intertwining them with his own and grabbing tightly. He moved up again, caressing the underside of Will's cock with his tongue, and then slid it all into his mouth again, tight and warm and wet around Will.

The moment the man grabbed his hands away and intertwined them as if they were always destined to be together, as if their relationship was supposed to endure everything, every struggle, Will moaned out loud and a single tear ran down his cheek. This was perfect, this was even more perfect than perfect, he felt as if he was in heaven, the intense pleasure in his body threatened to tear him apart and he arched his back once more when he came inside Hannibal's mouth, screaming the man's name from the top of his lungs.

Hannibal felt Will coming in hot spurts into his mouth, and he eagerly swallowed it all, squeezing Will's hands a bit more as he kept sucking, until Will was over sensitive and squirming beneath him, and only then he stopped, letting Will's cock slide out of his mouth slowly.

"Good?" He asked, looking up at Will, slightly breathless. His voice was rough with arousal and he thought he had never been so hard in his life, but he still needed to prepare Will for him. He wanted to turn the boy into a mess.

"Good? Oh God… Hannibal... that was amazing... how did you even... it's as if you knew just where exactly to touch and suck... and… it was so strong... stronger than the first time I'd say," the boy slowly pulled himself up to sit, his dark curls sticking to his forehead because of the sweat. He brushed through them and smiled at the man, "You are amazing... absolutely amazing and I feel so honored to be yours..."

"All mine," Hannibal grabbed Will's hair and kissed him hungrily. Will looked so beautiful like that it took his breath away. "I want to make you feel more," Hannibal breathed against Will's lips. "So much more. I'll prepare you for me now."

"Oh God... maybe... give me a moment... I need to catch a breath... prepare myself... we can just kiss for now, Hannibal, you will get your riding, I promise you," Will smiled against Hannibal's lips and stroked his cheek lovingly. His body was not able to push that hard to make them both roll on the bed, so he just wrapped his arms around the man's strong shoulders and continued to kiss him in all love and devotion.

Hannibal groaned into the kiss, pulling at Will's hair as he attacked the boy's mouth, losing himself in those kisses, being sure that he had never felt so satisfied with sex in his life before - and he hadn't even come yet.

"Come here," he said as he pulled back and moved to sit with his back against the headboard, reaching for Will's hands to pull the boy to his lap.

Will willingly sat on the man's lap, straddling his thighs. Will gave Hannibal a small smile before he pressed his lips towards the man's forehead, the tip of his nose, then the upper lip and finally the chin. His fingers rested against his lover's neck, stroking the skin just ever so slowly and when he spoke, his voice was almost dreamy, "I will take good care of you, you will never have to suffer again... never... you will never feel the same pain as when you lost your sister... I won't allow it."

"Tell me I will never lose you," Hannibal said, not even trying to keep all the emotion from his voice, wrapping his arms around Will's waist, pressing the boy as close to him as possible, burying his face on Will's neck and breathing him in, speaking and breathing against the boy's skin. "Promise me."

Will gasped, the desperation from Hannibal's voice shattered his own heart into pieces. He pressed his lips against the man's head, kissing it several times before he found the strength to make a promise that would be unbreakable for him.

"I give you my word... that unless I die under some shady circumstances... or you send me away because you don't want me anymore... I promise you I will never leave you, I will always be here by your side in the good... and in the bad," he closed his eyes and stroked the back of Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal nodded slightly, letting Will know that he understood and acknowledged it. Will belonged to him and him only, and nothing could change that. And Hannibal wouldn't have it any other way - he *needed* Will. Will was *everything* in his life.

"I would rather die than lose you, Will," he said, pulling back to look into the boy's eyes. "And I would rather kill you than allow you to live without me."

Will blinked and opened his mouth at Hannibal's words, not expecting such a devotion coming back to him. His fingers moved up to the man's cheeks, tracing the line of the cheekbones, "As I said... you will never lose me, you will never have to go through such a loss again," he offered Hannibal nothing but a little smile before he leaned forward and sealed his words with a long and tender kiss.

Hannibal sighed into the kiss, letting himself get lost in it. He grabbed Will's hand and guided it to his cock, wrapping the boy's fingers around it. "Touch me," he breathed against Will's lips. "My good boy, my sweet, sweet boy."

Will let out a soft moan before he looked down and nodded. His fingers trapped the erection and as he started moving his hand up and down again, he could feel Hannibal's body tensing, all those muscles showing up under the skin, it was as if he was watching a painting coming to life again. He pressed his lips against the man's jawline and started sucking on it as the movements of his hand quickened to deliver the sweetest pleasure to his lover. Hannibal's hands moved immediately to Will's hair, holding the boy's face close to him as he moaned and closed his eyes, enjoying each movement of Will's hand.

"So good, Will," Hannibal pulled the boy's hair and moaned. "Get the lube for me, come on."

Will left the place of Hannibal's lap only to move to the top drawer and open it to find... spare house keys there. His mind flickered for a moment and he touched one of the keys, only stroked it, before he shook his head and grabbed the lube, closing the drawer again and returning to Hannibal. He immediately pressed a kiss to Hannibal's lips, pressing the bottle of lube to his hand.

Hannibal froze for a moment when Will kissed him - he knew what was in the drawer, he knew Will had seen the keys, and wondered if the boy would try to steal them. He then returned Will's kisses as he opened the bottle of lube and spread some of it on his fingers. He wanted to know if Will intended to use the keys and run away, wanted to give the boy the chance to do it, to think he could be free if he wanted to. He wanted to test Will, and he would definitely do it later, but for now he simply slid his hand between their bodies to softly touch Will's entrance with his fingers.

The boy didn't even think of the keys anymore, they vanished from his mind as quickly as they appeared there. He bit on the man's lower lip and smiled into the kiss, moaning softly when Hannibal started teasing his entrance. He raised his hips to allow the man better access whilst his tongue pushed itself into Hannibal's mouth, fighting with the other tongue there for dominance. Hannibal allowed him dominance, but immediately pushed one finger into him, slowly but firmly. Will was tight and warm inside, and the teacher's finger slid in and out easily, which made him groan into the boy's mouth.

Will moaned in satisfaction into Hannibal's mouth and rolled his hips so that the finger would have no resistance whatsoever inside his body. He gripped tightly on the man's shoulders and kissed him more passionately, sucking the breath out of Hannibal's lips whilst he himself was already panting. It was all so passionate Will was losing himself in it, he was once again losing that sweet gentle side of his whilst the dark one was taking its place.

Placing his left hand on the small of Will's back, Hannibal continued using his right hand to prepare the boy for him, pulling his finger out and pushing two inside this time. The position Will was in helped, made it easier for Hannibal's fingers to move into him, and Hannibal groaned and bit on Will's lower lip, burying his fingers inside the boy as far as they would go.

"Will you do this when I'm inside you?" Hannibal asked, his voice rough with arousal. "Move your hips like that for me?"

"I will... oh God... of course I will... I... oh, Hannibal... this feels so good, I... I didn't know sex could be this good... what is it that you do that makes me feel so special and amazing..." Will groaned in pleasure, kissing the man once more as he bit on his lip and pulled at it teasingly. His smile spread when he moved his lips to the man's jaw and started sucking on it, leaving a little mark in there just as a reminder of this morning.

"You are... Special and amazing," Hannibal said with eyes closed, knowing Will would leave a mark on his jaw, but he didn't mind - in fact he loved it. When Will was apparently done with it, Hannibal smirked, fingers curling inside Will to touch the boy's prostate. "Feels good?" he asked slightly breathless. Will moaned in response, the sensation was too strong and he arched his back, his and Hannibal's torsos brushing against one another.

"You penetrating me with your fingers? Feels bloody amazing... me leaving marks on your body? Feels even better because I'll be able to look at them later on as we continue in our casual lives..." The boy then buried his head in the man's neck and started sucking there, more passionately this time to leave a darker mark. Hannibal groaned loudly, throwing his head back to allow Will free access to his neck, fingers still moving inside the boy. *Bloody amazing indeed* . Hannibal wanted that forever - Will's body and devotion and love, Hannibal wanted Will's mind and soul, he wanted it all.

"You're ready for me," Hannibal said as he pulled his fingers out and reached for the lube again. He grabbed Will's hand and pushed the small bottle of lube against it, making the boy hold it. Will took the bottle of lube and squeezed some onto his hand, rubbing it between his palms to make it warmer so Hannibal wouldn't have to feel the cold. He massaged the lube onto Hannibal's cock, lifting his hips up and positioning himself above it until he could feel the tip of his lover's erection pushing into him. He groaned and bit on his own lower lip as he was slowly getting down now, feeling the slight pressure.

Hannibal gripped Will's hips with both of his hands and squeezed tightly, groaning loudly as he slid into Will.

"Don't move just yet. Let me feel you," Hannibal said breathlessly. The warmth of Will's body surrounded him, and he held the boy down when he was fully seated inside, wanting to enjoy that feeling. Will was tight around him, and it felt even better than the first time they had sex, it felt like heaven.

The boy didn't move at all except for pulling himself a bit closer only so he could start kissing Hannibal's lips again. When his body relaxed to the point of not feeling any uncomfortable resistance, he started moving, slowly up and down, lifting his hips and letting them fall against Hannibal's lap again. He let out a moan as he squeezed Hannibal's shoulders tightly, burying his nails into the man's skin.

Will's movements made Hannibal groan again, louder this time. The teacher loved the pain of Will's nails burying into his skin, he hoped it would leave marks for him to see later in the mirror, and he proceeded to leave marks on Will's hips that would match the ones Will was leaving on his shoulders.

"Oh god, yes," Hannibal moved closer to attack Will's neck with open mouthed kisses, purring into the boy's ear. "Fuck, yes, just like that."

"Do you like it? Am I doing it well?" The boy groaned and rolled his hips on Hannibal's lap, taking the man in again to his full length until he could feel him rubbing against his prostate. Will let out an excited gasp and he shivered as he squeezed the shoulders even tighter, his teeth gritting when he was trying not to lose his sanity to this amazing man who was fucking him so well.

Hannibal smirked as he felt Will shiver, using his hands to pull Will harder against him, looking down at Will's perfect body as the boy moved - the pale skin of his chest, his peaked nipples, his beautiful cock that was now hard again, those beautiful thighs, the muscles that tensed with each of Will's movements and shivered above him, moaning every time Hannibal

slid deeper into him.

"Sweet spot?" Hannibal asked close to Will's ear, lips pressing to the boy's neck as he groaned softly against his skin. "You're doing it so well, my good boy, my perfect, amazing boy."

Will couldn't stop moaning, his nails were digging into Hannibal's shoulders, tearing the skin so it started bleeding on some places. He leaned in to start kissing the man again, putting his entire heart into those kisses. His mind was wrapped about nobody else but Hannibal, and he wanted to prove the man just how much he was in love with him through those kisses.

This was different from last time, Hannibal felt like this time Will truly wanted it, he could feel Will's love and devotion. He groaned into the boy's mouth, and that was all he needed to be happy, all he wanted for the rest of his life, and he would never want anybody else.

"Harder," he growled against the boy's lips and continued the kisses. He loved the pain, loved the pleasure, loved everything Will was making him feel with every movement of his body, every time the boy's nails buried into his skin.

"Do you want me... to make you bleed?" Will was confused as whether Hannibal was referring to his shoulders or the speed of Will's movements against his erection. He quickly raised an eyebrow and tilted his head to the side before he scratched Hannibal so hard he draw blood from the wounds, watching with shock what he's just done whilst he didn't stop moving on top of him. His hips were now moving almost frantically and every time Hannibal rubbed against Will's prostate, the boy moaned loudly.

Hannibal let out a loud groan that didn't sound human and could definitely be heard outside the house - if there was anybody there to hear it. He threw his head back and used his hands to help Will move above him, the stinging pain from the wounds making him lose control and want so much more. He couldn't think of anything else, his mind was completely focused on Will and how good the boy was making him feel.

" *Fuck* , Will," Hannibal growled, opening his eyes to look at the boy. "Yes, like that..." Hannibal was breathless, his chest rising and falling quickly as he moved his hips slightly with Will's movements. "I want to come so deep inside you, I'm so close now, don't stop."

Will's lips parted, but nothing really came out except for another moan as the boy focused on moving at the same speed, practically jumping up and down on the man below him now as he was trying his best to bring Hannibal to an orgasm. His own body was on fire, he felt as if his heart could jump off of his chest any minute, his thoughts were shoved to the corner; Hannibal was the only person in the boy's world.

And Hannibal watched as Will moved, loving every sound the boy made. That was definitely the best sex he had ever had, and he did his best to keep moving, thrusting into Will as the boy moved above him - as he used his hands to pull Will down. He only hoped he wasn't hurting the boy, but he couldn't stop now, and with one last thrust and another drop of blood Will took from him as the boy's nails buried on his shoulder again, Hannibal threw his head back and came in hot spurts deep inside the boy, holding him down and moaning loudly.

"Oh God... oh fuck... I can’t... can’t..." Will groaned at the top of his lungs despite not reaching his own orgasm just yet; the scream Hannibal let out made him so aroused and so astonished that he just had to join with his voice as well. He was gasping for his dear life by now and he pulled Hannibal's face closer, wrapping his arms around his shoulders to hold him that close as he began with the kissing all over again, pushing his tongue inside the man's mouth.

Hannibal blindly reached for the bottle of lube while he responded to Will's kisses, for he knew exactly where Will had dropped it. He managed to put some of it in his right hand even though he had his eyes closed, and wrapped his fingers around Will's cock, moving his hand slowly. The curly-haired boy whined in between the kisses and let out a soft moan as he parted their lips only to look down to see what the older man was doing. He raised an eyebrow and turned his eyes back to Hannibal, "Are you going to make me come too?"

He didn't think Hannibal would care that much at all.

"Of course I am," Hannibal said breathlessly, speeding up the movements of his hand. It would be amazing to make Will come and feel him clenching around him, for Hannibal was still buried deep inside the boy. The teacher leaned in to kiss Will's lips again, grabbing Will's hair with his free hand and sliding his tongue into the boy's mouth, kissing him hungrily. Will gasped against Hannibal's lips and immediately started with returning all of those hungry kisses back to the teacher. His slim body was shivering once more as he was getting closer and closer to reaching an orgasm; he felt the heat gathering at his crotch and he couldn't help himself but keep moaning ever so loudly into Hannibal's mouth. His body suddenly tensed, clenching around the man's cock that was still inside him; and when it relaxed again, Will covered Hannibal's hand with hot spurts just when he broke the kiss to moan the only name that was in his head this entire time. Hannibal.

Hannibal sighed against Will's lips as he heard his name - it felt like a dream, because now he felt that Will truly belonged to him, wanted to belong to him completely. The movements of his hand slowed down but he didn't stop until he got the last drop of Will's come, and then, hungrily, he lifted his hand to his mouth and licked it, tasting Will the way he had always wanted.

Will watched Hannibal with wide hungry eyes, he couldn't believe such a man could possibly arouse him so much, especially given to the fact that he himself was inexperienced and didn't even know how to please a man. Now, he raised his hand and stroked Hannibal's cheek, smiling at him slowly before he pressed his lips to the man's forehead in almost a loving gesture. "You're my everything..." he whispered against Hannibal's skin, pressing a small kiss right there.

Hannibal smiled, barely being able to believe Will's words, and that the boy's feelings were true. He could see the truth in Will's eyes, though, and that made him feel happier, calmer than he had been in a long time.

"And you're mine," Hannibal muttered, wrapping his arms around Will and kissing the boy, making him taste himself in Hannibal's tongue.

Will moaned into the kiss and was returning it for a while before he pulled back and smiled shyly, "I have to go to the bathroom, I'm sorry..." he bit on his lower lip innocently and pulled back, letting Hannibal slip off of him as well as he moved. Will's legs were shaking when he stood up, he straightened his shoulders and smiled at the man once more before heading to the bathroom.

Hannibal sighed and lay back on the bed, feeling completely exhausted, even though he had just woken up. He was sure Will was exhausted as well, after all the boy had gone through. He slid under the blankets and waited for Will to come back, his breathing slowly going back to normal.

After Will used the toilet and washed his hands and face in the sink, he returned back to the bedroom and smiled the moment he saw Hannibal there, visibly content about their previous sex. He joined the teacher in bed, curling by his side and resting his head on the man's chest. "Did you like it?"

"Yes," Hannibal smiled, wrapping his arms around Will's body, sighing in content. "It was perfect, Will, the best I've ever had."

Hannibal wasn't lying, nothing had ever been so satisfying as having Will riding him, so willingly fucking himself on his cock, moaning in pleasure on his lap. The back of Hannibal's shoulders were probably bleeding and ruining his sheets, but at this point he didn't care at all. He just wanted to stay there with Will, ignoring that it was still morning and the world was functioning around them.

"I'd like to take a small nap now... I am absolutely exhausted after this... can I? Won't you mind?" Will looked up to see Hannibal's face. He was partially expecting the man to tie him up again and send him back to the basement, that was after all what he was here for, wasn't it? To be Hannibal's personal toy, not a boyfriend or a partner. The boy bit on his lower lip and hesitated for a moment, "I will go back to the basement now... I won't... I don't want to disturb your peace."

"No," Hannibal said immediately. He wasn't going to just let Will go back to the basement, or put him there, he needed Will there pressed against him, where he could touch him. "I want you to stay here. You may sleep as much as you need to, but you have to stay here with me," Hannibal reached for Will's hand and held it, intertwining their fingers.

"Of course... Where else would I go?" Will reacted instantly as he pressed his lips to Hannibal's jaw, "I won't go anywhere... I will stay here by your side... I wouldn't leave you, Hannibal..." he reassured the man softly before laying his head back on his chest and closing his eyes.

Hannibal sighed again and closed his eyes as well, listening to the boy's breathing until he noticed Will had fallen asleep. Good. He was exhausted himself, and being sure that Will would sleep for a few hours, he let himself fall asleep as well.

The curly-haired boy hugged Hannibal tightly in his sleep, having a dream of the two of them

sketching roses in Hannibal's garden. He felt so free as he's never felt in his life, everything was great like this, he didn't even need anybody else but Hannibal. His life was complete.

When Hannibal woke up again, he had no idea what time it was, he only knew one thing: Will wasn't in bed with him. He looked around the room and couldn't find the boy, so he got up quickly and walked to the bathroom, looking inside and not finding Will there either. He started wondering if maybe Will had gone back to the basement as he said he would when another thought occurred to him. The keys.

Hannibal walked to the bedside table and opened the drawer in a rush, just to find that the spare keys he had there earlier were gone.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

> Wow it was amazing to see all the comments on the last chapter. We couldn't reply to them, this is a spoiler free fanfic xD We hope you guys won't be disappointed with this chapter, lol. We don't have a beta reader for this fic anymore so please forgive any mistakes.
>
> *WARNING*
> this chapter contains mentions of suicide and suicide letters - just mentions, though. We hope it's not too much. :D And hope you guys like it!

The door was closed but the keys were in it. The main key was in the lock, the others were softly swinging from side to side with the light wind in the corridor due to open windows in the kitchen.

Will sat in front of the closed door, having only his socks and underwear on, his body covered by a silk dressing gown, the first he had found in Hannibal's wardrobe. He had a pencil stuck behind his ear, almost completely covered by his curls, and his blue eyes were focused on the door, staring at it in fascination as if he's never seen anything better in his life. In his lap, there was a sketchbook with a finished sketch of the door that was in front of him, not missing a single detail.

He heard Hannibal descending the stairs in a rush, wearing only the first pajama pants he could find, still barefoot and shirtless. It was when Hannibal got to the bottom of the stairs that he saw the door with the keys in the lock, and then Will, facing the door with a sketch on his lap. Hannibal stopped then, breathing fast, his heart pounding, even his hands were shaking slightly now as he sighed in relief.

"Will," Hannibal said quietly, torn between the urge to punish the boy for making him scared and hugging the boy tightly because he was so relieved that Will was there.

The boy turned his head towards Hannibal and offered the man a genuine happy smile.

"Good morning, my darling, I made you some toasts and coffee, but the coffee will probably be a bit cold by now... I am sorry for that. It's all in the kitchen, feel free to take it," he said before looking at his sketch again and pulling the pencil from his curls to add some shading to the door.

Hannibal was frozen in place for a moment, but when he could speak again, he noticed he was still very angry and very relieved.

"What do you think you're doing?" Hannibal asked, approaching Will and looking down at him. "You scared me! I thought you were gone!"

"Gone? Why would I leave? I promised you yesterday I wouldn't leave you, ever..." Will's face showed a true confusion as he blinked rapidly and raised an eyebrow when he looked at the older man again, "I wouldn't leave you, no, you were still asleep when I woke up and I felt like making you a breakfast and sketching something..." he shrugged, not seeing anything wrong with that.

Hannibal wondered if Will was just trying to gain his trust, but there wasn't reason at all for Will to have the keys and not run away. It would be just stupid of him to stay if he still wanted to leave, and didn't make sense at all. Will could be far away now if he wanted to, and the only reason why the boy was still there with him was by his own choice.

"Why did you put the key in the lock? Did you go outside? Did you open the door?" Hannibal asked, still not entirely convinced.

"Open it? No, the door is still locked... I didn't even try and open it, I didn't even touch it, I just put the keys in the lock, because I wanted to sketch it, can't you see the sketch?" Will took the sketchbook from his lap and showed it to Hannibal, the picture of the door with the keys in it, all with shadows and details already added. "Why would I leave you? I adore you, you're my everything..." he was so confused by Hannibal's hearable anger.

Hannibal studied the sketch, it was perfect. The door in the sketch looked exactly like the real one, Hannibal couldn't see anything that was out of place or proportion, everything was perfect. Hannibal wondered if Will even knew how incredibly talented he was.

"It looks beautiful, Will. You need to sketch the roses now," Hannibal said softly, offering Will his hand for the boy to hold and get up.

"I am so sorry if I scared you, I absolutely didn't want to scare you, Hannibal, forgive me," Will took Hannibal's hand and stood up, watching the man's face the entire time, "I didn't think you would mind if I just went downstairs and sketch for a while," he was still holding Hannibal's hand as his eyes turned towards the door, "The lighting was so pretty this morning... I had to capture it on paper."

Hannibal lifted his hand to touch Will's cheek, then buried it in Will's hair and nodded. It was alright, everything else was alright because Will was still with him. His beautiful, perfect boy was there with him and didn't want to leave. Hannibal pulled him closer, holding tightly as he leaned in to kiss the boy's lips softly.

"It's alright. It's beautiful. You're beautiful," Hannibal spoke against Will's lips. "I'm sorry. I'm just scared of losing you."

"Don't be silly... I'm not going anywhere," Will said quietly as he wrapped his arms around

the man's waist. "You have to wear some warm clothes, it's cold in here, you'll catch a cold." His hands were softly stroking the teacher's back, slender fingers running up the soft skin. He couldn't believe Hannibal thought he would leave, why should he leave when this man was making him so happy?

"I will," Hannibal said, nodding. "But first I'll have breakfast, and then we'll both stay in the garden so you can sketch your flowers," Hannibal smiled softly and held the boy tighter just for a second before letting go. It was hard to believe that Will truly wanted to stay, but apparently it was true and Hannibal was running out of ways of denying it to himself. Maybe everything he had done to Will until now was all he needed, after all.

"I hope you like it... I'm sorry that it's not as warm as I'd want it ... well, the coffee isn't, the toasts are okay," Will took Hannibal to the kitchen where the breakfast was ready, even though the coffee was indeed almost cold by now. The boy rested his sketch book on the kitchen counter before he sat behind the table and crossed his long legs, relaxed smile still staying on his face throughout this whole time.

"In this case, I'll make more coffee. Do you want some? Or maybe tea?" Hannibal asked, pressing a kiss to the top of Will's head as he walked past the boy. "Next time you can wake me up if you want."

"I couldn't do that, you were way too adorable, Hannibal, you were so cute I would've taken a picture if I had a phone," Will smiled and nodded then eagerly, "tea would be lovely, yes, I'll have some black tea with honey and lemon if that's possible," he grabbed one of the toasts since he had made a lot; most likely more than Hannibal could even eat.

Hannibal nodded and proceeded to make more coffee for himself and tea for Will. When he finished, he sat at the table with the boy, finally starting to eat the toasts that looked - and tasted - delicious. It had been very thoughtful of Will to prepare breakfast for him, even though, looking at the watch on the wall, Hannibal saw that it was past noon already.

Not that it mattered. What truly mattered was that they had sex in the morning and Will had the opportunity to leave but didn't, and Will seemed happy in a way that he had never been.

"Do you still think of your parents, Will?" Hannibal asked suddenly, eyes fixed on the boy in front of him.

"There is a thing I wanted to ask you about, actually." Will looked down at his cup of tea before he took a deep breath. “My parents will most likely never stop looking for me as long as they believe I am alive somewhere... I want to write them a letter..." he released a sigh and looked up at Hannibal. "A suicide letter where I will clearly say that I don't want to be found and that they can bury an empty coffin," even though he didn't want to go back to his parents as much now, it was still painful to say this.

Watching the boy closely, Hannibal felt quite impressed. That was a good idea even though he truly didn't expect Will to come up with an idea like this - would the boy hurt his parents like that? Would he do it just to stay with him?

"Yes... Yes, you can do it, Will. If you want to," the teacher reached for his student's hand, holding it over the table. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

"They deserve the peace... it's better than if they were to spend years and years trying to find me. This way they'll know that I loved them and that I wish for them to be happy and maybe start a new family," Will's voice saddened, but he squeezed Hannibal's hand tightly, "Please... I want this peace for them, they don't deserve to suffer and I am not going back. Would you do that? Would you please send the letter for me?"

Hannibal had to admit that was very convenient for him. If it was a suicide, the police would stop looking for the kidnapper, which would be very good for Hannibal. He didn't think the police would ever find out if was him, but it would be better for him if they stopped investigating. Will had ran away and then decided to kill himself. That was it. They would look for the body and wouldn't find it, but at least they would stop looking for the person who had taken Will away.

"You have to make it very convincing... In a way that will convince them that it's true," Hannibal said, caressing the boy's hand. "And then yes, of course I'll send the letter for you."

"Thank you... I will have to think it through, yes... it's just, it's very difficult to write something like that," Will shook his head and sighed, pulling his hand back so he could grab his cup of tea again and take a sip to be able to stay silent for a moment. He could feel his heart beating frantically inside his chest, somewhere deep down he still cared for his parents and wanted to come back to them… That part was supressed by Hannibal and his power.

"I will have to read it before you send it, you know that, right?" Hannibal asked, seriously. Naturally he wouldn't let Will write a letter and send it without reading it, whether the boy liked it or not. "If you want, I can even help you write it." He said as he continued eating and drinking his coffee.

"It's going to be depressing... but yeah, I understand, of course..." Will nodded to Hannibal's words, listening to him only partially. Part of him was thinking of the letter already, what he would write and how he would write it. What would his excuse be? Bullying might be a good excuse, Burns making his life miserable. Maybe they'd expel Oliver for this, maybe he'd get punished after all for all he did to Will. The curly-haired boy nodded to himself again; he would blame Oliver Burns.

Smiling at his boy, Hannibal continued eating, and when they both finally finished, the teacher got up to put the dishes in the sink, then pulled the boy up to his feet again, wanting Will to follow him.

"Do you want to go outside and sketch the flowers now?" He asked, wrapping his arms around Will. Hannibal was still fully alert all the time, paying total attention to everything the boy did, because this time Will wasn't handcuffed or drugged, and even though apparently he could trust the boy now, part of him still waited for the moment where Will would try to break free again.

"Yeah, sure, I'll just have to dress up some more. Do you think we could look for some clothes for me later then? I cannot wear your trousers forever... not even if I gain weight, they'll still be too long and big," Will reached his hand out to stroke Hannibal's cheek, "You're all muscular and sexy and I'm just weak and skinny."

Hannibal pressed a soft kiss to Will's lips, holding him tightly. He liked that the boy was wearing his clothes, but he had to admit that couldn't go on forever. He didn't know how long Will would live - of he would have to kill the boy eventually or not, but while Will was alive, he should have some clothes of his own.

"I'll go shopping for clothes, alright?" Hannibal said with a smile and pulled the boy with him, upstairs to his bedroom, where he could look for warm clothes for them both. After they were both properly dressed to spend the afternoon in the garden, they went outside together. They sat together, facing the roses, each one of them with a sketchbook on their laps, and pencils in their hands.

Will crossed his legs and focused on one of the flowers in front of him, beautiful blue one; the color Hannibal specially planted here as a reminder of Mischa. The boy smiled softly and started sketching the rose only feebly at first in case he'd mess up and have to redo anything. He was completely quiet during the process, buried in his thoughts and sketching. Sometimes he poked his tongue out just a little as he was focusing too much on his little piece of art.

Hannibal didn't start with his sketch right away, instead he just sat at some distance from the boy and watched him work instead. Will looked simply beautiful - he still had some scars on his neck, the bruises Hannibal had left with his mouth were mostly gone by now, but the scars from his nails were still there. Still, he liked them, because he was the only who had inflicted them, and Will belonged to him. The boy was simply stunning, and Hannibal started sketching *him* instead of the flowers.

Without realising it, Will sometimes scratched his neck and the scars he had there; all made by Hannibal. He accidentaly scratched one too hard, drawing blood from the wound. He hissed and looked at hi fingers, immediately putting the sketchbook down so he wouldn't smudge the blood on it. It wasn't until then when he noticed Hannibal was looking at him. As Will raised his eyebrow, he snickered, "Drawing flowers, are we?"

"I changed my mind when I realized there was something more beautiful than flowers for me to sketch," Hannibal smiled, lifting his hand to Will's neck to wipe the blood from the boy's skin.

"Do you want to go inside to clean this up?" He asked, resisting the urge to lift his hand and lick the blood from his finger.

"No, it's okay... it's not a big deal..." Will said as he rubbed the blood away and looked at it again before raising the finger to his lips and licking the blood off. He turned his eyes to the drawing again then, continuing in drawing the rose in front of him.

At some point he added shadows and then even some background to it, smiling at his final sketch.

When Hannibal finished his sketch as well, being a little faster than Will for having several more years of experience than the boy, he felt quite satisfied with it. Will looked beautiful in his sketch, just as he was in real life. In Hannibal's drawing, Will was sitting down with his sketchbook in hand, just as he had been in real life minutes ago. Hannibal turned it to Will so the boy could see it.

"See? More beautiful than flowers," Hannibal said with a smile.

"Me? More beautiful than these gorgeous roses? No, I don't think so. Maybe in your eyes, I am, but not in my own," Will approached Hannibal, leaving his own sketchbook on the chair he sat at previously. He also took Hannibal's sketchbook from his hand and rested it aside just so he could straddle the man's lap and look him in the eyes, "You are what most of the artist would describe as perfection, Hannibal, absolute perfection."

Hannibal looked up into Will's eyes, smiling softly and lifting his hands to cup the boy's face. Will was so beautiful, everything about the boy was perfect, his skin, his eyes, his nose, his lips. Hannibal traced the line of Will's lips with his thumb, watching the boy with admiration. He wondered how it was possible for someone to be as beautiful as Will was.

"Then we were made for each other," Hannibal said, moving his hand to the back of Will's neck and pulling the boy closer, letting their lips brush over one another. "And I'm the luckiest man in the world, for having you," he kissed Will softly then, lips pressing gently to he boy's.

"I cannot believe from all the people you must've had I was the one who captured your interest the most. You could literally have anyone, Hannibal, with your gorgeous face and your perfect body, you could have anyone you ever wanted," Will muttered against Hannibal's lips when he parted their lips only for a little moment. "I never thought I could attract such a gorgeous man, that someone would find me truly beautiful," he added softly, his fingers stroking Hannibal's soft cheeks, since the man never had a stubble.

"You are the most beautiful person I've ever seen," Hannibal said, in all honesty. "And you're the only person I want to have from now on. You're mine," the teacher said possessively, pulling the boy for a kiss and burying his fingers in those silky curls that he loved so much.

Will would've said something, but he didn't want to interrupt the kissing again especially since Hannibal visibly did want the kisses. He snaked his arms around the man's wide shoulders, returning the kisses affectionately as he buried one hand in the man's soft hair and wrapped the other around the man's neck. His eyes immediately closed and he relaxed into the kisses; Hannibal ways seemed to possess the power or making him absolutely calm.

Hannibal continued with the kissing, loving to feel Will's delicious lips on his, sliding his fingers through Will's jawline and feeling the soft facial hair there.

"You need to shave," Hannibal said with a smile, looking into the boy's eyes.

"Oh... right... I'm sorry, I usually shave regularly, but here... well, let's say shaving wasn't exactly my number one priority," Will pulled back and rubbed his small stubble with his hand, feeling the soft pinches, "Yeah... I don't like it either..." he frowned in disapproval as he stayed apart from Hannibal although he was still sitting on his lap.

"I'm not saying I don't like it," caressing Will's face softly, Hannibal leaned in and pressed a kiss to the corner of Will's mouth, hands moving slowly to the boy's neck.

He truly didn't mind, but he wanted to shave the boy's face, then touch it and kiss it, and then he wanted to take Will back to bed and make sweet love to him.

"I don't, I dont want to have a stubble just yet," Will said as he pressed his cheek to Hannibal's neck, pressing a tiny kiss to the skin there, then smiled. "What will you do with that sketch? Will you put it on a wall somewhere? Do you even do that?" He asked curiously, not knowing whether Hannibal had any kind of pictures at home at all.

"It would look beautiful on my wall, wouldn't it?" Hannibal's hands moved slowly to the back of Will's neck, then his fingertips traced the line of Will's spine, moving down the boy's back. "It has to be in my bedroom, though, so nobody who visits me can see it."

"Speaking of which... Will I have to hide every single time you have visitors? I suppose I will have to, huh? People might still recognize me... that's a shame," Will sadly looked on the ground that was covered by grass as far as he could see, "I was hoping I could present myself as your partner... maybe even meet your parents one day. It would be nice to celebrate Christmas with them, don't you think?"

"Not an option," Hannibal said immediately, dismissing the idea. His parents would obviously recognize Will, maybe not his mother, but his father would. And considering the fact that he and his father weren't close - and what happened to Mischa, Hannibal was sure his father wouldn't even think twice before calling the police. His father wouldn't just watch parents losng a child and be fine with that. "If they see you I will have to kill them."

Hannibal leaned closer, lips brushing on Will's, then pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth, arms tightening around him. "You're only mine, my secret lover."

"Does that mean I will have to live in isolation forever? No chance for friends, anyone in my life except for you... that is... that is sad..." Will sighed and shook his head, trying to stop the tears that were filling his eyes, "I don't desire to come back to my old friends... or the people I know... I gave up on my whole life including my parents for you, Hannibal... I don't have to see them ever again... but I wanted to meet someone new. A life like this... it will become tedious at some point... not for you, you'll be going to school and you'll be in contact with others... but me, I will be locked here as a bird in a golden cage."

Hannibal lifted his hand to wipe the tears that had just fallen from the boy's eyes. He didn't agree with Will though, didn't want the boy to have anyone else in his life. It was dangerous, and more than that, Hannibal didn't want that.

"You don't need anyone else, my darling," Hannibal said softly, looking into the boy's eyes as he wiped his tears away. "Am I not your everything, as you said? You have me, I'll always be here for you. You'll never be alone, there's no need for anybody else in your life."

"You are my everything... but I will go crazy if I don't get into contact with other people for the rest of my life. I am an artist, Hannibal, you yourself must know how we need to talk to people, interact with them, I just feel like I'm going to be fine with this for a year or so, but then I'll start missing other people in my life, I'll start losing my sanity more and more every day you lock me in here," Will truly appreciated Hannibal's calmness at this point; it was so easier to talk of his problems when he didn't have a hand wrapped around his neck.

"No," Hannibal said, his expression changing suddenly. He was getting angry that the boy was insisting. Even if they moved to another country, even if he could take Will out of that house, even if there wasn't the risk of someone recognizing Will, the boy wasn't going to have anyone else in his life. He tightened his arms around Will in a possessive gesture. "You belong to me, and I don't want you to ask for this ever again. Nobody will get close to you, I will kill anybody that lays eyes on you. Do you understand?"

That set off the stream of tears coming from Will's eyes at this point. He covered his face with his hands and started sobbing; this sort of life simply wasn't fair especially since Will truly didn't want to leave Hannibal's side, he wanted to be with the man forever. The boy rubbed his eyes in order to stop the tears that were running down his cheeks, yet the tears kept coming. He couldn't be here locked and alone forever. Even Hannibal had to leave to work and out, Will would be in the house all alone eventually, sad and empty as a forgotten toy. He suddenly didn't feel comfortable sitting on Hannibal's lap at all, he wished to return to the basement, the source of his misery and loneliness, but of course he didn't tell Hannibal that.

Hannibal pulled Will even closer, holding the boy tightly and letting him cry. He didn't care if Will would lose his mind by being locked inside that house forever, he would deal with it when the time came. All he cared was that he would be the only person in Will's life.

"It's okay, it'll be okay," Hannibal muttered into Will's ear, holding the boy tightly against him.

The curly-haired boy shook his head in disapproval but said nothing for he was unable to speak due to all those tears. He almost choked on his own saliva when he swallowed it too quickly and he had to pull away from Hannibal just so he wouldn't throw up that breakfast he made. Despite adoring the man with his whole heart, Will hated the way Hannibal treated him, as if he indeed was a bird in a cage, an isolated cage nobody else could see. That was no way to treat a human being, especially one that was so devoted to him already. Will wiped the tears away and had to take a deep breath to calm down and be able to speak again, "I need to use the toilet... could you please let me go?"

"Yes," Hannibal said quietly and unwrapped his arms from around the boy's body. As Will stood up and walked inside again, though, Hannibal got up as well and retrieved the

sketchbooks and pencils, and followed him inside.

Will closed the door behind him once he reached the bathroom, leaning against the wood. He then slowly sat on the ground, his back sliding against the door, burying his head in his hands again as he started crying. For a brief moment he remembered his parents and how awfully he missed them. He hoped the suicide letter wouldn't devastate them that much and bring them at least some peace. He remembered Jack Crawford and all those amazing times they had together, both drunk and sober. He would never see Jack again either. Hannibal took everyone away from him and wanted to keep it that way till Will's death. The boy was sobbing quietly, trying to erase these painful memories from his mind just so they wouldn't hurt that much.

"Will?" Hannibal called quietly. He had placed the sketchbooks on the coffee table in the living room, then returned to the bathroom and stood outside the door, listening to Will's sobs. Now he was leaning against the door, wishing he could hug the boy and offer him comfort.

Will raised his head and looked at the door behind him before he blurted with a weak face, "I'll be out in a minute, give me a moment, please..." He knew Hannibal could most likely hear him sobbing there, but he didn't want to admit that to himself just as he didn't want to tell the man why exactly was he crying, afraid the man would get furious at him and lock him in the basement again.

But Hannibal didn't want to hurt Will this time, didn't want to have to punish him, so he hoped Will would stop insisting on that nonsense of seeing other people. If not, Hannibal would have to use another torture method to make the boy understand. He waited outside the door, though, until the boy opened it again.

Will's face was still red when he came out even though he had washed it with water for quite a while to make his eyes look normal and less puffy. He looked up at Hannibal and tried for a feeble smile before he walked past him, his slim arms wrapping around his own shoulders as he headed down to the kitchen to make himself some food. Hannibal followed him and wrapped his arms around the boy as soon as they got there, not letting the boy move.

"Will," he said softly, looking into the boy's eyes. It was clear that he had been crying a lot in the bathroom. "Everything will be alright, I promise. What do you want to eat today? I'll prepare anything you want."

"I want... I'd like to have some pasta if that's possible? Something with tomato sauce would be nice... I feel like having pasta today," the boy said after thinking of his options for a moment. His eyes fixed on Hannibal's face, the man truly did seem to be concerned about him and yet he didn't want to hear one word of Will having a friend. The boy didn't comment on that any further, he didn't want to end up being punished for nothing.

Hannibal smiled, pressing a soft kiss to Will's lips before letting him go, then moving away to prepare the pasta. He kept his attention on the boy the whole time.

"I know you must think I don't understand you, Will," He started, looking up at the boy while preparing the tomato sauce. "But all I'm doing is for your safety. Our safety."

"My safety? You're separating me from anybody else for my safety... right," Will's tone wasn't even bitter for he knew better than to start a fight with Hannibal. He just sat by the kitchen counter on a little bar chair, close enough for the man to be able to see him at all times. Will rested his elbow on the counter; it wasn't safety that Hannibal so desperately tried to provide for Will, the boy realized. That was just the man's own selfishness.

"Your face is in the news," Hannibal said, almost losing his patience because Will just didn't seem to understand. "It's in the papers. You saw it yourself. Anyone who sees you will recognize you. They'll try to take you away from me. Is that what you want, Will?" Hannibal stopped moving as he asked this, hand tightening around the knife handle.

"I don't... no," Will replied with a silent voice, telling the truth at this point. He didn't want to leave Hannibal's side because even if he did not agree with the man's decisions, he still felt like he belonged to the man, as if his heart was with him. Will sighed and jumped off his chair before he walked over to Hannibal and wrapped his arms around him from behind, resting his cheek against Hannibal's muscular back. "I don't ever want to leave you," he added softly.

Hannibal hummed softly, enjoying the contact. That felt nice. Still holding the knife tightly, he used his free hand to touch the back of Will's hand with the tips of his fingers, tracing small patterns on his skin.

"If anybody sees you, Will, I will have no other option but to kill them," he said naturally, as if that was something normal, because to him it was. "If I can't keep you by my side, I'll have to kill *you* . That's not what I want for us. I want us to stay together for a long time, Will."

"You would actually do it? You would look into my eyes and then stab me, going straight for my heart to see the life leaving my body, to see my eyes turn cold, my skin turn pale... and my breathing stop. You would enjoy that, wouldn't you? It would make you feel like God, but then you'd be all alone... there is no way back if you kill me, I will never return to you," Will's voice was calm, yet his words were true. He knew Hannibal would want to see him die, he would enjoy himself immensely, all Will wanted to know was whether Hannibal would feel any remorse or not.

"The idea has crossed my mind many times, and in different ways," Hannibal confessed, there was no reason to lie to the boy about it. Will should know what would happen if he tried to do something wrong.

"If I feel that I'm going to lose you, I'll do it," Hannibal's words were serious and honest, and he turned around to face the boy, Will's arms still around him. He placed his left hand on the small of Will's back and lifted the knife to the boy's neck, touching the skin with the blade. "Because it's better than setting you free. Letting you go to continue your life without me is something I cannot accept. I'd prefer to end your life. And I would feel good about it, because it would feel right."

Hannibal slowly moved the knife, letting it slide on Will's skin very lightly just so he wouldn't hurt the boy, but still making him feel the truth of his words.

"I'm sure I'll do it someday," Hannibal said thoughtfully. "It doesn't matter if it's soon, or in fifty years... I must be the one to end your life, Will, and it will hurt to live without you, but I have no choice."

"What if you die first? What happens then if you happen to be the first one to die? What if someone exposes you, someone finds out what is it that you've done with all those poor students… What if someone shot you… I would be here, waiting as I always will... like a cute little dog, and I will be waiting for so long, what do you think I will do? What would you want me to do? Should I end my own life too so we could be reunited once again?" Will's words were just as calm as Hannibal's at that moment, the boy stared into those honey-coloured eyes without fear. "I would be free to go, to leave this house... and I would mourn for you... but would I kill myself to be with you again? You wouldn't do that for me, you wouldn't follow me to the ground... why should I?"

"Because you belong to me," Hannibal was surprised at how calm Will seemed. But that was their new reality, apparently, and Will *wanted* to be with him, even though that meant not seeing anybody else, ever. Will loved him and wanted to belong to him, and that made Hannibal very happy.

"Because you're not allowed to live without me, my darling. You couldn't." the teacher said as he was still holding the knife to the boy's neck. "So if I don't come back to you someday, and you see on the news that I'm gone forever; yes, you should end your own life. And I want you to promise me that you will."

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

> Here it is, the (belated) update! This is basically just smut we're sorry (or not). It's kind of cute though. But soon we'll have more plot, don't worry!
>
> WARNING: mentions of non-con, again. A bit detailed. A tiiiiny little bit of knife/blood play as well.

Will stared at Hannibal for a moment, thinking over his possibilities now. It was not like he had many, but there were some after all and Will decided to go for the most dangerous one. He knew that there was a holder for knives right behind Hannibal. For they were close to the counter already and he had his hands behind Hannibal's back, Will did a little swing back and forth on his heels before his hand extended as far as it went and grabbed a handle of a knife. It was all so risky he could've sworn his heart stopped beating the moment he freed his hand and pressed the cold blade to Hannibal's neck, having a calm smile on his own face.

"No... I will promise no such thing to you unless you promise me the same... I will not just die, vanish from your life for you to be sad for a moment and then find yourself another model... I don't deserve such treatment, Hannibal Lecter," his smile was now almost maniacal whilst he still spoke in the same calm voice, "If you insist on my love and loyalty to you, I want the same."

Hannibal held his breath, not out of fear, but amazement. Will was quite brave to do that, and the teacher knew the boy wouldn't try to hurt him, they were just playing around. Still, if it was anybody else but Will holding a knife to his neck, playfully or not, Hannibal would throw them in the basement and punish them in the worst way. That *was* Will, though, and Hannibal was mesmerized by the boy and everything he did.

And what amazed him even more was that he found that he couldn't say no to the boy. He couldn't say he wouldn't promise that, and that he didn't care and just would carry on with his life after Will's death, because in reality he didn't think he could.

"You are part of me now," Hannibal said softly, his gaze moving to the knife he was holding against Will's skin. "I allowed you to live, and that means you became important to me. I allowed you to become my weakness. And if you die..." Hannibal said as he carefully pressed the tip of the knife to Will's neck a bit harder, moving it down slowly to make a small and superficial cut that would bleed just a little bit. "There is no reason for me to continue living."

Hannibal questioned the truth of his own words as he said them, but deep down he knew they were true.

Will gasped, but he didn't whine nor sob, he just nodded in agreement and did the exact same thing. The knife he was holding pierced Hannibal's skin, the cut getting larger as Will moved his knife down. He finally stopped once he saw the little streak of blood staining the soft wool material of Hannibal's sweater. Will smiled, almost happily, pulling the knife away, but not letting it go. He leaned close to Hannibal's neck carefully, making sure the teacher's knife wouldn't slice his throat and when his lips got so close to the cut, he opened his mouth and let his warm tongue lick the blood off very slowly and teasingly.

With a groan, Hannibal closed his eyes and pulled Will tighter against him, feeling a desperate need for the boy that he couldn't quite control - or wanted to. He felt as if he was awaking a side of Will the boy didn't know until that moment, a dark side, a side that would hurt and even kill someone if necessary. Or maybe just for fun, as Hannibal did. Hannibal wanted to encourage that side of Will, test its limits, see how dominant that would be. But most of all, now, he wanted to have the boy right there.

"Do you like how it tastes?" With a smirk, and still holding the knife, he moved his hand to the back of Will's head and grabbed his hair, pulling the boy's head back to expose his neck and lick and suck the blood from Will's skin.

"I caught you several times staring at my bleeding wrists or at my inner thigh…" Will muttered as Hannibal tasted his blood almost hungrily, humming and caressing Will's skin with his tongue. "I know you wanted to taste my blood because there was always something almost hungry in your eyes, like a wild animal watching its prey."

Hannibal placed his knife on the counter, then let go of Will's hair just to reach for the knife that was in the boy's hand as well and take it from him. He placed it next to the other. The food he was preparing could wait a bit more. He needed Will, and couldn't wait for it any longer.

He slowly slid his hands beneath Will's sweater, feeling the warm skin of the boy's back with his fingertips, and moved to kiss Will's lips instead, both of them sharing the taste of blood.

The hunger Will had previously felt was gone within seconds as his mind was filled with the promise of another fantastic sex coming up very soon. He moaned into Hannibal's mouth, his fingers gripping tightly at the man's hair. He squeezed the brown strands to the point when it must've hurt the man and at the same moment, he took the control of the kiss, pushing his tongue inside Hannibal's mouth to taste his own blood and to teasingly bite on the man's tongue.

That made Hannibal groan louder and wrap his arms tightly around the boy, pressing Will's body against his own. He never stopped kissing the boy, his perfect boy who managed to surprise him and fascinate him more and more. Will was everything, and Hannibal wanted him more than anything else in the world. He felt his cock getting hard and he pressed harder

against Will to make the boy feel it, growling into his mouth and biting his lower lip before resuming the kisses.

"Did my blood make you feel so aroused, Hannibal? Would you like to have sex with me right now?" Will's voice was almost daring at this point, he smirked when he pulled his lips away just to say this, the blue eyes going from Hannibal's own eyes to his delicious lips that now seemed to be puffy from all the kissing.

The boy smiled, his lover seemed to be just as aroused as Will was. "What would you like us to do? What do you want me to do to you?" He gave Hannibal the possibility of a choice as he stroked his cheek.

"I want your mouth," Hannibal said without thinking twice, moving one hand to Will's head to grip his hair. "I want your beautiful, delicious mouth around me." He leaned in to kiss the boy again, but only briefly, before he pulled back and smirked. "On your knees, Will."

"Oh? Time for commands?" Will said playfully before he kneeled on the ground, still fully dressed, just as Hannibal was too. He looked up at the man with a smile on his face, he knew Hannibal wouldn't purposely hurt him even if he decided to be rough during sex. Whilst dying in the middle of having sex would be something Jack Crawford would appreciate, Will certainly did not. He opened his mouth though to tease the teacher, showing that he was ready.

Hannibal smirked again, hands tightening on Will's curls, but he didn't move.

"You," Hannibal said, another command. He liked being in control, and Will obviously knew it. "You do it. Show me that you want it."

Will started touching Hannibal's thighs, just stroking them through the fabric of his trousers whilst he kept that cheeky smile on his face, "You couldn't live without me... because none of your models would give you as much as I do... never..." he muttered before he mouthed Hannibal's erection through his trousers, looking up at the man, "None of them could cherish you like I do... adore you like I do... be devoted to you like I am... nobody could..." he stopped there because until now they hadn’t talked about love. Hannibal groaned, pulling Will's hair slightly, burning with desire for the boy.

"Nobody could what, Will?" He asked, eyes fixed on the boy's as he looked down at him.

Will slowly undid Hannibal's pants and reached inside to pull out his throbbing erection, "Never mind... it's nothing... nobody could adore you the way I do, Hannibal... you and I belong together," he smiled at the man before he licked the tip of his cock and started sucking on it.

Hannibal moaned as he felt the boy sucking him, it felt so good it made it difficult to think. He held Will's head in place and pushed into the boy's mouth just slightly, watching the boy carefully. He didn't want to hurt Will or make the boy uncomfortable, but he wanted to fuck Will's mouth and maybe even teach the boy how to deepthroat him.

Seeing that Will didn't show signs of discomfort, he pushed in a bit further, sliding more of the shaft into the boy's mouth and groaning.

Will moaned around Hannibal's cock, glancing at the man only momentarily since the cock in his mouth was his priority at the moment. He started sucking harder, his mouth tightening around the shaft and every time Hannibal was almost out of him, he sucked at the tip and licked off the precum.

Hannibal groaned louder and didn't stop moving, pushing in and out of Will's mouth slowly as he held the boy's head in place. Then he wanted more, he wanted to push the whole shaft into Will's mouth, but he knew the boy had never done it before, so he would have to go slow.

He stopped moving, his hand going from Will's curls to touch the boy's neck.

"Relax," Hannibal said softly. "Look up at me, and try to relax your throat as much as you can."

Will raised an eyebrow before he understood what was about to happen. He gave Hannibal a little nod before relaxing as much as possible, even though there was a pinch of fear somewhere hidden in his mind, fear that he wouldn't be able to take Hannibal inside his mouth fully, or that Hannibal would be so rough and hurt him.

Hannibal held the boy's head firmly and pushed further into his mouth, slowly, carefully, knowing the boy would probably choke the first time. When he felt the tip of his cock touching the back of Will's throat, he let out a loud groan and pulled back immediately.

Will did choke, clutching at his throat as he started coughing. He could feel the tears at the back of his eyes, but he didn't let them stain his cheeks for he was in no pain and no danger at all. He straightened once more on the ground and looked up at Hannibal with apologetic smile.

"I’m sorry... it was a little unexpected, the whole feeling of having someone so deep in my mouth... without it being a dentist..." he snickered softly, stroking Hannibal's hip to give him at least some affection.

"So you mean you've had a dentist deep in your mouth, Will?" He asked asked with a smirk knowing what Will meant and knowing that the boy had never had anybody before him. "Now you're having a teacher in your mouth."

He touched Will's lips softly with his thumb, tracing the line of them slowly, loving to see Will kneeling in front of him like that, with tears in his eyes. Beautiful. He wrapped his fingers around his cock and touched Will’s chin with his free hand.

"N-no i didn't... I didn't mean..." Will was about to reply when Hannibal silenced him again, pushing his cock into his mouth. He opened nice and wide for the teacher to fit inside and when the man started pushing against the back of his throat, Will closed his eyes and tried his best to endure it without choking or throwing up. He would have to practice for this, somehow. He knelt on the floor with his hands curled into fists, both hands snaked around the man's waist. Still moving slowly, Hannibal continued pushing into Will's mouth, making the boy deepthroat him, then pulling back.

With other models before Will, he wouldn't be this careful - he would just tie them up very well and fuck their mouths roughly, whenever he felt like it. Some of them were used to it and would endure it very well, and others would choke and tears would run down their cheeks but Hannibal wouldn't stop until he came down their throats. This was *Will,* though. He needed to take care of Will in the best way he could. So he moved slowly, keeping eye contact as he thrust into the boy's mouth and groaned.

Will did wonder whether Hannibal ever showed even the slightest kindness to any of his previous models. He wondered if the man ever did what the models asked for, if he took their needs in concern, or if he just ruthlessly fucked them however he so desired without asking a damn thing. He kept his mouth as open as possible for the man, allowing him to move inside and outside his mouth as smoothly as possible. He was quite enjoying himself at this point, Hannibal made the sweetest sounds that Will just adored listening to.

After a while, Hannibal stopped, pulling his cock out of Will's mouth and kneeling down to kiss the boy's lips. He could taste his own precum on Will's tongue and that was so hot he groaned into the kiss, biting Will's lip when he pulled back. He immediately pushed Will's trousers and underwear down and took the boy's cock in hand, stroking him slowly, his free hand gripping Will's curls as he kissed the boy again.

The curly-haired boy groaned into the kiss and started returning it immediately as his whole body tensed when Hannibal started teasing him. He pressed himself tightly against Hannibal, his tongue pushing inside the man's mouth as he took the control of the kiss; something he discovered he quite liked. He wondered whether he would ever get the change to fuck Hannibal, if they could ever switch places.

"How... how do you want me?" He asked silently in between the kisses, his hands going up to Hannibal's face to stroke his cheeks.

"First of all, naked," Hannibal said with a smirk, pulling the boy's sweater up and off over his head, letting it fall on the floor. "And for now, I want you on all fours while I prepare you for me." He said as he pushed Will's trousers further down.

William more than gladly obliged to that as he stood up for a short moment only to pull down the pants - they were too big for him anyway - along with his underwear. When he was naked as Hannibal wanted him, he dropped to his knees again, leaning on his palms and waiting for Hannibal to do whatever he was planning on doing.

"What... what do you plan to do with me?" he asked partially curiously and partially in excitement, smiling when he saw that hungry expression on Hannibal's face.

Hannibal stood up and took his clothes off as well before kneeling behind Will again. "I told you. I'll prepare you for me," Hannibal said with a smirk as he slowly ran his hands all the way down the boy's back, stopping on his butt and squeezing his cheeks. He then leaned in and pressed a kiss to the middle of Will's spine, and started kissing all the way down his back as well.

Will felt his own body tensing with every new kiss. The boy gasped when his teacher almost reached his ass, he could feel his own heart skipping a beat and turned his head only slightly to see what the man was about to do. He couldn't be serious about this. He would wreck Will for sure, make him reach orgasm within ten seconds. The boy released the breath he was holding for a good minute now and relaxed there on all fours, waiting.

"Are you curious about how I'll do it?" Hannibal pressed a kiss to one of Will's cheeks, then bit hard on it, leaving the mark of his teeth behind. He smirked and pressed his tongue to the boy's entrance, licking him softly there. It made Will let out a shocked gasp and curl his hands into fists, moaning out loud. He clearly hadn’t expected such a string wave of pleasure to hit him this unexpectedly. He gritted his teeth and tried to stay on all fours the best he could, but everything was suddenly much harder when he was feeling so much pleasure. His body relaxed in a matter in seconds and he moaned again, closing his eyes whilst he moved his body more further to the back and towards Hannibal.

"Fuck... you're... you're good..."

Hannibal hummed in agreement, appreciating Will's words. He knew he was good, but hearing Will say it like that was even more arousing. Hannibal was painfully hard by now just by seeing Will like that, he wanted to fuck the boy so hard and so good the only thing Will would be able to focus on would be the pleasure. He wanted to be the only thing in the boy's mind forever.

"Mmm? Do you like this, darling boy?" Hannibal asked with a smirk, slowly licking around and trying to push his tongue inside. He wanted to make Will very relaxed for him, and that was definitely the best way to achieve it. "Do you think you could come just like this? I may try someday," he asked before he continued using his tongue to get Will open for him.

"I could so totally come like this... I... I will if you don't stop, Hannibal... I'll come like this and it's going to be very messy... and all over your floor," Will's voice was already so hoarse as he spoke between moans. He pushed his body even further, practically forcing himself to Hannibal, feeling the tongue touching him in places tongues certainly shouldn't be at. He arched his back, gasping for air.

Hannibal loved the way Will was responding, that was even more arousing than he had expected. He licked one finger, making it very slick with his saliva before he pushed it into Will firmly and as deep as it would go.

"Mmm, that would be a waste. I'd prefer to swallow it all," Hannibal said with a smirk. Will was very relaxed and Hannibal could move his finger easily, and the way the boy was moaning just made Hannibal more desperate for it. He pressed open mouthed kisses on Will's butt as he moved his finger inside the boy, humming softly at how tight and warm Will was inside.

"Hannibal... Hannibal... Oh God... I cannot handle this... oh my god, please... just end this sweet torture already and get inside me... I need, it I need you inside me... I need our bodies to become one," Will was out of breath, having less control over his body with every new movement of Hannibal's finger. The curly-haired boy, who's curls were now stuck to his sweaty forehead, turned his head again just to see his lover. Only the look at Hannibal kissing him like that and pushing his finger into him made Will moan as a school girl and he had to grit his teeth just to be less loud.

"Eager, are we?" Hannibal said with a smirk, pulling his fingers out just to lick another one and push two inside the boy this time. He wanted to give Will what the boy asked, but first he needed Will to be properly prepared and relaxed, especially because they were doing it without lube.

"Do you think you're ready for me, Will?"

"I am not sure if I am absolutely ready... but I am more than willing to try..." the boy said immediately, eagerly. Hannibal twisted and curled his fingers inside of him to touch his prostate, and he let out a moan that sounded more animal than human, losing the rest of control he still had. "F-Fuck me... please, I'm begging you, Hannibal."

Hannibal pulled his fingers out and wrapped his arms around Will's body, pulling him up and making Will rest his back against Hannibal's chest. Hannibal held him tightly there for a moment, kissing his shoulder softly, both of them kneeling on the floor and Will's body pressed again his lover's. "Take me in your mouth again and get me well slick and wet for you," he said in a low voice, next to the boy's ear.

Will had to pull away in order to do that - he turned around and took Hannibal inside his mouth again and started sucking on him, pressing his tongue against the pulsating shaft to leave as much saliva there as possible. When he was done, thinking this was enough, he sat on the floor in front of Hannibal and looked up at him with a question in his eyes.

Hannibal leaned in to press a kiss to the boy's lips.

"Lie down," he said as their lips parted, and slowly leaned over Will, making the boy lie on the floor. Hannibal lay on top of him and guided his cock into the boy - just the tip first, taking some time to kiss Will's neck and collarbones as he groaned at how good it felt to be inside Will again. Carefully, he pushed the rest of the shaft into the boy, until he was buried deep inside of Will's body and had the boy's legs around his waist. He knew Will would be sore after this, since the boy was being fucked for the second time on the same day. Hannibal kept kissing the boy's warm skin as he gave him some time to adjust, before starting to move slowly.

As if Will could read Hannibal's thoughts, he giggled into the man's ear, "Good God I'm going to be sore from this..." He couldn't complain, though. His teeth squeezed the teacher's earlobe playfully, pulling at it before Hannibal started moving inside him, which sent Will right to heaven. He gasped, laying his head on the cold ground, the squeeze of his thighs around his lover's waist tightening. Will's eyes closed and the boy let out a blissful sigh, indication that he was more than alright with Hannibal's current pace and position.

Wrapping his arms around Will's shoulders, Hannibal tangled one of his hands on Will's curls and buried his face on Will's neck, pressing more kisses there. "You're too good... I just can't resist you," the teacher said with a smile. He kept moving on the same pace, slowly but steadily, and it felt so good he was groaning repeatedly into the boy's neck, breathing heavily and occasionally moving to bite the boy's collarbone softly.

The way Hannibal's arms were wrapped around Will's shoulders, the way the man held the boy's head seemed protective, as if Hannibal was trying to hide Will from all the evil in the world, protect him from all the bad people; or that at least was the impression Will had, blind with the love he felt for his teacher. He kept his eyes opened to see the man's face, witness such an intimate moment. One of his legs moved further up Hannibal's back before it slid back down again, hooking legs together, squeezing Hannibal's waist even more. The boy let out a silent moan, lips pressed against Hannibal's ear.

Hannibal moved to kiss his lips softly and started thrusting faster into him, letting out a loud groan. It felt just right to hold Will this close to himself like this again, feeling the boy breathe and moan and shudder in his arms.

"Mine," Hannibal said possessively, loving to feel the boy's legs around him like that. "My sweet, good boy. You're so good, Will."

Will's cock was trapped between their bodies and being touched every time Hannibal moved, and Hannibal was sure he could make Will come just like that, whispering sweet words to his ear.

"Am I doing everything right? Are you enjoying yourself? Please... tell me... tell me that you're happy with me, that I'm good for you," Will's big blue eyes stared into Hannibal's in a silent plea; the boy wishing for nothing else but his hopes to be confirmed. All he cared about was making Hannibal happy and whilst the man did look like he was enjoying himself, Will

needed to hear it as well. He started covering the teacher's shoulder with small kisses as he waited for the answer, feeling unsure all of a sudden.

"You make me so happy," Hannibal said softly, staring into those beautiful eyes beneath him. Hannibal could see that Will was insecure, but there was no need for that - the boy was the source of all Hannibal's happiness now.

Hannibal let out a moan as he thrust harder into Will's body, pressing his lips to the boy's throat and sucking a purple bruise there. "You're my everything," he muttered, lips brushing the soft skin of Will's neck.

"Hannibal... I... I love you... And I never want to be without you, because that would be the worst torture imaginable for me." Will's words were sincere as he whispered them to the man, hoping Hannibal wouldn't laugh at him. Love, what a stupid weakness, one might say. But for Will love was everything. He'd never received much love from his own parents, especially after he told them he wantes to study arts. He'd never had a boyfriend or girlfriend or anyone who had fallen in love with him, or had anyone to send Valentine's card to, pick a special Christmas present for. Will never truly loved or was loved until now.

Love . This is exactly what Hannibal wanted from Will - wanted Will to love him back, wanted to be Will's whole world.

And Hannibal loved him back, in way. He loved to own the boy, loved the fact that the boy belonged to him, was his to keep. Still, what he felt for Will was stronger than love. The boy was part of him, and everything Hannibal couldn’t lose. And he would do whatever was necessary to keep Will forever.

“I love you, Will,” he breathed.

"You do?" Will's eyes seemed to lighten up in that moment, he wasn't expecting Hannibal to say this at all. He just thought the man was obsessed with him, not actually in love with him. This made Will's heart skip a beat, he looked Hannibal in the eyes and before the teacher could say anything, Will pulled him close for a loving kiss. His fingers tangled in Hannibal's hair, squeezing tightly. Hannibal returned the kiss and took control of it, thrusting harder and groaning into the boy's mouth. He was still holding the boy tightly.

"You're perfect to me," Hannibal whispered against the boy's lips as he pulled back from the kiss. "Mine, all mine," Hannibal growled and attacked the boy's neck again with open mouthed kisses.

"Of course I am yours... only yours and nobody else's..." Will muttered these words against Hannibal's hair when he buried his nose there. The entire world around them stopped existing, it was only Hannibal, the man who mattered to Will more than anybody else. The boy moaned again, feeling himself getting close to reaching a strong orgasm. "Hannibal... I'm going to... I'm..."

"Yes," Hannibal growled against Will's skin, biting on the boy's collarbone, hard enough to leave the marks of his teeth, but not to draw blood. "Yes, Will, come for me..." He was breathless, thrusting harder into the boy, and he knew that when Will came, it would push him over the edge too. All he needed was to feel the boy's body tensing in his arms and hear the delicious moans Will would let out.

"I am... oh my God... *Hannibal!"* Will screamed as he came all around his own and Hannibal's stomach, his semen immediately smudging everywhere since Hannibal didn't stop moving. Will couldn't stop moaning at this point, his body was getting more and more sensitive with every thrust and soon he was nothing but a whining mess, holding onto Hannibal for dear life.

"Yes," Hannibal growled into Will's neck and held Will tighter, the way Will clenched around him was heavenly and the boy's moans just made him more aroused. He could feel his own orgasm building, and came just a few seconds after the boy, biting on his collarbone at the same time to mark him. His sharp teeth sank into Will's skin and they didn't draw blood, but after Hannibal pulled back he could see the purple marks on the boy's skin.

"Oh fuck me... oh my God... that was... oh God... it was so strong... I can't move..." the boy was just blabbering at this point, not making much sense. He sighed and then smiled; a genuine smile of happiness as he looked at the teacher and took him by his chin gently only to pull him closer and join their lips in a soft kiss. "I love you..." he hummed in all his excitement then.

Hannibal moaned softly into the kiss, lips moving slowly with the boy's. He smiled then, feeling very happy with the fact that Will was so in love with him already. "And I love you, Will," Hannibal muttered against the boy's lips, and only then opened his eyes to look at him. He wouldn’t mind repeating those words every day just to make the boy happy - and make the boy fall in love with him even more.

"But I'm feeling cold..." the curly-haired boy said after being quiet for a moment and just staring at Hannibal, admiring his beauty. He still couldn't believe Hannibal was his, his and nobody else's. But he also still couldn’t understand just why the teacher wouldn't allow him to have any friends.

"Warm bath now, come on," Hannibal said with a smile, kissing Will's lips one more time and pulling out of him and standing up. He grabbed Will's hands and pulled the boy up with him, then retrieved their clothes from the floor and pulled Will with him, upstairs to his bathroom.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Again, suicide mention, a lot more than before lol. Sorry for the late update (again).

Later on that same day, Will started working on the suicidal letter for his parents. What he thought wouldn't be something hard actually proved out to be nearly impossible. The boy struggled with finding the right words and the right reasons except for throwing the blame on Oliver Burns, which did not make even half a page. No, his parents deserved better, they deserved a better letter than some accusing scribbles on a crumpled piece of paper. He sighed and leaned against the headboard of the bed in Hannibal's bedroom; the still warm cup of tea by his side and a fuzzy blanket lying across his legs and hips to keep him warm.

Hannibal walked out of the bathroom into the bedroom, finding Will exactly where he had left him. He knew Will wasn't being very successful in writing that letter - that it was hard for the boy to do it.

"Do you need help?" Hannibal asked, climbing on the bed and getting under the blanket with Will.

"It just... every time I write something I just feel like it's not good enough, like... my parents deserve more than a shitty letter," Will moved a bit to the side to give Hannibal more space on the bed.
He didn't mind if the man decided to take the whole blanket, he was too focused on the letter now to care about blankets. As he looked at the words he wrote over and over he disliked them more and more every second and eventually he ended up tearing the paper from the notebook, crumbling it and throwing it on the floor.

"You need to let them know that it wasn't their fault," Hannibal said softly, lifting his hand to touch the boy's curls softly, “but that you weren't happy with your life, that you couldn't take it anymore. The pressure at home, the bullying at school, maybe some secret inquired love... A broken heart is always a good reason."

"You're right... I was thinking of mentioning Burns and his group since they did make me feel miserable with their bullying... quite a lot," Will nodded in agreement as he was now staring at new sheet of paper. He shook his head and bit on his lower lip, "I want to explain myself as much as possible since this is the last letter I'm ever sending to them... there's no second chance for this," he added with his voice dropping an octave.

"That's true," Hannibal said as he leaned in and pressed a kiss to Will's shoulder. He wrapped one arm around the boy and rested his head on Will's left shoulder so he could see everything the boy was going to write, "Let them know that you loved them. It's your last chance."

"I loved them so much... they were great parents... always wanted the best for me even though they didn't agree with my choice of university, they still supported me nonetheless," Will smiled a bit when he remembered his parents.
At that moment he felt just as if they were gone forever and he was sending a letter to heaven instead of a suicidal note. His head turned to Hannibal's face, "Will you check on them? From time to time just to make sure they're safe? Please."

Hannibal smiled fondly at the boy, realizing that he couldn't say no to him. He cared about Will too much, and the boy's happiness was important to him. Will was asking for something harmless, so there was no reason for Hannibal to deny him that.

"Yes," he said softly, wrapping his arms around the boy more tightly and kissing his forehead. Hannibal wondered if someday he would have to kill Will's parents for whatever reason and how Will would react to that, "I'll keep an eye on them for you."

"Thank you... I wouldn't want them to be too sad about my death... I want them to be happy, to start a new life without me, maybe adopt a child," Will smiled as well, turning his eyes back to the paper then, "they're good people, they deserve to have a calm and normal life; without me."

His hand tightened around the pen he was holding and suddenly he started writing down all the emotions that gathered in his heart the moment he realised he would never see his parents again. He made sure to include everything he wanted, not mentioning Hannibal one bit in the whole thing.

Hannibal watched, reading every word Will wrote to see if they were adequate and if Will wasn't going to talk about him or say anything that could indicate Will was lying. Everything seemed to make sense in the letter, though, and so when Will finished, Hannibal took the pen and paper from his hands and placed them on the bedside table next to himself.

"I'm so proud of you," Hannibal cupped the boy's face and kissed his forehead fondly, muttering against his skin. "My amazing, brilliant Will."

At this point, even though he wasn't planning so, Will started crying, little tears running down his pale cheeks. After all, this was a very emotional step for him, he was saying farewell to his parents forever with this; he would never have the chance to hug his mother or receive a pat on the shoulder from his father. The curly-haired boy looked Hannibal in the eyes, nodding to indicate he understood the man's words.

Hannibal pulled Will closer, resting the boy's head on his chest. He kissed the top of his head and let him cry, because even though he didn't want Will to care so much about his parents, Hannibal understood that it was hard for the boy to say goodbye.

They had already had dinner, it was night already and Hannibal thought that Will would probably fall asleep soon. His arms were wrapped around the boy protectively, lovingly.

"I am sorry, Hannibal... I didn't want to... to look so whiny... and teary... this won't... it won't happen again... me collapsing like this... I know it must hurt you when I cry like this for somebody else... I am so sorry, my love... forgive me," the reason to Will's tears changed from mourning over his parents to having an anxiety attack due to the feeling of not making Hannibal happy enough. The boy decided to cling to Hannibal for his dear life, he squeezed the man's shoulder whilst his other hand wrapped around Hannibal's waist; still crying.

"I don't like seeing you crying for somebody else," Hannibal confessed, arms wrapped very tightly around the boy. His boy. "You're mine, I should be the only reason for your tears."

Hannibal felt so jealous of Will's parents, the way Will seemed to love them bothered him, for he wanted Will to love him only. Suffer for him, only.

"But I forgive you," he said then. "This time, you're allowed to cry for them."

"How will... how will you send the letter? You cannot... walk to the post office and just send a letter to my parents... somebody might see you... you'd have to... maybe go to the house and throw it in the mail box... in some disguise..." the boy said against Hannibal's collarbones since that was currently the place where his face was buried at. The tears wouldn't stop

falling down his cheeks, but he didn't bother with them for now on; Hannibal allowed him to cry.

Hannibal thought about it for a moment, for he would still have to decide how to send the letter.

"It's alright, I'll find a way to do it," Hannibal said softly, feeling as Will's tears soaked his shirt. "I don't want you to worry about anything anymore. We're together, and it'll be just the two of us for as long as we live, and we'll be happy."

"Yes... yes of course..."

Will took another half an hour to calm down, listening to nothing but Hannibal's breathing and the beating of his heart. He didn't even realise how quickly it happened, but suddenly his eyes were unable to stay focused, his own breath calmed down and he fell asleep on top of Hannibal, snoring just a little to add to the overall cuteness of it all. His curly hair were falling to his eyes; another thing Hannibal would have to take care of.

Hannibal caressed Will's hair as the boy slept, then slowly moved to make Will lie properly on the bed so he could lie as well. He wrapped his arm around the boy then, feeling and hearing him breathe, and watched the boy sleep for half of the night, until he fell asleep as well.

xxx

The moment Will woke up again the second day in the morning, he fount Hannibal by his side, still asleep. The look at the man was way too charming, Hannibal's hair was all messy and everywhere and the man looked absolutely adorable. Will had to smile as he watched the man sleeping, he even moved more close to him and rested his lips against the man's forehead, then cheek and eventually chin.

Hannibal woke up feeling Will's soft kisses and smiled, pressing the boy closer to him. He opened his eyes slowly and buried his hand on the boy's hair that was quite all over the place now, pressing a soft kiss to the boy's lips.

"Good morning, Will."

"Good morning, Hannibal.." Will replied silently, not wanting to raise his voice during this lazy morning. He appreciated a whole lot that he didn't have to wake up in the basement, naked and cold; now he was in warm bed with a man who was providing even more warmth for him, combined with kisses and the feeling of being loved. Will bitterly realised that despite Hannibal's flaws, and there were many, the man truly devoted himself to him and was willing to give him almost anything.

"Did you sleep well?" Hannibal asked, not even letting Will pull away, just speaking against the boy's lips before kissing him softly again. He couldn't get enough of Will's lips, they felt so soft Hannibal wanted to kiss them forever.

"It was alright, thank you... you slept well too?" Will couldn't complain, these morning kisses were definitely better than the horror he felt every morning when he woke up in the cold basement. His eyes closed as he ran a hand through Hannibal's soft hair, stroking through it lovingly whilst he returned the kiss with all the love he felt towards the man.

"Yes," Hannibal said as Will pulled back. There was something he wanted to talk to Will about, something that would probably be tricky. He sighed and decided to tell the boy what he was thinking and see how Will would react.

"I was watching you sleep last night and thinking. I don't want to paint you anymore, or kill you and send a painting of you somewhere. You're mine, you're too beautiful to be seen by other people who can't appreciate how perfect you are," Hannibal said, fingertips touching Will's cheek softly. "I want to paint someone else, though. I miss it. I need to choose a new model."

Will frowned and blinked in confusion, "A new model? But what does that mean for me? Does it mean I'll return to the basement? Will I have to stay downstairs whilst you tie down that person and use them to your pleasure?" The questions were falling from him so quickly he didn't even remember all of them.

"Will you sleep with them too? Tell them how beautiful they are... how special you will make them feel."

"No... They will stay in the basement, not you," Hannibal said calmly, caressing Will's hair. Will was an exception to all rules in Hannibal's life, including the one where he would never let anyone see or be in contact with a current model. Now he was allowing Will to know what he planned to do, and obviously the boy would see the new model and maybe even help Hannibal take care of him or her.

"I'm not sure about sleeping with them. I don't sleep with all of them, Will," Hannibal knew the boy would feel jealous if he had sex with a new model, though. He didn't want to make the boy feel bad - well, he hadn't chosen a new model yet. If they were truly beautiful maybe Hannibal would want to have sex with them, even if he needed to manipulate Will into letting him do it.

"You know nobody could be as special as you are... But I need a new one. You were supposed to be in a painting, but you're not, so I need a substitute. Someone who looks good, very good. Would you have any suggestion?"

Will thought of this for a moment, trying to find someone in his mind, someone who'd be worthy of a painting. In his mind he went through all his classmates, people he knew from school, mall, everywhere he went... but he always came back to the one man in his head, the answer for this question was way too easy.

"Jack Crawford, he has a very nice body... and he's lovely," he muttered silently when he looked up to Hannibal's face.

Hannibal froze for a moment, not even realizing he was holding his breath.

So Jack Crawford had a nice body? How much of Crawford's body did Will know? Hannibal gripped Will's hair and pulled.

"What do you mean nice body?" He asked, a hint of anger in his voice. "Have you seen it? Touched it? Do you feel attracted to Jack Crawford, Will? Would you let him fuck you if he wanted to?"

"We were just messing around a bit when we were drunk... you know how people do silly this when they're drunk, Jack goes to the gym quite often, he has a very nice muscular body... he tried to make me go to gym with him, but I knew I'd only lose weight and not gain any muscles," Will wasn't in a lot of trouble just yet, therefore his voice was rather calm at this point, "he always shows off his muscles when he's drunk... and we only kissed once, but we

were absolutely wasted in his house... if this didn't happen... if you hadn't... taken me and Jack wanted, then probably yes, I'd want him to be my first because I trust him."

"It won't be, though. You're mine. Do you understand?" Hannibal asked seriously. He wasn't sure if he wanted to have Crawford as a model if Will felt like that for the boy. What if Will wanted to sleep with Crawford before Hannibal killed him? Would Will even agree with killing Crawford? Hannibal didn't usually feel jealous, but this time he was.

"If we do this," Hannibal started, "I don't want you to ask me to not kill him. Understand? He will die. I hope you know."

Will blinked in surprise as if he just realised something, "Then don't choose him... it's not like I'll ever see him again, Hannibal, I am here with you forever... till my heart stops beating... and I love you, I will never leave you, I promised you that," he reached out for Hannibal's hands, squeezing them both tightly, "Please... don't choose him as your next model... forget what I said, Hannibal, there's so many more students... I'd love to see you murder Oliver Burns... that would bring me the biggest feeling of satisfaction."

"Oliver Burns is not the kind of model I look for," Hannibal said, thinking that between Burns and Crawford he would prefer Crawford. Jack did indeed look good.

"Jack Crawford is quite handsome, though. And did you say he goes to the gym? So he probably likes to eat healthy food." Hannibal said, already thinking about how good would Jack's meat taste.

"Hannibal... don't... no, please, don't do that, please... I'm begging you, you have so many students in our school... please forget about Jack, no, you don't want him, please... leave him and my parents alone... I will never see them again, I want to keep them safe though, I'm begging you," Will started shivering, feeling the anxiety already hitting on him.

"You like him. You still care so much about him," Hannibal wouldn't say it in words, but that bothered him a lot.

Will wasn't supposed to care about anybody else. He could accept that Will cared about his parents, because those were the people who raised him. But he couldn't accept Will caring so much about Jack Crawford. The boy had to die now. It was decided.

"If I decide to kill him will you stand against me?"

"Yes...

I will... because getting rid of Jack just because we were best friends and you're jealous isn't the solution... especially given to the fact that I've confessed my love to you here, I promised you I would never leave you... even if you put my parents here, even if you invited Jack to the house, I wouldn't leave you, my heart is here... it is here," he touched Hannibal's chest, right where his heart was beating, "and it's never leaving this place... so why would you want to hurt me so much and willingly?"

Because I don't want anyone in your life or in your mind that isn't me , Hannibal thought, but didn't say. He didn't say anything for a while, just looked at Will, feeling the boy's hand on his chest.

Hannibal wouldn't feel remorse for killing Jack, even if he had to watch Will crying and grieving, but he wondered if killing Crawford was worth it, if Will wouldn't maybe miss the boy even more if he was dead.

People were like this, weren't they? Hannibal didn't want Will to miss Crawford. Will didn't need anybody else in his life.

"Right... I'll think about it," Hannibal agreed, grabbing Will's hand and kissing it softly.

"Oh, thank you... thank you, my love, thank you," Will pulled himself closer only to be able to kiss Hannibal's forehead, "I knew you loved me... that you wouldn't do this to me... especially since you know that nobody could fight for my heart... it's yours," he stroked Hannibal's cheek then, smiling softly at the teacher in front of him. A tiny flame of hope flickered in his head, hope that he now saved Jack's life.

Hannibal pulled Will for a soft kiss, looking at the watch on the bedside table to see that it was 7am.

"I need to go to the school today," Hannibal said, caressing the boy's hair. "Just during the morning, though."

The curly-haired boy looked at the alarm clock as well before nodding slowly and straightening himself on the bed, "Can I have a quick bath before you lock me in the basement, please? I'd like to brush my teeth and shave..." he shrugged almost innocently, knowing that there was no way in heavens Hannibal would leave him wandering around freely in his house.

"Yes. We can have a shower together, if you want," Hannibal said with a little smile. He would, of course, lock Will in the basement after that. The boy was proving to actually want to stay with him lately, but Hannibal still didn't trust it completely and probably never would.

"Sure, why not?" the boy's reaction was basically immediate, he didn't take long to get off the bed and head to the bathroom on his own by now, presuming Hannibal would follow soon after.

The moment Will arrived to the bathroom, he immediately noticed the stubble on his jaw that made him look, in his own opinion, like an idiot. His face wasn't ready for stubble, not yet anyway as Will realised whilst he was rubbing his jaw.

Hannibal entered the bathroom and smiled at the boy.

"Yes, we'll take care of that as well," he said before taking his clothes off and turning the shower on.

Hannibal walked to the boy and started undressing him too, and when he finished he pulled Will into the shower with him. He had a little time to spend with Will before going to the school, he didn't need to be there at 8 precisely. In fact he wished he could just stay at home with Will all day.

"I believe I am capable of shaving myself just fine, Hannibal... although I appreciate that you want to help me that much... I truly do," the boy almost blushed, happy the teacher couldn't

see it because of all the water dripping down his face. He raised his eyes to the man and smiled, "Can I.. maybe I'm asking for too much... but could I go to the basement with some clothes on this time, please? Just a jumper if you don't want to give me too much... please?" he tried for his best puppy eyes.

"Yes," Hannibal said softly, pulling Will closer to him to kiss the boy's lips softly, just because he liked feeling Will's wet skin against his own. "You can wear my clothes. By the way, after school I'll shop for some clothes for you, alright?"

"That would be marvelous, Hannibal, thank you," Will replied with another dashing smile. His hands rested on Hannibal's chest, fingers softly running through the wet chest hair as the boy buried his face in Hannibal's neck, lips immediately finding a sweet spot of skin to suck on. He didn't stop until there was a visible mark on the man's neck, something he would cary with himself to school.

Hannibal smirked and caressed Will's back as the boy sucked on his neck, knowing that it wouldn't be easy to hide that mark. He liked that, though, it showed him how much Will wanted him.

They didn't stay too long in the shower, and soon they were done and standing in front of the sink with their towels wrapped around their waists while Hannibal gently started shaving Will's face.

Will stayed still, extending his neck to the side as much as he could to make this easier for Hannibal. Despite trusting the man, the boy still felt a bit uneasy with a razor pressed against his throat like this.

He remembered just how hungrily did Hannibal suck on his blood yesterday when they had sex in the kitchen; this all made him wonder whether Hannibal planned on drinking his blood after murdering him.

He waited patiently, leaning against the sink and keeping an eye contact with his own reflection in the mirror.

The razor slid so smoothly on Will's skin that Hannibal was quite enjoying the beauty of it.

He wondered how beautiful it would be if he cut Will's throat now, to slice his carotid open and watch as the blood spilled on the mirror and his own hand, how warm Will's blood would feel, how beautiful the shade of red would look like against his skin, against the white sink. He wondered what it would feel like, to hold Will's lifeless body in his arms, waiting for him to bleed out and watching his skin turn pale.

Beautiful.

Will would look beautiful, dead or alive. But Hannibal liked him better alive, so he finished shaving the boy easily and quite quickly, after having so much practice with himself and previous models.

Once they were done, something inside Will calmed down. He wasn't dead, that was a very good sign. His blue eyes found Hannibal again and he pulled the man closer to himself, joining their lips in a rather demanding kiss. To his own surprise, he had to hiss the moment he leaned against the sink and pressed his arse against the porcelain; the pain wasn't as terrible as he expected it to be, but his arse was definitely sore and he doubted Hannibal could have great fun with it throughout the day at all.

Hannibal chose clothes for himself and Will, letting the boy wear a warm sweater, along with one of Hannibal's underwear and trousers.

Then the both of them had a quick breakfast followed by Hannibal taking Will back to the basement again, leaving him there with a soft goodbye kiss and locking the door after he left, leaving the light on. He also left some books there for Will to spend the morning without him.

He went to the school as he normally did, and people still talked about Will Graham's disappearance in the corridors and even in the classrooms. Hannibal paid more attention to Jack Crawford that day then he had in the others, when all he could see and want was Will.

Jack Crawford had quite the potential to be one of Hannibal's models, Hannibal had to admit the boy had a beautiful body and a perfect brown skin. Hannibal was still considering the option of taking Jack Crawford to his basement and painting him, even if Will stood against him.

Jack Crawford noticed the way Lecter was staring at him and there was something rather uncomfortable in the look that it made the boy shiver. His eyes net with the teacher's way too often for his liking; the memory of Jack texting Hannibal when he was drunk at Will's place was still taunting him. He tried to pay attention to his notes only, although every now and then he raised his eyes to the older man just to find out he was being watched constantly.

After the class, Jack packed his stuff, knowing his girlfriend was waiting for him; yet he didn't quite leave. He walked over to Hannibal's table, clearing his throat before he spoke, "Um, Mr Lecter? Is there something wrong? I noticed you were eyeing me for quite a while... do you have any news about Will?"

Hannibal looked up at Jack Crawford, wondering if he could just tell the boy he knew something about Will and drag the boy into his car, take him home. That was something he needed to think about, though.

"No," Hannibal said sadly. "Nothing, unfortunately. All I know is that the police thinks he ran away from home, which I'm still not sure if I believe," Hannibal sighed, organizing his things. "I was wondering if you knew anything."

Jack's face saddened and the boy shook his head, accompanied with a sigh, "Nothing, no texts no emails, it's as if he just vanished from this world, nothing," he rubbed the back of his head and then rolled his eyes, "I feel like those bloody cops aren't doing anything... they're just walking around, poking at things... but you don't see any serious outcome off of it," he said angrily as his eyes turned to Hannibal's desk.

"I feel the same," Hannibal said with a sad expression, as if that was a bad thing. To Hannibal, that was great. "I tried asking them questions, but they didn't want to answer."

Hannibal stood up, ready to leave. "If you know anything about him, please let me know."

"I will do my best, Mr Lecter, I promise," Jack nodded in agreement before throwing his bag over one shoulder and leaving the class. He wasn't sure if he believed Hannibal 100%, he didn't trust any of the teachers he sent the text message to that night. The fact that Hannibal replied unlike the others made him even greater suspect.

xxx

Later that morning, Hannibal left the school and went shopping for clothes for Will. He chose some clothes for the boy according to what the boy liked to wear on school days, especially the skinny jeans.

When he went back home, the first thing he did was going down to the basement to see Will, taking the bags with clothes with him.

The door opened and there he was, Hannibal Lecter in his deadly beauty, holding some bags as he descended down the stairs, his eyes glued to Will just as Will's were glued to Hannibal. The boy rested the book he was reading on the sofa next to himself, standing up and heading to the man with a smile on his face.

"My love... good afternoon," he said cheerfuly when he reached Hannibal.

Leaving the bags on the couch, Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and kissed the boy softly, pulling Will close to his chest. He hoped Will would like the clothes and feel happy about them. He smiled against the boy's lips.

"Take a look at them," Hannibal said, proud of himself for choosing nice clothes for Will. The boy would be a lot happier now, he was sure, and all because of him. "Tell me what you think."

The boy paid little attention to the bags at all, it wasn't until Hannibal specifically told him to look at them. He unwillingly parted from his lover and walked over to the bags, slowly unpacking everything and laying it on the sofa one by one.

There were three pairs of skinny jeans in there, four button-up shirts, each one in different colour, some normal t-shirts, grey,white and black, pairs of socks and underwear and on top of everything a winter coat with some beanie for winter times and a leather jacket for the summer. Third bag then consisted of two pairs of shoes. Seeing all of these clothes almost brought tears to Will's eyes.

"Hannibal... that had to be... had to be so expensive.." Will gasped the moment he was done with looking through all that stuff.

"So what do you think?" Hannibal asked, smiling at the boy. "Of course I can buy you more clothes whenever you want, and if you didn't like some of them it's alright," he said as he approached the boy and wrapped his arms around him from behind.

"I think you'll look beautiful in them, though, but then again you always look beautiful," the teacher smiled and pressed a kiss to the boy's neck. Will belonged to him, he seemed to belong to him more and more each day and that made him very happy.

"It's beautiful," that was everything Will could say at that moment, he was absolutely speechless just watching all of these expensive gorgeous clothes, all of them from brands Will could never afford and only dreamed of.

"Do you want me to try them on for you?" he asked shortly after the first sentence, little sparks of excitement shining in his eyes, he was more than ready to become a short-time model here for Hannibal.

Hannibal's smile widened, that was more than he was expecting and he loved the idea. He wouldn't miss the opportunity of seeing Will trying out all those clothes for him.

"Yes," he said as he sat on the couch and crossed his legs, joining his hands on his lap, eager to see his boy undressing in front of him. "Show me how good you look in them."

"Aye aye captain," Will giggled, already pulling his jumper over his head so that he could take on the first button-up shirt that was the closest to him. The fabric was so soft that it made Will sigh in pleasure, something he never did before regarding clothes. He slid the shirt over his shoulders and started buttoning it up, the size was perfect, it was not too wide or long, but firmly sticking to Will's skinny torso.

Once he boy had his shirt on, he pulled down the pyjama pants and even Hannibal's underwear he wore beneath it, being way too eager to try the new one when he had the chance. His long legs slid into the jeans so easily, so smoothly and the fabric seemed to make Will's legs look even longer, almost heavenly long.

Hannibal watched Will with hunger in his eyes - the boy looked simply gorgeous in his new clothes, with those messy curls and bright blue eyes.

Will Graham was simply stunning, and Hannibal was glad that he could have the boy only for himself now, because he was sure anybody who saw Will would want him. He smiled at the boy.

"You look absolutely gorgeous," Hannibal said, his eyes traveling up and down Will's body. "I can't decide if I want to have you right now on this couch or if I want to wait and see you try out the other clothes."

"That's going to be a tiny bit difficult... because you see, because we didn't use the lubricant last time.. my arse is a bit sore right now and I'm not sure if I could take you inside," Will muttered, running a hand through his curls as he looked at his skinny legs in those skinny jeans. Man, did he look fancy. He turned around in a circle and smiled at Hannibal, "I'm absolutely loving the jeans, you picked them so well," he hummed happily.

Hannibal smiled. If Will couldn't take him now, he had other ideas to make things work. He was willing to have Will in any possible way, especially after seeing the boy running his hand through his own hair like that.

"I'm loving it as well, they look even better on you..." Hannibal lowered his voice. "But you look better without them."

"Don't make me blush..." Will giggled, something that sounded almost like a giggle of a small child; unbuttoning the shirt quickly with his long fingers and putting on only the ordinary shirt so he could try on the leather jacket this time.

For sure, Hannibal visibly had a good eye for sized because the jacket fit like a dream and Will did another victory twirl with it. His legs unexpectedly tangled, one into another, and he fell over, heading right into Hannibal's lap or more precisely on his leg since the man's legs were crossed. That hurt, Hannibal's knees were sharp and when they met with Will's soft hip skin, the boy hissed, already knowing he'd have a bruise.

"I'm so sorry... I'm a mess," he heard himself say with an apologetic laughter.

Hannibal pulled Will even closer, his arms wrapped around the boy to hold him properly on his lap. "You can stay here," Hannibal muttered, smirking. "I don't mind."

Keeping one hand on Will's back, he rested the other on the boy's thigh and caressed it. "Very nice clothes indeed, aren't they?" He said as he leaned in and kissed the boy's lips softly - it surprised him how he wanted Will so much all the time and couldn't control it, he felt like he needed the boy like air.

"The clothes are actually perfect... but you shouldn't have spent so much money on me, I just

feel like I cannot repay you in any way and that bothers me. All I can do is draw you, something I want to do anyway because you're just way too gorgeous for this world," Will's words, sweet like honey were joined by the boy's arms wrapping around the man's neck. He sat better on his lover's lap, feeling that so far he and Hannibal were both calm and reasonable adults instead of two hungry animals.

"You repay me just by being here," Hannibal said, as if he hadn't forced the boy to stay with him in the first place.

Those times were gone though, and his beautiful boy had realized how good their life could be if they stayed together, and now they were happy. "You are the one who's too gorgeous for this world. Too precious, too good..." He lifted his hand from Will's thigh to his hair, running his fingers through those messy curls. "All mine..." He whispered as he leaned in again for another kiss.

"I now feel like you've find me when I was just so lost in life and when my life had no direction anyway.." Will sighed silently as he returned the kiss and shivered afterwards, knowing that Hannibal was using this tactic only to get himself and Will needy.

Small kisses coming very close one after another, it was effective already. Will closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against Hannibal's, "I was so alone... and then I met you and you brought so much light to my life."

"As you brought light into mine," Hannibal smiled, his fingertips trailing down Will's neck and back, following the line of his spine. Will looked gorgeous in that jacket, but Hannibal needed to take it off. He needed to feel the warmth of Will's skin again.

"You make me so happy, my darling. From the moment I met you, I knew I needed to bring you here... Now I know why," Hannibal finished his sentence with another kiss, but not just a soft kiss this time, instead he pushed his tongue into Will's mouth and kissed him deeply, placing his hand on the back of the boy's neck again, holding him firmly.

"God this could've had a completely different ending if you were nothing but a regular teacher... you'd reply to my text differently that one night, request us to meet and we would fuck in your car on some dusty parking lot, sweaty bodies pressed against one another in the complete darkness..." Will's lips pulled away from Hannibal's only so they could press against the man's earlobe, "the next day we'd be both so embarrassed and confused, but so needy at the same time. We wouldn't know how to treat this situation, who was supposed to make the other step... until I'd stay late in the class and you invite me to you office... oh we would fuck on your desk, with all the tests and home works," he laughed softly, his breath tickling Hannibal's earlobe for sure.

"Would you want that?" Hannibal asked with a smirk, loving the way Will's lips were teasing him. "I'd fuck you every day after class," he said, leaning in to speak and breathe against Will's neck. "I wouldn't be able to resist you, sitting there, looking at me the whole time with hungry eyes. People would notice."

He started kissing Will's neck, alternating open mouthed kisses with soft bites, humming in

content. "I'd probably lose my job then... But I'd marry you, and we would be... Just as happy as we are now."

"We would be happier.." Will shook his head slowly, not wanting to pull away too much from Hannibal and his amazing kisses, "we would be happier than we are right now because we wouldn't have to hide, we could walk down the street hand in hand, we could go shopping together, we could go to the cinema or a theatre, exhibitions... oh all the paintings," Will's teeth squeezed at Hannibal's earlobe, tugging at it, "Van Gogh, Friedrich... Rembrandt... all of them I could see with you... and we would be married, I would be married to such a fantastic artist, inspiring me every day..." even though his voice got much lower, the squeeze of his teeth was stronger now as he moved them to Hannibal's neck too, biting on it before he spoke again, "Instead I am locked in here as a princess in the tower all day and night just so nobody could see me... because they all need to think I'm dead."

"Because you're mine, you belong to me and nobody else. Only I can touch you, only I can have you and look at you..." Hannibal threw his head back to enjoy Will's kisses, exposing his neck to the boy as much as he could, his hands on Will's waist now. "Because you are too beautiful, too precious, and nobody else is worth of seeing you... Nobody else."

" *One way or another I'm gonna find ya...I'm gonna get ya* ," Will's voice dropped another octave as he started singing against Hannibal's neck, his lips brushing as he opened them to mouth another words, " *One way or another I'm gonna win ya..I'm gonna get ya get ya* ," the song sounded more sinister and creepy than the original version Will always remembered since his mother was all crazy about Blondie.

His version was more dark, dark as the bruise he finished on Hannibal's neck before going on with the song, " *One way or another I'm gonna see ya...I'm gonna meet ya. One day, maybe next week...I'm gonna meet ya, I'm gonna meet ya...* " his teeth buried in the flesh harshly and when they pulled back, thet left a dark visible bruise behind.

Hannibal groaned in pain and pleasure, the pressure of Will's teeth on his skin sending shivers through his body and making his cock twitch and harden even more. That boy would was his downfall, he had to be, and Hannibal should end that all and kill him, but he couldn't imagine his life without Will Graham anymore. Without that perfect voice whispering in his ear, without those lips, those eyes, his perfect, gorgeous boy. He definitely needed Will like air.

" *I will drive past your house...* " Hannibal continued, his voice low as he slid the jacket off Will's shoulders. " *And if the lights are all down, I'll see who's around...* " He let the jacket fall at his feet and slid his hands under Will's shirt slowly.

Will's lips stretched into a lazy smile as he lifted his hands above his head to allow Hannibal to pull the shirt over his head and hopefully throw it at the sofa this time instead of on the floor since these were after all brand new clothes.

" *One way or another I'm gonna get you... I'm gonna get you...* " he hummed, cupping Hannibal's face with both of his hands and lifting his head up to expose more of his neck to himself. His lips once again attacked the skin, this time sucking hard on the Adams apple, leaving a bruise behind that everyone else would surely see at school.

Hannibal groaned again, fingers burying into Will's skin as he gripped the boy's waist tightly. He closed his eyes and let Will suck on his skin and leave bruises everywhere, people from school would notice and he would smile at them because he was so damn happy and they weren't, because they didn't have Will. Hannibal couldn't imagine how someone could be happy without Will Graham. He was so lucky to have Will only for himself.

" *One way or another... I'm gonna win you...* " Hannibal said, moving his hand up to grip Will's hair, and holding the boy's face close to his own, he continued the song against Will's lips. " *I'm gonna get you, get you...* " And then he smiled, thinking, ' *I already did* '.

"You already did..." Will smiled almost wickedly, a smile anybody else would consider sick and creepy instead of a loving one. He moved his hips on purpose, rolling them on Hannibal's lap to press hardly against the man's growing erection and to ease his own one.

A moan left his mouth right before he started kissing his lover passionately, making sure his kisses were more violent than soft, more sensational than empty, better for Hannibal.

Gasping in surprise, Hannibal returned the kisses and lowered his hands down Will's back again, letting his nails scratch softly down Will's spine just to tease him. Still kissing the boy, Hannibal moved his hands to the front of his jeans, pressing his fingers gently to the line of Will's erection just to tease him even more.

"I did..." He whispered against Will's lips when they parted. "And now you're mine," he kissed the boy again, undoing the button of Will's jeans, and right when he was going to free Will from his trousers as well, he felt his phone buzzing in his pocket once before the ringtone started playing. Someone was calling him.

Will parted their lips, leaving a tiny string of saliva between them before it disappeared and he straightened himself, looking at his lover with curious eyes, "Take it... it's alright, it could be important," he said with his head turning slightly to the side just as his fingers started slowly undoing Hannibal's shirt, uncovering that gorgeous skin, chest hair and the firm muscles hiding beneath the cloth, waiting for him.

Hannibal didn't want to get it, he wanted to throw that phone away and continue giving his attention only to Will, but when he saw that it was the school number, he decided the opposite - Will was right, it could be important.

"Hannibal Lecter," he said as he picked up the phone, hoping whoever was calling him - probably the principal - would go straight to the point and not waste his precious time. He

kept his eyes focused on Will.

Will in the meanwhile finished unbuttoning Hannibal's shirt and started covering his chest with open mouthed kisses, making sure to sucking on the skin here and there to leave some more bruises.

" *Mr Lecter, I am so sorry to be interrupting you in your spare time, but you were no longer at school and I urgently need to speak with you..* "

Will's lips traced the line of where Hannibal's ribs were ending, going up through the chest hair to one of the nipples. His tongue circled around it before he took it inside his mouth.

" *The police inspectors dropped by only few minutes ago, claiming they have some evidence that could enlighten Will Graham's disappearance. They said that the boy Oliver Burns confessed to serious bullying and that they found Will's DNA on the pavement right ouside the gallery.. .*"

Hannibal cursed under his breath as Will started sucking on his nipple, but still he paid attention to what the principal was saying.

"Oh..." He said simply and it sounded more like a moan than a word, so he decided he needed to do better. "Thank you for letting me know, I..." He he closed his eyes shut and mouthed the word 'fuck' before continuing. "I can... Go to the school later if necessary..."

" *I seriously wouldn't be bothering you with this if it wasn't necessary, I can hear you're clearly not in your own skin, the weather is terrible, eh? The police officer said he needs to speak with you, Mr Lecter, get your statement on that gallery visit and everything...* "

Will smiled, his teasing was so working out well, Hannibal was losing his head and the sudden unstability of his voice was more than pleasing to Will's ear. He moved to the other nipple and took it between his teeth, tugging at it before rolling the pink stud on his tongue and releasing it with a short sweet kiss.

" *Mr Lecter, to get this over with as soon as possible, I would appreciate if you could come here immediately... if that is not too much to ask for, I just want this whole situation to be over already. We should give that poor boy some peace.* "

Leaving a wet line of saliva behind him Will's tongue now moved to Hannibal's underbelly, kissing on the skin passionately there whilst his hands quickly moved and undid the man's trousers. His hand instantly covered the budge in Hannibal's underwear, stroking the hardening cock there.

Hannibal sighed in annoyance, he couldn't believe he would have to stop everything and go to the school at that moment. When he was ready to have sex with Will. That was ridiculous. He could tell the principal to wait, have sex with Will first and then go, but he thought that it would be even better if he went to the school now, be done with it quickly, and then come back to Will, stay with the boy for the rest of the day alone without anybody interfering.

"Yes, I'll..." He was interrupted by a moan that he had to hold back. "I'll be there in fifteen minutes." He said and hang up before the principal could say anything else, finally being able to let out a low groan as he felt Will's hand touching him. "Will, you... Need to stop."

"Stop? Don't you like my teasing?" the boy's big blue eyes turned to Hannibal as he straightened himself and pressed a soft kiss to Hannibal's lips, "So, you're leaving huh? Where do you have to be in fifteen minutes? What is so important that it has to be dealt with right now?" He raised his eyebrows curiously, tilting his head to the side just as a puppy dog would do.

"The school. I need to go to the school," Hannibal said, clearly annoyed. He pulled Will closer, burying his face in the boy's neck. "I won't take long... We'll have the rest of the day for ourselves..." He said between the kisses he was pressing to Will's skin. "Stay right here waiting for me, will you?... I'll come back to you and we'll have as much sex as we want to," he bit Will's neck softly. "I'll come back to you and I'll be only yours, as you are mine..."

"School? Did something happen?" Will did no even consider the option Hannibal having to go to school because of him. By finishing the suicide letter and handing it over to Hannibal, Will buried his previous life; leaving everything behind himself including Jack and his own family.

He purred to the kisses he was receiving, stroking the back of Hannibal's neck lovingly, "Don't take long, I want to tease the hell out of you, you cannot leave when we're about to play," he mumbled against his lover's skin, smiling.

"We'll have time to play when I come back... We'll have all the time in the world," Hannibal smiled against the boy's skin. "They want me to go to the school because they found more evidence about you... They need me there... But I'll come back to you, and soon this will all be over and they'll leave us alone."

Hannibal kissed Will's lips one more time and waited for the boy to get up to let him go. Once Will did, Hannibal stood up as well and adjusted his clothes again to make sure he didn't look like he was about to have sex.

"I'll leave you in the house," he said, pulling Will upstairs with him just because he didn't want to stay away from the boy just now. "You can stay in my room if you want... You just cannot leave the house under any circumstances, alright? I'll come back to you soon."

"I understand, I will not leave the house, you have my word."

Will mumbled looked up to Hannibal's face; smiling, "I'll probably read something if you don't mind, or maybe I could try and sketch something again, I haven't sketched anything in a while now," he shrugged, his eyes turned towards the kitchen; "yes, some snack and sketching," he hummed contently and ruffled through Hannibal's hair.

"Alright," Hannibal said and pulled the boy closer for another kiss before parting from him, grabbing his coat and leaving. He took all the keys with him and locked all the doors before going to make sure the boy wouldn't be able to leave.

xxx

He drove fast to the school - his eyes were fixed on the road in front of him as he thought about how he would prefer to be home with Will instead and that even though it was fun to fool the police, he still wished he could just kill everyone involved in the investigation so they would just leave him and his Will alone - when suddenly he felt something crashing into him, making him hit his head on the glass of the window, and everything went dark.

1 hour. 2 hours. 3 hours.
Hannibal couldn't have been at the school for this long without at least somehow letting him know. Will lay on the bed for the last three hours, checking clock on the bedside table ever so often to make sure he wasn't hallucinating. Where was Hannibal? What took him so long? The boy was growing more and more nervous, hating the feeling of loss and loneliness he was suddenly experiencing. He decided to watch some television to distract himself, to stop worrying about a man who was as surely just late, buying groceries or something.

Just out of curiosity, Will tuned in the news channel, for the past few days he's completely lost track of time and what was happening in the world around him. What he saw only few minutes afterwards took him completely by surprise and caused him to start trembling as a leaf.

Car crash near the Tipson University. Pictures of a white Mercedes and a black Jaguar ..
Hannibal's Jaguar.

The black car was totally wrecked, there was no way Hannibal could've survived this. The reporter on the news was just announcing that the driver of the white Mercedes was drunk, but is alright, however, the second driver was immediately transported to the nearest hospital, currently fighting for his life.

Will felt the biter tears in his eyes, there was no way Hannibal could've survived this. The news were just making it up, giving him false hopes. The boy swallowed down the tears and stood up, he made a promise to Hannibal after all. It was either both of them or none at all.

He walked to the kitchen, picking up the largest knife there was in the cupboard, making his way to the basement afterwards since after all.. Hannibal hated making mess on his furniture.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Again, we're very sorry for taking so long to update. Hopefully we'll be able to post the next chapter soon!
English is not our first language and we don't have a beta - please forgive any mistakes.

Warning for minor character death.

Hannibal opened his eyes and whispered Will's name, then heard someone approaching him. He looked around trying to remember what had happened to him, and realized he was in a hospital room. The person next to him was a nurse.

"Hello, Mr. Lecter, how are you feeling?" She asked, checking the monitors to see if everything was alright. "Do you need anything, sir?"

"My phone. I need my phone," Hannibal's voice was rough and he was feeling terribly tired, but still he reached for the table next to the bed, grabbing his phone.

"Sir, you shouldn't..." She started, but Hannibal interrupted.

"I need to make a phone call, and I need privacy. Please," he said as he dialed the number and brought the phone to his ear, his eyes fixed on the nurse until she left the room.

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It wouldn't be difficult. Just one smooth hit. One try. Sliding a knife into one's heart couldn't be that hard, could it? Will saw it in the movies tons of times.

He sat on the sofa, all of the beautiful clothes were on the floor by now, it was only him in nothing else but his skinny jeans and the knife lying next to him. Will took a deep breath, now or never. Grabbing the knife, he placed it against his torso, closing his eyes. He pushed at the knife, feeling the sharp blade piercing the skin…. when suddenly a phone started ringing somewhere upstairs. Will stopped at what he was doing and looked towards the open basement door. A phone? Did Hannibal have another phone hidden here somewhere? He was very curious on one side, but on the other one, what if this was only a police officer, principal at school or someone completely unimportant anyway? Will couldn't take any chances, he had to die now when he was determined enough to do it.

The phone rang and Will didn't answer, making Hannibal even more nervous than he was before. He needed to talk to Will, wasn't even sure how long he had been there, wondered if

Will had decided to leave him, found a way to run, or maybe hurt himself somehow. Maybe Will though Hannibal had left him. He called again, hoping this time the boy would answer.

The phone started ringing again. Who was calling? Will raised his head and looked towards the door again, maybe it was important, after all.

Will rested the knife next to him, standing up and heading out of the room. He tried to locate the phone's ringing by its sound, peeking into one room after another to find that bloody thing. When he was going through the living room, the noise grew louder. The phone was in a cupboard on the side of the room and when Will grabbed it from there, he looked at the display that showed only "Pick it up".

Will accepted the call, pressing the phone to his ear, "H-hello?"

"Will," Hannibal said simply, relieved that the boy had finally picked it up. It meant the boy was still in the house, still there waiting for him. He hadn't ran away.

"Will, are you alright?" He asked after a moment, before the boy could say anything.

"Han...Hannibal? You are... you're alive? Is this my mind playing tricks on me or are you actually alive?" Will couldn't at this point tell what was reality and what was his imagination. He burst into uncontrollable hysteric tears, squeezing the phone so tightly his knuckles turned snow white, "Hannibal... are you okay? Are you safe? I've... I've seen the news and the smashed car and they said that the second driver was fighting for his life.. and I thought you had died... that you had left me here." A broken whine escaped Will's lips, "I was about to follow you... j-just now... so that we could be together again..."

"No," Hannibal said immediately. He felt relieved that the boy hadn't killed himself, but at the same felt scared that he would still do it. He knew that if he hadn't called at that precise moment, if he had woken up a few minutes later, he would have lost Will forever. "Don't do this. Promise me you'll be safe and wait for me. I need you to stay with me."

"How am I supposed to know it's really you? How am I supposed to know if I am even holding a phone right now... that I'm not just talking to a wall? My life collapsed in that one split second I saw the car crash on the news... Hannibal... if you're truly alive... and safe... and in a hospital somewhere.. I... I'll try... I can't make any promises... but I'll try to stay alive... I will leave the knife in the basement... I'll avoid the basement... that's where I was going to do it... because you hate the mess... I didn't want to cause any mess..." the boy wasn't even realising what he was saying at the moment, his mind all over the place.

"Will. Listen to me," Hannibal said, keeping his voice calm, but he felt nervous - the fear of Will taking his own life was getting stronger now that the boy sounded so wrecked. "Listen to my voice. I'm alive and not too far from you. The news exaggerated - I'm not 'fighting for my life', I'm very much alive and I'll be home in a few days. I need you to wait for me there. You have food and everything you'll need, just... Stay inside and wait for me. Alright? This is not

a hallucination. I'm here talking to you. I love you, Will."

"I miss you so terribly much... it's been four hours and I just... I miss you... it's terrible, not knowing where you were or what happened to you, it was terrible, Hannibal... I couldn't... my brain couldn't... my heart..." The boy wiped the tears off of his face, taking a long breath. He then coughed and closed his eyes to focus on Hannibal's voice only, "Are they taking good care of you? I'd be better... I know what you like... I know better than them... you belong to me... I love you."

"Yes, my darling... I'm all yours," Hannibal said to tranquilize Will. It was interesting, to see the boy talking like that, so possessive of him. That's what he wanted, after all. "I'm sure you'd take better care of me, Will. When I come home, you can take care of me, alright?"

He wanted to see Will. It had been only four hours as Will said - and he had been unconscious for most of that time - but it felt like a lot more, and that was definitely too much time to be away from his boy, especially when Will was suffering like that. "Soon this all will end and I'll be with you again. Be strong for me, my love."

"I can... I can make it... I just need to focus on other things... oh God, I will have to sleep all alone in the bed... I will cook only for myself... what is the meaning in that..." Will was now more talking to himself than to Hannibal, being buried way too deep in his thoughts, "Will you call me? Every day... I need to know how are you doing and whether you have everything you need... I suppose this phone won't let me call you, so it's you who has to keep me updated."

"I'll call you. I promise I'll call you every day and we can talk for as long as you want," he smiled. Will was so dependent on him, exactly the way Hannibal wanted him to be. He wanted to be the only person in Will's world, and apparently he was achieving it. "You don't need to focus on other things, you can focus on me because I'll be here talking to you."

"You cannot possibly be talking to me for twenty-four hours in a row, my love, you need to rest... I'm interrupting you even now, I'm so sorry, you must be so shaken and exhausted after the car crash... please forgive me," Will hit himself in the forehead. "I... I must end the call now... I expect you to call me tomorrow though, okay? Please call me and let me know how are you doing. I love you, take care."

"We don't have to... I can talk to you a bit more," Hannibal insisted, assuring the boy that he was alright. He wanted nothing more than to flee from that hospital and go back home to Will, but he had to wait for the doctor to decide that. Running from a hospital when he was basically one of the suspects of Will's disappearance wouldn't be wise.

He was sure the nurse would return soon with a doctor, though, so it would be better if he ended the call soon. He didn't want anybody to know he was talking to Will or any significant other, since he officially didn't have one. "I'll call you later, alright? Promise me you'll take

care of yourself."

"Yes, of course, you have my word. I will not do anything stupid or life threatening anymore, you can trust me," Will mumbled to the phone, his voice shivering a bit since he was still crying, even though very quietly at this point. He then pulled the phone away from his head and hung up, staring at the display way longer than he probably should have.

The doctor arrived in Hannibal's room after a while as the man had predicted, telling him what he already suspect. He hadn't broken anything, but they wanted to run some more tests and keep him there for a few more days. Hannibal wished his Will could be there with him, but since that was impossible, he didn't think much about it.

After talking to the doctor, he still felt tired and ended up falling asleep again.

"I must go after him, he needs me more than ever."

"No! We cannot leave this house, what do you think will happen? You just walk out there with a face of the most wanted man now and expect people to just ignore you? Stay here!"

"Don't be crazy, I need to go there, oh God he must be so scared and lonely in there..."

Will kept walking around the living room, talking to himself in a way that would seem strange to other people. Whilst they would consider Will being simply insane, Will's problems went beyond that problem. He wasn't changing the voices in purpose, he wasn't scratching at his elbow almost violently for purpose; his body was being controlled by somebody else, somebody who was preventing him from going.

"You are not leaving from this house, you’re staying here until Hannibal arrives again."

"No, I'm going, I don't care... I'll break the window and run to the hospital."

"ARE YOU INSANE? RUN TO THE HOSPITAL? YOU WILL DIE THERE!"

Will caught his head in his hands and whined, falling on the sofa to stop walking. He rolled on the side and started sobbing again.

"I need him, I need to see him... I just have to go there..."

"It is not safe, such a plan is idiotic, no wonder it is yours."

Will groaned before suddenly sitting up and looking at the glass door by his side. He didn't know of himself as he stood up and left to the bedroom upstairs.

When he was done he looked completely different. Searching through Hannibal's things, Will chose the most casual clothes he could find, something he could quickly change from in a case of emergency. He also happened to find a rather cool hat that was actually covering nearly half of his face when he put it on; something that would be very useful. He packed some necessary things he would need for his plan to work and then returned to the kitchen.

Taking one of the chairs from the dining table, Will then threw it against the glass door, breaking it immediately. The boy smirked and put on the sunglasses he found in Hannibal's closet as well before leaving the house.

"Will..." Hannibal said in his sleep, his heart beating slightly faster. The nurse looked at him as he repeated the name and opened his eyes.

"Mr. Lecter?" She asked curiously as he looked around the room to remember he was actually in a hospital and Will was at home. "Are you feeling alright, sir?"

"Yes... Yes, fine," he replied, noticing, as he looked in the direction of the window, that it was night already. He should call Will again later. He wondered what the boy was doing.

"You need to eat something, Mr. Lecter. I'll bring you something."

Hannibal didn't answer as the nurse left the room, he simply closed his eyes to rest some more, but didn't sleep this time. Instead he kept thinking that he needed to find out if the nurse had heard him saying Will's name or not. If she had, he would have to kill her.

After dinner he started feeling quite tired again. He wanted to call Will, but wondered if the boy was already sleeping, and decided that it would be better to call in the morning instead. He didn't want to disturb his boy's sleep, and more than that, he was sure that if he woke Will up the boy wouldn't be able to sleep again. Hannibal decided to take another nap instead and call Will first thing in the morning, maybe wake the boy up with the phone call. The nurse had finally left him alone again - he had requested a few books to keep him distracted and she said she would provide them for him as soon as possible. Surely he would be free from the hospital very soon, though, and come back home to Will, and then the boy would be the only thing he would need again.

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Will felt like a God. Or like a superhero. The blood going through his veins was fresh, adrenaline was pumping through his body that he almost wanted to jump with happiness. His determination level was high in the sky as he get off the bus, heading to the hospital now. Will Graham, the new Will Graham, had a plan. Back in the house when he had a fight with

himself, he had no idea that there was a third unexpected persona waiting inside him, waiting for the correct moment. This dominant creature, this brave person was now using Will's legs to walk, his hand to hold the hat on his head every now and then and through Will's eyes, they saw the world as an adventure game. All that Will - the scared little Will who would've stayed in the house - could do was to watch.

He got past the main door and headed straight to the reception, throwing a charming smile at the young nurse behind the table there. Thanks to the hat and the glasses he was practically unrecognisable from the picture they were showing on the news every now and then.

The girl looked up, immediately blushing after seeing such a handsome young man in front of her, clearly demanding of her attention. "Can I help you, sir?"

"I am here for that nurse-course, you know, my name's on the list, I talked to one of the doctors here and since I wanna be a doctor myself one day, he agreed I could try and be a nurse here for a while... you know to get the gist of it," Will's voice seemed to have dropped couple of octaves down as he leaned against the table in a very nonchalant way.

"Um... nurse you said? Dr Barker actuslly did mention someone coming here... but I thought that was for tomorrow... let me double-check," the girl started going through all the papers on her desk, "Mr Friedrich? Could that be...?"

"Friedrich? Like the painter, yes," Will snickered, rubbing the back of his head, "I should've come tomorrow, but I thought I'd check the night shift first... now judging by how beautiful you are, I see I haven't made a wrong decision."

The girl blushed even more, losing her words there for a moment before she cleared her throat and giggled like a child, "I'll... I'll call Mrs. Evans to pick you up at the storage room, okay? It's on the first floor... to the left, you cannot miss it, there's all the clothes you need there..."

Will couldn't believe this was so easy, he threw another shining smile at the nurse and patiently waited for her to finish the phonecall with the woman Will would never see in his life.

"First floor then you said? Alright, I'll wait there for her. Thank you very much, gorgeous... oh and before I forget, that lipstick, it really suits you," he unexpectedly leaned against the desk and pecked the girl's lips only slightly, knowing that if anyone then went through the cctv footage, thet wouldn't find this behaviour strange, especially in case of two people as young as them. Watching the girl almost choke with happiness, Will headed towards the stairs to the first floor.

Will didn't know if it was the person inside him who was making all of this seem so ridiculously easy or if he truly was just this lucky. He got into the storage with all the clothes on the first floor and finding the perfect outfit for his situation, he quickly changed there, hiding his clothes in the backpack he brought with him before leaving the backpack there so

that no one would discover it. He left the room just when he saw a woman going down the corridor in his direction - Mrs Evans most likely.
Will had put on some thick glasses he found in the storage as well as a blue hat, another perfectly camouflaging object he needed. Dressed like this he passed by Mrs Evans without the woman noticing anything and made his way towards the ward with the patients.

Going from one room to another was indeed tedious, but after some time he found Hannibal's room, on the opposite side of the hospital. When Will entered, he instantly closed the door behind him, securing it with a chair just in case. Everything in the room was dark, the boy took off his glasses and the hat, knowing he'd be safe here.

"You could kill him and be free." The voice came out of nowhere, a silent whisper coming from Will's mouth as the boy approached the body of his sleeping lover.

"You could strangle him right now, just wrap your hands around his neck and watch the life leaving his body. You couldfree yourself..." The boy blinked rapidly, his hands suddenly feeling sweaty. Could he really do this? Would he have the courage to kill a man who's taken everything from him, who destroyed hi entire life by kidnapping him and hurting him? Would there even be any satisfaction in that murder?

Will's hand raised and rested on Hannibal's neck, fingers softly squeezing the skin until they found his pulse. Thump thump thump. The boy licked his lower lip and sighed, Hannibal was most likely at his weakest self right now, murdering him would be like taking candy from a baby.

"Do it. End this. Free yourself..."

The boy squeezed harder, he felt Hannibal's body moving beneath him and in that very moment, losing all control, Will's hand dropped and the boy only sat on the edge of Hannibal's bed, waiting.

Hannibal opened his eyes slowly, sure that he felt someone touching his neck and wondered if it was the nurse or the doctor. What he didn't expect was to literally see a nurse sitting on the edge of his bed, but when he looked up at the person's face, it was Will's eyes that were staring at him. He gasped, wondering for a second if that was a dream, but when he suddenly reached for the boy's hand and grabbed it, he realized it was real.

"Will..." He said, his voice low and slightly rough. Hannibal wasn't sure what he wanted to say first. Will shouldn't be there. He was putting both of them in danger. How did he even do it?

"Good evening." Will's face was illuminated by the street lamps outside and the moon. "How are you feeling? Are you in pain? I hope not, I've checked on the morphine they're dosing you with, they're giving you quite a lot... almost as if they tried to drug you," his voice was soft and his slender fingers stroked the back of Hannibal's hand, something the man himself once did to him when Will was the one being drugged.

"How did you get here?" Hannibal asked, a million of possibilities crossing his mind. "It's dangerous, we could get caught..." He pulled Will's hand closer to his face and kissed the back of it, then the palm and each one of the boy's fingers. "I need you to be safe, I can't let them take you away from me. How can I trust that you'll go back home in safety now? I can't let you leave..."

"Hannibal... listen to me," Will stood up, pressing few buttons on the little machine controlling the dosage of morphine going to Hannibal's body. The dosage rose, enough to make him feel just as Will felt when the man gave him his ‘smaller dose of drugs’. "I got here by bus and by bus I shall also leave, you don't have to worry about me, I am a clever boy after all, am I not?" He cupped Hannibal's face gently in his hands and pressed his lips to Hannibal's forehead.

"Why..." Hannibal started, feeling quite drowsy now - he didn't like that. "You're very clever, my darling, but I fear for your safety... They will take you away from me... Don't you share the same fear? Don't you want to stay with me forever?" Hannibal's grip on Will's hand wasn't so hard anymore. "You were ready to end your own life... when you thought I was dead... why would you put yourself... in danger...?" it was getting harder to speak, and Hannibal's speech was getting slower. He closed his eyes and sighed. "Lower the morphine, Will."

"You need a proper sleep, my love," Will's free hand was now caressing Hannibal's cheeks; the boy completely ignored his lover's request, "I had to come to make sure they were treating you right, that they were taking good care of you, of my gorgeous talented man," he purred, watching Hannibal's body relaxing against the mattress, the muscles, the limbs, it was like watching a painting come to life all over again.

"I had to see you again, I was getting so lonely in that house, my beloved.."

"No..." Hannibal tried to fight it, but it was pointless. He wondered if the boy was doing that to actually leave him, or kill him, or maybe the police was waiting outside, maybe Will had called them. He couldn'tkeep his eyes open anymore, his eyelids felt heavy. "Lower it... Will..." he whispered, slowly losing consciouness again.

"Shhh, it's okay, my love, it's okay... have a nice little sleep, alright? Relax and get better for me here, you know I cannot live without you, it would be absolutely pointless for me, Hannibal," the young boy whispered, caressing Hannibal's hair lovingly at the moment. He leaned in and kissed the man's lips, long and tender kiss since he missed the lips so much and couldn't get enough of them already. "When you wake up in the morning, you'll think this all was just a dream, but don't worry, I'll stay over night close and be the one to deliver you your morning pills," the boy's smile was almost devilish at this point, just as he pressed his lips against Hannibal's again, enjoying himself way too much.

"Will..." Hannibal whispered again, against Will's lips this time, but couldn't say much more. He tried to put some urgency in his voice, the boy just didn't understand him, and he needed Will to understand that they would get caught. There was no way he could fight to stay awake now, though, and the last thing he felt before losing consciousness again was Will's lips pressed to his own.

The moment Hannibal was sleeping again, Will lowered the dosage of morphine again. He checked if everything in the room was okay and then just as quietly as he came to the room, he left again. Being in a nurse outfit was visibly working for his secret plan since none of the employees truly noted him or paid any special attention to him. With a smirk on his face, Will headed back to the storage room.

In the morning, Hannibal woke up with his usual nurse checking on him. She had lowered his morphine even more, but surprisingly he wasn't in much pain.

"Good morning, Mr. Lecter," the nurse said with a smile. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"I'm fine," he said, not really paying attention to her. He remembered Will dressed as a nurse, sitting on the edge of his bed, pressing sweet kisses to his lips. Was that a dream? Will couldn't possibly have left home and go to a hospital after him, the boy just wasn't like that... Unless Hannibal had changed him that much... Maybe he had. Maybe it wasn't a dream. He needed to call Will. "I want to go home. I'm fine, I can go home."

"I'm afraid I can't let you go just yet, Mr. Lecter, not without your doctor's permission," she said, preparing the pills he needed to take that morning. She handed them to him, insisting that he swallowed them with water. He took the pills and sighed, reaching for his phone again and dialing Will's number, but since Will left the phone in the house, Hannibal got no answer.

The boy spent all night wandering around the hospital, genuinely enjoying the feeling of being invisible with so many people around him. To his own surprise he even found out that Mrs Crawford, Jack's grandmother has been hospitalised there. This brought an idea to Will's head, although he was not yet sure whether it would work or not.

He decided to wait - knowing all the nurses would be giving out pills to the patients now - whilst going through the pill suply in the storage in the meantime. Once the danger of meeting either a doctor or a nurse in Hannibal's room was gone, Will headed back to the man's room.

He behaved like a normal nurse upon entering, closed the door behind him, took the medical card at Hannibal's bed in his hands to read it, not paying any attention to the patient just yet.

Hannibal recognized him. He had seen that hat and those glasses in the dream he had had with Will. Only it didn't seem like just a dream right now. "I suppose it wasn't just a dream,

then" he said slowly, looking up at the boy by his bed, but he wasn't sure what was real and that made him very annoyed.

"A dream? Have you been dreaming about me?" Will looked up and to his own surprise he realised how he enjoyed messing around with Hannibal's head. How entertaining it was to manipulate somebody, how very satisfying it was to have control over someone. "I hope you took all your medicine, we want to get you out of this bed as soon as possible," he lazily walked around the bed then and looked at Hannibal from behind his glasses, "Look at you, all battered and bruised, poor little man of mine."

Hannibal sighed, wondering if he was still dreaming. He hoped he was, because he truly didn't want Will to be out of the house. If the boy was actually leaving the house to walk around, Hannibal would have to punish him.

"You should listen to me and go home, you shouldn't be here," Hannibal said in a low voice, almost as if he was talking to himself.

"I told you I wanted to see you and to make sure you were truly safe as you claimed to me on the phone," Will sat once again on the edge of Hannibal's bed, just staring at the man with a peaceful expression on his face, "Listen, don't think I was stupid, I made sure nobody saw me...they didn't recognise me. I'm going to go home today and I won't leave that place until you're back, you have my word," he lifted his hand and stroked some hair off o Hannibal's forehead lovingly..

Hannibal sighed. "Kiss me, then..." he said, looking up into Will's eyes. If Will was actually there, if the boy had actually left home to be with him and managed to do so without anybody recognizing him, then there was nothing Hannibal could do now. "Like you did last night."

"It was good, wasn't it? You were so adorable last night, I didn't think you would remember the kiss at all," the boy said with a giggle, leaning forward to Hannibal, so close their lips were almost touching now. He firstly gently rubbed his nose against Hannibal's, gesture he quite missed without truly realising it, then his lips pecked Hannibal's upper lip only, but before the man could complain, Will joined their lips properly in the long kiss that was so similar to the last one.

Hannibal lifted his hands to tangle them in Will's hair and returned the kiss, letting out a soft little sound as their tongues finally touched. It had only been two days and he already missed Will so much and he knew he would have to stay at the hospital a while longer. He sighed against the boy's lips.

"I could never forget your kisses," he muttered, caressing the boy's cheek. "We need to be more careful, though."

"I'll have to go soon, it would be too suspicious if there was a fake nurse in your room for way too long... I don't want to leave you, though, you are so adorable like this in a hospital bed, all weak and vulnerable for me to enjoy you and to spoil you," Will hummed, his lips

kissing Hannibal's once more, "Play with you, be the one in control now," he added, fingers stroking the back of his lover's head. "I can't wait to have you home with me again."

"I won't be this vulnerable then," Hannibal said softly. "Be careful on your way home," he insisted. "If we're caught, I swear to you I'll kill you," Hannibal looked deeply into Will's eyes as he said that. "Even if I go to prison, even if I have to run away and find you, I will track you down and I'll kill you. You know I mean it. I cannot lose you, Will, I won't accept that."

"Well that's nice of you to say that, so even if you got caught and sent to prison, even though you know that I love you, you would still kill me just for living somewhere else whilst you're in prison? You wouldn't trust that I'd be waiting for you? You trust me this little?" Will stood up from the bed, frowning, "I see... well, at least I know how true your feelings are, don't I... you're not in love with me as you said so many times, you're just obsessed with me... you don't care about me emotionally, you just want to own me," he bit on his lower lip and shook his head in disbelief, "thanks Hannibal... thanks for this valuable lesson, if you excuse me, I have to return to the house, to the bloody lonely house where I'll be waiting as a stray dog for you to show up again." He hissed the rest of the words as he put his glasses back on and left the room in a hurry, slamming the doorbehind him harder than he intended to.

Hannibal sighed. Will just didn't understand. Hannibal couldn't even consider the idea of Will living and functioning away from him, especially if Hannibal was sent to prison. He knew that if that happened, Will would forget about him.

Hannibal wondered if the boy would go to the police now, and, slightly worried, he picked up his phone again to try to call the boy, even though he was almost sure the boy had left it at home.

He put the phone down again when Will didn't pick up, and freed himself from the monitors that were connected to him. Hissing in pain, he stood up and walked to the door, decided to find Will. He hadn't gone far when two nurses - the actual nurses this time - grabbed him by his arms and pulled him back to the bedroom.

Just as Will left the storage room in the outfit he wore previously, instead of heading out on the hospital he headed towards Jack's grandmother's room. Sure, there would be nothing satisfying in disconnecting an old woman who didn't do anything to him, but he felt like killing someone and he needed to do it now. He stood in front of the door, just staring at its number before someone grabbed him by the shoulder and turning him around.

"W-Will? Oh my god... For fuck's sake, Will.. oh my god," Jack's firm arms wrapped around Will's slim body, squeezing him in a tight hug. Will was completely frozen. He didn't know other touch than Hannibal's, nobody touched him in such a long time and now there was his

former best friend, visibly so happy to see him, squeezing him so tightly he could barely breathe.

"What... I... please... you're suffocating me..." was all Will could say before he was released from the tight hug.

"Will! What the fuck man? How come you're alive... I thought... we all presumed... fuck you have to tell me everything. And oh my god you have to go to your parents. They'll be so fucking happy to see you," Jack snatched Will's hand and was already pulling him down the corridor when the younger boy stopped him, eyes behind the sunglasses watering. For a split second he wanted all of this. He wanted to go home to his parents, but he knew that if he did that he would not only lose Hannibal forever, but his own parents as well because Hannibal would murder them in cold blood.

"Jack... there... there is something I need to do first... please... and I need your help," he said whilst staring at his shoes, not sure where the dominant person inside him had gone and wishing to them to come back, "I need... I need to burn my kidnapper's house... please... I know where it is... I want to burn that place to the ground... will you... will you help me? Then I'll go to the police and tell them everything and my parents and all... promise."

Will could see the confusion in Jack's eyes, that little spark of mistrust in there, that the boy was wondering whether this all was true or fake; but then Jack's head nodded and he rested his hand on Will's shoulder, "Let's do this. I'm your best friend after all, hm?"

In the meantime, Hannibal had tried to call Will again but was convinced now that the boy wouldn't pick up the phone anytime soon. He didn't know if the boy was at home but ignoring him on purpose, or if the boy had decided to wander around and not go home just yet - maybe never go home again. He wondered if Will was safe at all.

As he seemed a bit obsessive about his phone and tried to call again, the nurse told him she would give him some pills to calm him down. He knew that it wouldn't help, even if he took them. He then put his phone down and decided to try again later - he insisted that he was fine and should be allowed to leave the hospital - but nobody would have any of that. His doctor clearly knew that he wasn't fine at all. He started thinking of a plan to run away from the hospital and then the country - and take Will with him.

Several thoughts crossed Hannibal's mind while he was stuck in a hospital bed with the nurse who was basically there to make sure he wouldn't try to get up again. He considered killing her and running away again at night, it wouldn't be hard to kill her in a hospital, but he still wasn't happy about the idea of running to another country. He had done that already - that's why he was living in the US in the first place, but he liked there and didn't feel like leaving just yet. He would have to punish Will for that.

Will and Jack got on a bus heading out of town. Will didn't speak much until they found some free seats for themselves, nor did he take off his hat or sunglasses. Once they were finally seated, Will reached out for Jack's hand, squeezing it in his own, "I'm so glad to see you, Jack... you have no idea just what type of shit I went through... it was like living in a nightmare, I... I hope those days are gone forever..."

Jack's warm hand squeezed Will's in return, the older boy raising an eyebrow before he nodded, understanding, "Will, I missed you so much, I tried to contact you in all the ways possible. Man, I tried skyping you!" He cried out before bursting into giggles, giggled that Will didn't reciprocate. "Man, I'm sorry... I shouldn't be making so many idiotic jokes, I'm just really so glad to have you back, all the lectures have been terrible without you, all of the teachers were giving me strange looks as if I lost a husband or something."

"All of them?" Will raised his head to look at his friend who seemed to be confused by the question, "All of the teachers? Wow... I wouldn't expect that..."

"Well obviously not all of them, some were giving me judging looks, I swear to God Lecter gave me a very strange look one day... I think I've just imagined it or something because it seemed as if he was checking me out?" Jack snickered and rested his head against the seat, not paying any special attention to it, whilst Will's head filled with hateful thoughts. So Hannibal not only still thought about other boys in this way, he thought of Jack in this way. Did he want Jack's perfect body beneath his own? Did he want to fuck him? It made perfect sense, Will was weak and skinny after the kidnapping. Still, the boy felt the sting of anger in his heart and didn't say anything else until they reached their final destination.

"This is the house? But that's... well, it's rather fancy, isn't it?" Jack looked up at the house - he still didn't know whom it belonged to - and then turned his eyes to his friend who confidently walked to the side of it until he reached the smashed glass door leading to the kitchen. Jack raised an eyebrow, did Will do this previously? But why would he want to go back to the house then when he already broke free?
"Will... who kidnapped you then...? Who was the person that did all this to you?"

Will entered the kitchen, knowing Jack was following, before he stopped and turned to the boy, "It was Lecter... Hannibal Lecter himself, you know, he has this weird fetish on teenagers, he paints them and then kills them... I don't know where he stores the bodies or if he burns them, we never got that far," telling someone about Hannibal's crimes was in a way so refreshing and it definitely helped Will's sanity at the moment, but he also bitterly realised that by telling Jack, there was no way of going back.

"Lecter? Are you, are you fucking serious right now? Lecter did this to you? H-he... he looked at me and said he didn't know anything about you... are you telling me here that he kidnapped you, he knew where you were and he deliberately lied to all of us?" Jack threw his arms to the sides, completely shocked and disgusted. He didn't suspect the teacher even for a second, he thought Lecter was weird just because he was an artist, he didn't expect the situation to get this bad.

"Yes, to all of your questions," the younger boy nodded, going to the table to pick up a phone

from it. Three missed calls from the same number, Hannibal must've gotten quite desperate. He rested the phone on the table again and walked over to the cupboard, pulling out a box of matches. He was well aware of a knife by his left hand, the knife he left there when he was making himself something for lunch.

"Will, that's terrible... I'm so sorry, man, I could've saved you, only if I knew, I could've done something.."

"And what would that be? Did you know where Lecter lives? Could you track him down? We'd both end up dead, Jack, that's just stupid.."

"Wait, so are you telling me... that Lecter was now in the hospital? After the car crash, the principal told us that the car was Lecter's..." Jack suddenly stopped, thinking about what he just said, "Will... why were you at the hospital anyway?"

Instead of the box of matches, Will now held the knife in his hand, "I'm so sorry, Jack... I never wanted to hurt you, you were like my brother. I admired you and trust me that I will never ever forget you, you will live in my heart forever... but you cannot live in this world, not in the world where Hannibal is a threat to you. He wants to..." Will's eyes filled with tears, "You were supposed to be the next victim, Jack, he chose you and he would kidnap you and murder you and I cannot let that happen... I must save you... and to do that, I have to kill you first."

Jack's features froze, he was unable to talk. Will looked deadly serious, weak, but determined. Jack knew he was stronger than Will, he knew that in the worst possible scenario he could fight Will and defeat him. Will was skinny, way skinnier than he remembered and he must've been weak. "Will... you don't want to do this, Will... hey, we can, we can do something, we will report Lecter to the police, he'll go to prison, don't even worry about it, Will… Come on..."

"He will run away, he will get out of every prison in the world, he will always run away and he will always free himself," Will shook his head, approaching Jack now slowly, "You don't understand, do you? He will always get to you, Jack, there is nowhere you can run, there is no place where you can hide, he is going to get you and he will murder you… You don’t know the horrible things he did to me… The horrible things he wants to do to you..."

"WILL, STOP! DON'T, DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, WILL!" Jack stretched his hands out in front of himself, "DON'T COME ANY CLOSER OR I'M GOING TO HAVE TO STOP YOU!"

Will continued though, he was approaching Jack with the knife in your hand, "Jack, please, don't make this harder for yourself, you're not leaving this house alive, trust me," he said with a very sad face, "Jack, stop fighting and just give up, let me... let me make this easier for you, please."

"Will, fucking stop, dude, no... don't do this, Will!" Jack blurted out, backing off towards the table that was behind him.

"Jack, I am so sorry... I love you," Will then suddenly jumped forward, his knife burying deep inside Jack's ribcage, piercing the heart. The older boy gasped, his eyes opening wide as he looked at the one person he considered his best friend. His look grew cold so quickly, his body losing all the strength in Will's arms and before the boy could realise what was happening, his friend passed away.

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

> We're so sorry for the wait, but here is a looooooong chapter so we hope you can forgive us <3
>
> Here be top!Will and hella rough sex with blood play :D We hope you enjoy it!

Unaware of everything that was happening in his house, Hannibal waited for the nurse to bring him breakfast, ate it, drank the orange juice she brought along with the food, and only then he grabbed his phone to call Will again, asking the nurse if she could possibly wait outside the room to give him some privacy. She did, and he finally called Will's number and brought the phone to his ear, wishing that the boy would pick it up. Will didn't pick it up the first time - Hannibal groaned in frustration and called again, deciding that if the boy was at home and ignoring him on purpose, he would call until Will got annoyed enough to pick it up.

With his hand covered in blood, Will grabbed the phone and accepted the call, pressing the phone to his ear. His eyes were still glued on Jack's corpse on the floor, it was still bleeding and there was blood everywhere; Will would have to clean that up later. He sighed and rubbed his eyes with his free - and clean - hand.

"What do you want?" he muttered to the phone, not even trying to hide his pain and annoyance, all mixed in one in his voice.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal said in a low voice so he wouldn't be heard outside the room. What Hannibal *wanted* was too go back home and punish Will for not following his rules, but he couldn't do it - and telling the boy that surely wouldn't be a good idea - so he decided to be as nice and loving as possible. Maybe this way Will would stop being angry with him for what he had said in the morning. "I want to know where you are, and how you're feeling."

"I'm in the house, where else would I possibly be?" Will growled to the phone, walking over Jack's corpse just to sit on the armchair and not have to look at his dead friend. "And how I'm feeling? Please, as if you cared..." He rolled his eyes and chuckled, "I'm fine, more or less, nothing really too interesting happening in my life." He finished his sentence and relaxed his head against the armchair, already thinking of what to do with the body.

"I do care, Will," Hannibal said calmly, gently. "You've been with me all this time, I'm sure you've noticed that I actually do care about you... You've said it yourself, asked me why I cared..." He took a breath. Will was truly angry, apparently. "I shouldn't have said those things to you. I'm sorry."

"No, fuck you, you're lying to me all the time... I bet you're planning in your head how you'll capture a new model for yourself already. How you'll undress them and touch them and position them for your painting... and then when they're drugged and unable to resist, you'll fuck them however you want, whilst I am going to just sit in a corner and watch, pretend like I'm okay with it. I cannot and will not leave because I love you, but I hate you for not loving me back after all this shit we've been through..." Will just blurted it all out into the phone at once.

"I do love you, my darling," Hannibal said, his voice still calm as it always was. Will was definitely overreacting. "I did not intend to have anybody else other than you," he lied. Hannibal wasn't completely sure if that was a lie - he couldn't deny he would enjoy fucking someone else in front of Will, or maybe even let Will participate somehow as long as Will and the new model wouldn't touch each other. Maybe fuck Will as well and let the other boy watch - but he wouldn't tell Will that, not now. "What makes you think I don't love you? I've been taking care of you all this time, I took risks of being exposed... for you, my love."

"I don't trust you... no, as I said earlier, you love me as a piece of furniture... it's nice when you need it and you put some good use to it, but then when something better shows up, you don't hesitate one second and you just forget about what you liked. You wouldn't even let me look at somebody else whilst you can do everything and I'm supposed to be quiet about it," Will sighed and rubbed his forehead, "If this is what love looks like to you, then keep it... I don't want it." He hung up with that, throwing the phone over at the sofa so he wouldn't have to look at it anymore. Besides, he had to take care about a corpse lying on his floor at the moment.

Hannibal sighed, closing his eyes. Will was not alright, he was confused and hurt and Hannibal needed to make him feel better before the boy would do something bad. He didn't understand why Will said his love was wrong and why the boy didn't want it anymore - Hannibal had never been in love like that before, he was sure he had never loved anyone else as much as he loved Will. He called again, deciding he would insist on it until he convinced the boy.

Will ignored the phone. He ignored it once, he ignored it twice and eventually he turned the sounds off so that the ringtone wouldn't bother him anymore.

Looking at Jack's body, he decided to drag the boy up the stairs to the bathroom to wash his body, after all, he didn't want to get rid of it just yet. The loneliness was bothering him so much already that he decided to at least have a corpse with him than no one. What he did not expect was the weight of dead man's body... Jack was all of a sudden twice as heavy and it took Will good half an hour before he got him up the stairs and dragged him to the bathroom. Obviously, the entire staircase was covered in blood and he would have to wash it off.

Hannibal kept trying to call Will but the boy would never pick up, so after a moment he stopped trying. Two days later, Hannibal's doctor asked him how he was feeling and decided to let Hannibal go home after the teacher insisted a thousand times that he was fine.

Hannibal noticed the broken glass window as soon as he arrived back home. So his suspicions were right and that's how Will managed to leave home. He would have to pay someone to fix that.

As he calmly opened the door, he looked around to see if he could find the boy. He called once but the boy didn't answer, and he couldn't hear any sound either. Going upstairs, he searched every room, starting with his own, still not finding the boy. There was one last place the boy could be. The basement. Opening the door, Hannibal saw that the light was on, and slowly started descending the stairs.
"Will?"

The boy sat on the ground, dressed only in the skinny jeans and one of the grey shirts he was given as a present from Hannibal. His hair was all messy and curly, seemingly looking twice as curly than usual. There was a pencil behind one of his ears, another pencil being held by his hand as he continued to sketch something on a white sheet of paper he had on his lap. Will didn't move and didn't react in any way when he heard the basement door opening and the cold voice he loved so much speaking to him.

His blue eyes were focused on the corpse on the sofa. Jack Crawford. Deadly beautiful. Will dressed the body into a sheet, making it look somewhat as a Greek tunic, secured around the boy's hips. On Jack's head then, there was a flower crown made of roses, roses from Hannibal's garden. The boy couldn't take his eyes off of his dead friend, he continued to sketch him, working on the roses peacefully as if he was in the room all alone.

Hannibal's eyes focused on Will and then traveled to Jack’s body on the couch, and it made him freeze in place for a second. Jack was visibly dead, he smelled like a corpse, Hannibal was sure Will had killed him two days back. *Will Graham had killed Jack Crawford*. Hannibal considered leaving Will alone to finish his sketch, but at the same time he needed the boy to acknowledge his presence, needed the boy to talk to him again and most of all, he needed to know how and why the boy had done it.

"Will?" He said again, kneeling on the floor beside the boy, one hand reaching for Will's shoulder. "Will, talk to me."

"Look at how beautiful he is... it's going to be a beautiful painting, yes, it's going to be majestic... the dark skin in the contrast with white cloth, oh and the flowers, the flowers are the best thing about it," Will's voice was raspy since he didn't say a word from the moment when he last talked to Hannibal on the phone. He looked down at his sketch that was very detailed, but still quite unfinished, "I will frame it... keep the memory, I will frame it and put it on the wall, to remember him like this, to remember him when he was beautiful."

"Why did you kill him, Will?" Hannibal asked, his voice calm and low. He had gone back home thinking about punishing Will as soon as he got there, since the boy had disrespected him by leaving home and by not answering the phone. Now, though, he felt so proud of Will he couldn't think about a punishment anymore. Hannibal was changing Will, and Will was becoming more and more like him. Together, they could have it all.

"He... he knew... he figured it out... I brought him to the house because I didn't want you to kill him, I wanted to protect him... somehow... and I lured him in, saying that I want to burn down the house and all the bad memories, but then... he asked who did this to me and I told him that it was you and he said... he said, that you were checking him out at school and I couldn't, I couldn't cope with that, no, you belong to me, you're not supposed to be checking out other students, no, not them... and when I tried to play it cool and just talk over it, he

asked why was I in the hospital," Will rested the pencil on the sketch and for the first time raised his head to see Hannibal, "He figured out I was there to see you and not to kill you, in that moment, I knew I had to kill Jack first before he could either run to the police or run to you and have you... steal you from me," he released a deep breath and closed his eyes, "No one can have you the way I do... no one..."

Hannibal wasn't used to feeling speechless, but he definitely did feel speechless now. This was exactly the way he wanted Will to feel about him, he wanted the boy to love him just as much as he loved him. And it was finally happening, it was as finally real.

"Beautiful," Hannibal said, not meaning the sketch or Jack's body, but Will's actions. Will's love for him. It was just beautiful. Hannibal moved his hands to Will's hair, pulling the boy's face closer to him as he buried his fingers in the boy's curls and looking into his eyes. "I'm so proud of you, Will."

"No one can have you, I will not let anyone touch you without my consent... you belong to me, if you have the right to own me, then I have just the same right to own you," Will muttered, his forehead slowly, but steadily leaning against Hannibal's, "I found love where it wasn't supposed to be... and I can't live without it now, I just cannot work without you and it pains me, because I don't want to be so dependent on you, I don't want to be the one to obey your every command, I want to be equal to you and I wanted to show you that... by... by killing the closest person to my heart after my parents... he's no longer a threat to me... nor to you."

"And through this you proved your love and devotion," Hannibal said softly, fingers caressing the boy's hair. "Through this, you proved that I've changed you, and that you're allowing yourself to become more like me. To learn from me," Hannibal smiled and leaned in closer, pressing his own lips to Will's softly.

For so long he wasn't able to kiss anyone. Will's lips parted and he let out a silent sigh when he was able to taste Hannibal, the only taste he truly remembered, again whilst his hand slowly caressed the man's neck. He then thought of something, realised his thoughts when he was in the hospital, going to check on his lover.

"Speaking of transformation... you know, I wanted to kill you. In that hospital bed, when you were so vulnerable, I wanted to kill you, I even had my hands around your neck and I pushed and you moved..." Will sighed and pulled back, his voice deadly serious, "I wanted to watch the life leaving your body under my hands, I wanted to feel like God who can take and give life... I was so determined to kill you back there, just so you would be proud of me."

"Why did you stop?" Hannibal asked, and instead of being angry with Will, he just felt even more amazed. His eyes were fixed on Will's, and Will definitely wasn't himself, wasn't the boy Hannibal remembered seeing at school - he was changed. Hannibal loved the change. "You had me there, weak and vulnerable, you just had to squeeze my neck long enough to end my life... Why didn't you?"

"I want to torture you whilst you're still alive... such a death at that poor state you were at, that would be something like an aid from me, it would be way too easy," Will's hands lifted up, both now wrapped around Hannibal's neck just as they did back in the hospital, "I want to mark you with bruises and cuts, I want to carve sweet nothings into your skin, I want to taste your blood in my mouth and I want to choke you, beat you up, torture you as you've tortured me... all that whilst knowing that I love you beyond everything," he said.

This wasn't Will. It wasn't the same Will Hannibal had met at school and brought home, it wasn't the same innocent boy Hannibal wanted to paint and kill a few weeks ago. Hannibal had allowed Will to live with him long enough to be become someone else. Someone braver, someone *powerful*. Hannibal loved him. Hannibal would let Will carve words into his skin, he would allow Will to hurt him and make him bleed, would allow them to become equals. He wanted it, wanted everything, and he never felt so fascinated by someone as he did now.

"Do it," Hannibal said, moving his hands to touch Will's, that were still around his neck. He was too curious to see how far Will would go. "Do it, Will. You want it. My sweet boy. You're just like me now," he smiled.

The boy took a deep breath and nodded, "I will... but not now, you've just returned from the hospital, I cannot beat the shit out of you and send you back there again," he quickly pulled his hands back and stood up, paying no attention to the body right next to him anymore, "I need to make sure you are perfectly okay, the only pain you'll be allowed to feel will be the one caused by me," he almost felt as if he was just about to sign some sexual contract with Hannibal. "You will bleed only for me, Hannibal Lecter."

Hannibal stood up as well, determined to not let Will go so easily. He moved closer to the boy and wrapped his arms around him, holding him tightly. "I want you now," he said insistently. "I've been away from you for too long, Will."

Will could hear his breath quickening and feel his heart beating faster, "Not here... there's a corpse in this room, I cannot... I don't want him to be near you," he muttered, his big blue eyes turning to Hannibal's, "Let's go up to the bedroom... or your office? Depends on whether you want to lay on a soft or a hard surface when I take you."

The boy didn't even know what he was going to do, he wanted to both hurt and make love to Hannibal, he was so torn between opinions and desires that he decided to do just whatever felt right.

Hannibal considered it. He didn't just let his models choose how they were going to have sex, but Will wasn't a model anymore at this point. The boy had become Hannibal's partner, literally, and even more now that Will not only loved him, but also had killed for him. Hannibal was so amazed by it that he would let Will do whatever he wanted, would let the boy have him in any way he desired.

"Bedroom," Hannibal said, immediately grabbing the boy's hand and pulling him upstairs, not wanting to waste any time. He couldn't wait to see what the boy would do.

Will was being dragged to the bedroom, which only brought more memories back to his head. The first memory of how he planned to seduce Hannibal and steal his phone to call for

help. Ridiculous. It was a stupid plan all along and Will still had a scar from that plan on his inner thigh. Entering the man's bedroom with him personally again was just so surreal all of a sudden. Will stopped by the door and just smiled, tiny little smile flashing across his face until it was gone again. His man was home, finally home with him.

"Do I have your permission then? To hurt you, truly hurt you as you can hurt me... I will not spare you, Hannibal. I won't kill you or risk your life in any other way, but I will not be gentle with you for there is so much anger and pain inside me and I just need to ventilate that all out and use your body as a tool."

Hannibal pulled Will closer by the waist and started caressing his sides with his fingertips, teasingly. "You have my consent," he said, looking into Will's eyes. "To be in control, to do whatever you want to do, to hurt me, to use me... Don't hold back. I want to see who you really are right now. Show me what you can do, Will. Show me everything."

Will listened to Hannibal's words patiently and with his eyebrow slightly pulled up, "Thank you, in case I go too rough on you or if anything starts hurting too much that you cannot possibly bear the pain, we will have a safeword... um, anything really, let's say 'puppy dog'," he looked at Hannibal with a small smile, "would that work? Yeah, that will work. If you say that I will stop, you have my word..." the boy slowly pulled back, stretching out his fingers and rubbing his wrists a little.

"I wanted to do this for so long, you have no idea." He released a satisfied sigh before he curled his hand into a fist and hit Hannibal in the face with it, aiming right away for the top of the man's nose and forehead. Seeing that little scar on Hannibal's nose cracking up and starting bleeding immediately made Will smile so lovingly before he knocked the man to the ground, stradling his hips and hiting him in the face more and more whilst breathing heavily.

Hannibal didn't let Will see how much that hurt. He let the boy hit him, even though it was painful, because he needed to see how far Will would go. He was too curious, and couldn't hold back - he wanted to encourage Will and see the boy become so much more than he was, in front of his eyes. He wouldn’t need a safeword.

"You like watching me bleed," Hannibal said slowly, smiling at Will - his lips and teeth covered in blood, as well as his nose and half of his face, at this point. If Will liked him like that, he would let the boy have it this time. "Making me bleed makes you feel good."

"Makes me feel good? It makes me feel like a God, I am sure I discovered my fetish and that is seeing and making you bleed, it literally gives me pleasure to see the blood pouring from your face, to see your teeth covered in blood, to see that scar on your nose break and the blood come out, I want to lick it all off," Will bent down and licked off the blood on Hannibal's nose as if it was an enjoyable substance. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, catching up the natural scent of Hannibal's body mixed with the smell of blood.

Hannibal wrapped his fingers in Will's hair and pulled him down for a kiss, desire burning inside him. Will was so beautiful like this, with blood on his lips - Hannibal's blood. He kissed Will hungrily, holding the boy in place as he allowed him to taste it.

Hannibal would never even consider letting anybody else do this to him, but when it was Will on top of him, hurting him and saying those things, it was fascinating and he craved it even more.

The kiss was so raw and so forceful that it made Will’s cock twitch in his pants. He was getting so aroused so insanely quickly, just by beating the shit out of his boyfriend and licking his blood; something he would never imagine doing before. He returned the kiss hungrily, biting on Hannibal's lower lip so hard he felt it crack. More blood filled his mouth and he moaned loud and pleasurably.

Will's moan made Hannibal shudder - he felt so aroused so quickly, and groaned in response into the boy's mouth, letting him lead the kiss - letting him lead everything, but after a while he just couldn't hold back anymore. He moved his hands down to the front of Will's jeans, wanting to get rid of them as soon as he could. Will would probably tell him to stop, or even punish him somehow, and he smirked against the boy's lips at the thought.

Will's hand immediately slapped Hannibal's face, no soft gesture, but a genuine slap. He frowned and pulled back, looking at Hannibal with his dark blue eyes, "How dare you touch me like this when I didn't give you any permission?" he growled and squeezed Hannibal's neck with one hand,, "I am the one in control today, do you understand? You owe me for all that shit you've done to me... you'll get to see what you created," he smirked and still holding Hannibal's neck with one hand, he rolled the man's shirt with another and started roughly biting on his skin, leaving bruises behind.

Hannibal arched his back slightly, groaning in pain and pleasure at the same time. He immediately moved his hands away, resting them on Will's thighs instead, letting the boy lead the way he wanted. The squeeze on his neck wasn't so tight just yet, but he already felt like he couldn't breathe. Will was right, Hannibal had created him. And the result was just beautiful.

Since the shirt still kept getting in his way, Will just decided to unbutton it and throw it to the side - the shirt was all covered in blood by now anyway. He rolled his hips against Hannibal's whilst he was leaning against him, moaning to the feeling before he attacked those delicious blood-covered lips as some beast craving to get all the blood that was visible to him. He squeezed Hannibal's upper lip between his own and sucked on it, his tongue licking the tip of the man's nose cheekily when was done. He smiled, a genuine happy smile as he stroked the side of Hannibal's cheek that was covered in blood, "Look at you, you are absolutely gorgeous, I could eat you alive."

Hannibal let out a low groan at this - it felt surprisingly nice to be at Will's mercy like that. He could take control of the situation if he wanted to, he was a lot stronger than Will, but he didn't want to.

"You're already doing that," the teacher said. It felt just too good to bleed for Will like this.

"That's true, isn't it? I am eating you alive," Will purred into Hannibal's ear, his teeth then squeezing the earlobe and pulling at it needily, "It's just such a shame I can't kill you, because then I wouldn't have you anymore... such a shame, I would love to experience seeing you dying in my arms... it was so boring with Jack, he just died instantly, but you, you would

fight back, you would try to save yourself... and I'd always stab you harder, I'd always go deeper with my knife," Will's lips were now tracing the line of Hannibal's neck before he bit hard on the man's shoulder.

"Look what you've become," Hannibal said, gritting his teeth with the pain of Will biting his shoulder. "Look what I made of you..." He smiled as he said that, so proud of himself.

"What are you going to do with me tonight, Will?" He said, squeezing the boy's thighs. He didn't say it, but he was needy - he couldn't wait for the boy to just get both of them naked and touch him in any way he wanted, Hannibal didn't care - he just wanted the pleasure only Will could give him.

"I have to have you, Hannibal... I cannot continue like this without having the chance of fucking you. You need to become mine, fully mine and it has to happen tonight," the boy muttered against the man's skin, looking up at him just briefly. Will's face has Hannibal's blood smeared everywhere, which was only adding to the creepiness of his smile when he flashed one at the man beneath him, "You never did that, did you? Let someone touch you like that, someone who was supposed to be your victim, but then you fucked them up so good that they turned out to be equal to you," he stuck out his tongue and licked his way down Hannibal's chin to his nipple, "I want you to give me the permission to fuck you."

Hannibal smirked. Will was in control, and letting very clear that Hannibal should let him have control of the entire situation, but still he wanted Hannibal's permission to fuck him. He wouldn't even try without Hannibal's permission, and that was adorable.
"You have it," he said, breathlessly. "You have my permission."

"What a gentleman I am, hm? Asking for your approval," Will purred, licking the nipple just teasingly, using mostly only the tip of his tongue. He then softly squeezed the bud between his teeth, knowing that if he bit hard, he could cause Hannibal some real pain and in the worst scenario make him not want to continue. His hands moved to the man's trousers, undoing the belt first and then the trousers itself.

"You taste so bloody good, you know that?" He moaned into Hannibal's skin before parting from it, only so that he could take off his own shirt at least - leaving trousers and underwear on for now - as well as the whole rest of Hannibal's clothes.

"I'll decorate you with my bites and cuts like a Christmas tree."

"Do it..." Hannibal muttered, his eyes closed as his back arched again. "Do it hard. Leave marks. Show me how much I've changed you. Show me who you are now..." He moved his hands to Will's hair again, squeezing the curls between his fingers and pulling softly on them.

"I'm your best dream and your worst nightmare, all at once, dear darling," Will smiled and before Hannibal could say anything to this, Will pulled back and stood up from the floor "Now move to the bed, I'm not going to beat you anymore... or at least not your face," he snickered then and in the meanwhile pulled down his skinny jeans and socks, staying in his underwear for now.

Hannibal did what he was told, standing up and moving to the bed immediately, lying on his back. He rested his head comfortably against the pillows and kept his eyes fixed on Will - it was hard to believe that the boy had changed that much, even with all he had gone through, the result was fascinating. Will was stronger now, braver, smarter. He was what Hannibal had made of him. He was beautiful.

Will opened a drawer as he walked to the nightstand, finding the little pocket knife there - precaution Hannibal had to take. The boy opened the knife and looked at it, smiling only slightly before he climbed on the bed and kneeled beside Hannibal's head, just twisting the knife in his hands. He stroked the blade only barely to find out the knife was really sharp and made a tiny cut already, he wouldn't have to cut too deep then. Will rose the knife to his own torso and made a small wound right where his ribs on the left side were; the red string of blood appearing immediately.

"Suck on it as if you were dependent on it," he then ordered Hannibal.

The order was too sweet for Hannibal not to obey. He moved up quickly to sit on the bed and rest his hands on Will's hips, darting his tongue out to slowly and sensually lick the blood from the boy's skin, all the way up to where the cut was. He then pressed his lips to Will's skin, his mouth open as he sucked the boy's blood and closed his eyes in appreciation. Will wasn't only taking what he wanted, he was also giving Hannibal so much, and Hannibal loved every second of it.

Will closed his eyes as well as he slowly let his head lean to the back, silent moan accompanying all this. His hands went up to Hannibal's hair - some of the strands wet with blood - ruffling through it affectionately, "That's it... that's a good boy, obedient, well behaved..." he curled his fingers into a fist, squeezing Hannibal's hair with it, but not trying to pull his head back or anything; not yet. Will arched his back and groaned happily, enjoying it way too much.

Hannibal's face was still bleeding, but he didn't mind at all - the smell of blood was so strong and delicious, his own blood mixed with Will's, and he wondered if the boy would make him bleed more. He would bleed for hours of that would make Will happy. "You taste so good," he muttered against Will's skin, lips brushing on it as he spoke.

"Do you regret not killing me, huh? Do you regret not stabbing my heart and watching me die?" Will's hand pulled Hannibal's head back roughly before the boy pushed his teacher back to the mattress, pressing their bodies together as he instantly lay on top of Hannibal. His fingers slowly traced the line of Hannibal's jawline, neck and then chest, going through the soft chest hair, "Can you imagine how fucking lonely you'd be? You'd be all alone in this bed right now... or with drugged and raped Crawford, wouldn't that be just miserable?" The boy started kissing his way down Hannibal's torso to the underbelly.

"No... I don't regret keeping you alive..." Hannibal said as he buried his hands on Will's curls and arched beneath him, closing his eyes. "As much as I would love to watch you die by my own hands, I would regret killing you. I would hate to live without your company, without... This," he said as Will's perfect lips caressed his skin. He was painfully hard now and hoped almost desperately that the boy would touch him. "Nobody could ever be as good as you are."

"I wasn't giving myself many chances at first, I thought you'd just murder me as soon as possible and that's gonna be the end for me... but then I discovered your intentions and I tried to understand you, to see the world through your eyes," Will stopped at the underbelly as he took the pocket knife again and since Hannibal already left him a souvenir, Will decided to leave one behind as well. He started carving some letters into Hannibal's hip bone, letters that soon made out a word - T A K E N

Hannibal groaned in pain with every new cut the knife made, squeezing his eyes shut as his body tensed completely beneath Will, but he didn't pull away and didn't tell Will to stop. "Do you... See it now?" Hannibal asked between moans, breathing heavily when the boy had finally finished carving the letters into his skin. "See the world as I do? Do you understand me now?"

"The world is full of beautiful art and whilst I still might not fully undestand that obsession of yours, I understand the original intentions when you were catching models and locking their lives into your paintings," Will smiled at the words, nobody would dare and take Hannibal from him now. Nobody. The boy licked off the blood that was all around the little word. Grabbing Hannibal's legs, he lifted the man's hips up, forcing his legs forward. This gave Will more access to the man's ass and the entrance which was all Will wanted at this moment.

Hannibal didn't remember ever feeling as exposed as he was now, and he was sure that in any other situation he would hate to feel exposed - but this, now, was making him shudder in anticipation and he needed - desperately needed - more. He wanted Will's fingers inside him, Will's teeth on his skin, Will's cock pushing into him hard. He wanted it all.

"Look at that beautiful body, you've been hiding all this from me for so long, Hannibal, not letting me touch you precious ass because you were just so dominant and stubborn," Will stroked both of the cheeks before he pressed few open mouthed kisses to it, leaving wet trail behind him, "Just to let you know, I am enjoying myself way too much, I won't want to give up on being top from time to time," he purred as his tongue decided to stick out and as exposed as Hannibal was to him, Will could very easily start teasing his entrance by licking it slowly.

Hannibal moaned silently as he felt Will's tongue, so close to where he actually needed him. He threw his head back and closed his eyes, shuddering again as Will's tongue and lips touched his skin, and his hands gripped the sheets by his sides, needing to hold on to something as he breathed heavily.

"Describe to me how do I make you feel, my beautiful man, tell me just how this teasing of mine feels to you," Will purred before he decided to go deeper and stick his tongue inside, trying to get as deep as possible before he pulled out again to wet the entrance with as much saliva as possible. He knew he could use lubricant and he certainly would if it was too hard to get inside Hannibal; but if the man could handle it with only Will's saliva, then there was no need for any more help.

Hannibal intended to answer, but when he felt Will's tongue touching him like this, all he could do was groan loudly and arch his back. His hands pulled at the sheets and he immediately pushed against Will, needy for more.

"Oh God, it's feels good," he said breathlessly, his voice hoarse. Will made him feel so good, so... Alive. He would have liked to tell Will exactly how all that made him feel, but Will made it hard to think clearly. "Do that again," he said, noticing a bit of urgency in his voice, but at this point he didn't care.

Will snickered and squeezed Hannibal's butt cheeks only to spread them apart even wider and send some saliva down to make everything more lubricated. He then buried his tongue inside once more, finding to his own surprise that Hannibal's body was definitely relaxing more willingly than his own. He smiled whilst his nails buried in the man's skin to make it both painful and enjoyable.

With another loud groan, Hannibal felt his body shuddering again beneath Will, his cock twitching and leaking pre-come. "I need you inside me, Will," Hannibal said almost desperately. He couldn't take all that teasing anymore, he needed Will and needed him now. He didn't care if he was prepared enough, the boy had teased him enough. He didn't care that he was bleeding into the sheets and pillows, nothing mattered to him anymore except that he needed Will.

The boy hummed and pushed his tongue inside his boyfriend one more time before pulling back and stroking his leg as he let Hannibal's legs return back on the mattress. "Turn on your belly please... no, wait... on all fours, I need to hold your neck when I fuck you," he said calmly as he took off his underwear and rested it on the side of the bed. Will ran a hand through his hair and smiled, seeing all this blood all over Hannibal's face and body.

Hannibal moved immediately, smirking. That was Will's first time as a top, and he was doing it beautifully. Hannibal felt proud of the boy - his boy - again as he turned around, positioning himself on his hand and knees for Will to take him as he pleased. He wondered if Will would want to use lube at all, and decided that he didn't care.

The boy got on his knees and looked at Hannibal's muscular back that almost made him drool. He always saw Hannibal from the front, he never truly saw the man's back moving and tensing and flexing... and seeing it now he regretted everything, he regretted every single time when he had the chance to see Hannibal's back.

"For fuck's sake, Hannibal, your back is so muscular..." he groaned and leaned against Hannibal's body, pressing one wet kiss to his skin after another as well as ocassional bites.

Hannibal growled, his body tensing as Will bit him - it felt so delicious, Will's mouth only made him feel more and more aroused. "Yes, bite me like that," he said, loving the pain and the feeling of Will's lips and teeth on his skin. He wanted the boy to leave marks, wanted to feel and see them later in the mirror, wanted them to stay there for days.

"How convenient that you can blame your bruises for the car crash, I would love to hear you explain why you have all of those hickeys and bruises on your skin," Will snickered when he finished another rather dark bruise on Hannibal's back. "You're gonna look so fucked tomorrow..." he purred as he pulled back and spat in his hand to rub it in his cock that was by now painfully hard. He then pushed the tip of his cock inside Hannibal, squeezing the man's hips as he moaned loud, waiting for the man to give him a sign to continue.

Hannibal groaned in pain, tensing again for a second but forcing his own body to relax around Will, breathing deeply. "Will," he breathed out after a few seconds, his eyes closed shut as he tried to relax even more around the boy. "Go on. More." He said, wanting to feel the boy deep inside him, fucking him nice and hard.

Will stopped for a second and thought about this, he truly didn't want to hurt Hannibal too much, but the man asked for more and who was Will to deny him that? He pushed himself deeper and deeper, going all the way in. He groaned, being completely buried inside his boyfriend by now and feeling the man around him flexing and then relaxing again. This was so enjoyable that it made him moan again and press his lips against Hannibal's back, biting his skin some more.

Hannibal felt completely lost in the pleasure and pain Will was giving him. He reached for the headboard instead of keeping his hands on the mattress, holding tightly. Will pushed deep into him, already brushing on his prostate on the way in, and it made Hannibal shiver pleasantly and let out a small groan again.

"Move," he said immediately, impatiently. He felt so deliciously full - the pain was fading quickly, and he was so hungry for Will he just wanted the boy to take him, claim him the same way he had done to Will.

Despite Will wanting to lead this entire situation, he let Hannibal boss him around a bit just because he himself never fucked a man before. His smile that the teacher couldn't see rose and he bit on the man's skin more roughly to leave a bigger bruise behind as he started moving inside him. The feeling was like nothing Will has ever experienced before. He moaned out loud and started thrusting inside Hannibal's body almost vigorously, burying his nails in the man's hip bones and surely leaving some scratches. He felt himself rubbing against what had to be the prostate since every time he touched it, the man beneath him groaned even more.

Hannibal pushed against Will as the boy moved, impatient. He was painfully hard and leaking onto the sheets beneath him, and felt needy - every movement Will made was too much but not enough at the same time, and he wanted more, harder, he wanted everything the boy could give him.

"So good... Harder..." Hannibal demanded, not caring that Will was supposed to be the one in control here. He was still bleeding, the cut Will had opened on his nose was still there and his blood was dripping on the pillow beneath him, but he didn't care, he could take care of that later. Will had enjoyed doing that to him, and he wouldn't complain - he was proud of his boy instead.

Will gritted his teeth and moaned again as he tried to thrust inside Hannibal even harder and more roughly now. He then shortly afterwards concluded that this was not rough enough and so he decided to wrap one arm around Hannibal's waist, but squeeze the man's neck with the other one, trying to make it difficult for Hannibal to breathe. He snickered to his own evil plan and slowed up his pace significantly, now focusing on thrusting against Hannibal's prostate.

Hannibal's moan came out strangled, he couldn't breathe - half because of Will's hand around his neck, and half because the simple fact of having Will that way took his breath away. Will squeezed his neck harder and he closed his eyes, loving the sensation - he felt completely at Will's mercy, and that felt surprisingly comfortable and arousing. He should be embarassed for being so loud and so needy, but nothing mattered to him anymore - nothing except for Will.

Will groaned out loud, still squeezing his neck tightly, "Fuck... Hannibal... you're... way... hotterr... than I thought... when you're being a... bottom..." he gritted his teeth, nails scratching at the man's belly where he held him with his other hand.

"I need to... I need you to turn around..." he gasped and pulled out of Hannibal's body, leaning on his knees and waiting.

Hannibal turned around immediately, but gasping for air, since Will had just released his neck from the tight grip. Panting, he reached for Will and pulled the boy to lie on top of him, grabbing Will's arms and pulling him down, wrapping his legs around his waist as the boy basically fell on top of him. He hoped Will would keep squeezing his neck - it made him feel slightly dizzy and everything felt even better and more intense.

"Yes," he breathed against Wills lips, burying his face in the boy's hair. "I'm yours, in any way you want. Yours."

Will hummed and pressed several kisses to Hannibal's lips that were to his satisfaction still mostly covered in blood. He licked the blood hungrily, burying his fingers in Hannibal's hair and going through them, moaning as he did so. He started rubbing their cocks together as he was moving against Hannibal's body, knowing he was smudging the precome leaking from his boyfriend all around them. He couldn't give a damn about it, he needed Hannibal more than he needed anything else in his life. Will reached down to guide his own erection inside Hannibal again, sliding in so easily now that the man was stretched out enough for him. The boy sighed happily and smiled at the teacher, "Tell me you love this;.. me inside you, tell me," he whispered.

"I... love it," Hannibal said, moaning as Will moved inside him again, sending waves of pleasure through him. So good. So perfect. "I love this, I never want you to stop, I love you," Hannibal said finally, realizing that it was true - he loved his boy, the boy who had changed for him, killed for him, the boy who so clearly belonged to him and to him alone - Hannibal loved him more than anything else in the whole world.

"You do?" Will's face seemed to have changed for a tiny second there before it was again that dominant grimace and ocassional moaning face again. The boy could feel the presence of another person inside him, someone who so passionately shared Hannibal's feelings, someone who wanted to shout to the entire world just how much in love they were. Will pushed this person gently aside, returning back to reality and thrusting inside Hannibal's body even more roughly now whilst one of his hands freed itself and wrapped around the teacher's neck again.

"I do..." Hannibal tried to say, but Will was squeezing his neck again and his voice barely came out. He didn't mind - it felt heavenly - he felt as if he had always needed the boy to touch him like that and now he finally had it, and he could never let it go. He closed his eyes

and tried to breathe even though Will's fingers were making it almost impossible, and he squeezed the boy's waist with his legs, wanting him even closer, deeper.

Will was now moaning at every move he made since he was getting closer to his own orgasm; and as he felt, Hannibal wasn't far either. He slightly softened the squeeze of Hannibal's neck only so that he could start kissing the man again, pushing his tongue inside his teacher's warm mouth where he was immediately accepted. Will knew he wouldn't be able to last any longer and he made his last final moves before emptying himself inside Hannibal.

Hannibal felt the boy tensing in his embrace, moaning into the kiss they were sharing as he came, and even though the teacher didn't come just yet, he felt even more aroused and felt his cock twitching and leaking even more pre-come. The hand around his neck still felt amazing, and as they broke the kiss, he looked up into Will's blue eyes again.

Will was panting, his forehead covered with sweat as he smiled at Hannibal and pulled back only to kiss his way down the man's torso to his belly. He pressed more open mouthed kisses to the man's skin, humming contently whilst his hand cupped Hannibal's erection, moving lazily up and down against it. Will soon took Hannibal inside his mouth instead of simply stroking him; bobbing his head up and down.

Hannibal arched his back with a silent groan, feeling Will's perfect, hot mouth around him, and buried his hands in Will's curls again. He could feel Will's come dripping out of him, and it made him pull Will's hair lightly and thrust up into the boy's mouth - so close to his own orgasm now, he was sure Will could feel it as well.

Will left his mouth open for Hannibal to be able to fuck him rather than wait for Will to finish him off. It was better if the man controlled Will's movements and was able to thrust inside his mouth at the speed that was satisfactory to him. Will moaned around Hannibal and squeezed the man's hips softly now, only holding on them without causing the man any actual pain.

Hannibal thrust into Will's mouth harder, faster, being careful not to hurt the boy, but taking what he needed anyway until he came, moaning loudly as hot waves of seven spurt into Will's mouth, and holding the boy in place to make sure he would swallow it all.

Will did swallow everything, squeezing on Hannibal's thighs as he did so and waiting for the man's squeeze to ease. Once he could pull back, he straightened his back and smiled down at Hannibal, loving how the man looked absolutely exhausted and thoroughly fucked. Will leaned over and pressed his lips against Hannibal's, purring into the kiss like a satisfied cat.

Hannibal groaned softly, quietly, in appreciation. He wrapped his arms around Will's back, caressing the boy's back with his fingertips, in slow circles. "That was... Incredible," Hannibal muttered, smiling as he tried to catch his breath.

"I'm sorry for all this," Will now muttered as he looked into Hannibal's face that was all covered in dried blood by now, "I didn't mean to hurt you this much, I felt as if... as if someone else was controlling me almost," he closed his eyes and rested his head on Hannibal's chest, listening to the man's heartbeat, "I cannot say I don't love it when you bleed though, you look incredibly hot like this."

"It's alright," Hannibal replied simply. He was still in pain, and his wounds were still bleeding a bit - and that whole situation was new to him, but with Will it all felt almost right. Will was a lot like him now, and in certain moments he felt like Will was even better - the boy had a darker side that he kept hidden all the time, but Hannibal was loving to see it - he wanted Will to always let it show. "I'm proud... Of what I helped you become."

"Let's rest here for a little while and I will then help you to clean up your face, hm? We need to wash all that blood," Will suddenly remembered the words he had carved himself into Hannibal's hip. He smiled at the thought of owning the man in such a way, they were equal now since Hannibal has also left his mark on Will. He cuddled the man's face lovingly as if there was no blood on it at all and pressed his lips against the man's jaw.

Hannibal hummed softly, closing his eyes as he held Will tighter. They both had blood literally smeared all over their bodies, and Hannibal loved that. "No rush," he muttered, sighing softly. "We can stay here for as long as you want." Hannibal hadn't forgotten the body in the basement, he needed to be sure of when exactly Will had killed Jack and they needed to get rid of the body somehow, but for now he just didn't care.

The boy only smiled softly and then released a silent sigh, cuddling closer to Hannibal even though they both almost desperately needed a shower and a change of sheets on the bed. Will could feel his curls being glued together with Hannibal's blood, he was aware of the skin underneath his nails and he could still feel the man's blood inside his mouth - but just as Hannibal didn't care about it, Will also decided not to. "I could lie like this with you forever... I missed you so much, it's ridiculous," he let out a silent chuckle.

"Is that why you were so hungry to literally drink my blood?" Hannibal asked, amused.

"I remembered how hungrily you always stared at me the moment I hurt myself to the point of drawing some blood," Will said.

Hannibal smiled. Then he decided to analyze his boy a little bit more. "What do you think we should do with Jack's body?"

Will shrugged, looking at Hannibal's face, more precisely at the man's broken lip now, "We need to get rid of him... burn the body, we cannot risk burying it somewhere, that's an evidence someone could find after some time," he added then as he raised his hand and started drawing little circles on Hannibal's chest.

"Mmm..." Hannibal hummed in appreciation to that - he wasn't in a rush to get rid of Jack's body, in fact he was just curious to know what the boy was thinking about doing with it. Hannibal was just sorry that they wouldn't be able to eat the meat, since it should have been removed immediately after Will had killed him - Hannibal would definitely have to teach Will how to do that. "Next time we kill someone, I'll teach you some new things."

"Next time we kill someone, huh?" Will snickered as he raised his head to see Hannibal's eyes, "Who says that I now became a professional killer? Maybe I killed Jack for you and that's everything I'll ever do," he teased the teacher a bit, biting gently on his chin, "Or maybe not... who knows? Depends on who you want to kill next," he added then at the end.

"Anybody. I would even let you choose," Hannibal said with a smile. "We can choose together... Bring them here and kill them together. Wouldn't that feel nice?" He asked softly, moving one hand to Will's hair and playing with his curls.

"As long as they don't touch you... a lot... I'm fine with it, but if they get too grabby, I'm going to cut off their hands," Will mumbled, meaning every single one of his words deadly seriously. He yawned then like a little puppy and pressed tiny kiss to Hannibal's shoulder, "Nobody gets to touch you, I refuse to accept it."

"They don't need to touch me," Hannibal replied, wrapping a strand of Will's hair around his finger, lazily. "My models don't usually *want* to touch me. Usually I'm the one who touches them. But I don't need them, I have you now, and I only want you."

"Your behaviour has changed, you know... you're almost a different person than the man I went to visit to the hospital," Will continued with tiny kisses alongside Hannibal's jawline, "Back there you were only the obsessed man I knew for so long, but now, correct me if I'm wrong, Hannibal, but you look like a man who's in love," he added with a purr.

"It's because I'm in love with you," Hannibal said softly, his voice low. He was feeling happy and comfortable and utterly in love, he truly loved Will so much he could barely contain it now. He recognized the difference, from what he felt for Will before, and now. "What I felt for you didn't change, just... Evolved.."

"I love you more than anything else in this world, Hannibal... I did for a while, but now when I know you feel the same, I myself feel as if my feelings evolved into someting more...pure," the boy whispered, running his hand through Hannibal's hair just to pull him closer for a kiss. He could feel Hannibal's heart beating strongly beneath his hand as his hand was lying atop of the man's chest.

Hannibal returned the kiss slowly, wrapping his arms around the boy again. Will's lips were so soft, everything about the boy felt so good and made Hannibal feel comfortable and happy. "Bath. Now," he said as he finally broke the kiss - slowly, reluctantly. "We have some things to take care of."

"Oh we do indeed, bath it is then," Will agreed almost excitedly, even though he was still pretty tired. Will's small body rose on the bed and the boy soon stood on his feet again, running a hand through his hair, "Can you even stand? Didn't I cause you too much pain?" He asked with concern as he watched Hannibal, his body was truly covered in blood, bites and bruises.

"I'm fine," Hannibal said as he stood up slowly, carefully. Will had actually caused him a lot of pain, but that wasn't a bad thing - it had been worth it. "Perfectly fine," he held Will close for support as he finally stood on his feet, and only then he pulled the boy to the bathroom with him, walking slowly.
"May I just say that this completely fucked look really suits you?" Will snickered when he very slowly sat Hannibal on the edge of the bath before he would prepare the water for them. He made sure the water wasn't too hot, focused on his battered and bruised lover, looking completely exhausted, but also sexy as hell. Will took Hannibal's face in his hands, stroking the man's cheeks with his thumbs as he leaned down and kissed him lovingly. "Do you want

me to wash off that blood now or when you're in the bath?" He then whispered against Hannibal's lips.

"In the bath," Hannibal replied softly. He loved being in a bath with Will. Loved touching the boy's wet skin, and couldn't wait to do it again. "It's more comfortable."

He stood up again, carefully entering the bathtub and lowering himself to sit, resting his back against one of the edges. The cuts Will had made on his skin hurt in contact with the water, but he didn't care much, the pain only reminded him of how good it had been. He stretched out his hand, reaching for Will to pull the boy inside as well.

The boy soon followed, kneeling in the bathtub in front of his boyfriend just so that he would be able to wash off all of that blood first. He noticed that there was blood in the water already; almost all of it coming from the cuts he made on Hannibal's hip. Taking a small washing cloth, Will dipped it in the water and then started very softly with the cleaning of Hannibal's face, going over the cut on the nose first, the to the man's cheeks and finally to his lips and jaw.

"I suppose it felt really good... To hurt me like this, after all the times I hurt you," Hannibal smiled, touching Will's hair softly, fingers running through the boy's curls. He could barely contain how proud he was of Will. "You weren't like this. When I first met you, you were the kind of boy who would never hurt anyone. You were too pure for that."

"All that anger... everything was just stopping me from hurting someone… But when I had the option to hurt *you* back, I'm not going to lie, it felt good. Seeing you bleed and choke, it felt really good as it surely felt to you when you were choking and cutting me," Will muttered, cleaning Hannibal's broken lip more thoroughly after he had to clean the cloth from all the blood. "But you're right, when you kidnapped me... I wouldn't hurt a fly back then and now? I murdered my best friend in cold blood because of you, he died in my arms in this very house." Something about the calmness of Will's voice was almost disturbing.

"And this is the sweetest proof of your love you could have given me," Hannibal said softly, pulling Will closer for a soft kiss - simply pressing his lips to the boy's. "It's beautiful, Will. You make me so proud of you, and so in love." Hannibal lowered one hand to Will's chest, caressing his skin softly, feeling the heartbeat under his hand.

"I feel like I've changed so much from the guy I used to be," Will said silently as he returned the little kiss before moving his cloth to Hannibal's chest to simply wash off the blood that was there. He noticed the water around them was all pink now and realised he should better wash it down if he and Hannibal decided to relax some more in the bathtub afterwards.

Hannibal watched as Will took care of him, feeling a warmth in his chest that he could only define as love. "We both have changed. We've changed each other," Hannibal said softly. "Come here," he said, reaching for Will again. "Closer."

Will turned in the bathtub so that he could press his back against Hannibal's chest. This made him feel so comfortable and so safe that it was almost surreal. The boy released a happy sigh and leaned his head to the back to rest it against his teacher's shoulder, "Yes, that's true...

we've changed one another, for the better." His hands rested on Hannibal's thighs, stroking the skin just lazily.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, fingers lazily tracing patterns on Will's belly beneath the water, as he leaned in to kiss the boy's shoulder. He agreed with Will, they both had changed each other for the better, they had evolved together and we're so much more now. Hannibal buried his face on the back of Will's neck, breathing in. "I love the way you smell after sex," he muttered quietly, lips brushing Will's skin.

"How would you describe the scent? Is it just something really raw?" Will's lips stretched into a smile, he himself then closed his eyes and relaxed against Hannibal's firm body. He loved these moments when both of them were at complete peace, listening to each other's breathing and the tiny splashes the water made once one of them moved. The boy found himself feeling as relaxed as he hadn't felt in ages - bitterly enough in the arms of a killer - and he caught himself thinking that he never wanted anything else in his life that wouldn't swirl around Hannibal.

"Yes," Hannibal's voice was low as he spoke close to Will's ear. "That's precisely how I would describe it. And you also smell like me, which is even better." Hannibal smiled against the boy's skin, then bit softly on the side of his neck, just below his ear. "You're so delicious."

"I am glad that I'm finally not the only one who has bruises and hickeys all around his body... now every time you undress I will be able to see what I've done to you and what color your bruises turned; for a few days at least," Will chuckled and purred when Hannibal softly bit on his neck. "And when those fade away, I will make new ones and that's gonna repeat over and over again," he finished off with a giggle, his hands under the water softly squeezing Hannibal's thighs.

"And so we both will just be covered in bruises all the time... I like that," Hannibal kept pressing his lips to Will's neck, insatiable - he loved the smell and taste of the boy's skin, and how soft it felt. He stayed in silence for a moment, caressing the boy's torso before talking again. "How did killing Jack made you feel?" He asked curiously then, still fascinated with how much the boy's mind had changed.

"I'm not going to lie, I panicked at first when he figured everything out and was threatening to tell everyone. I panicked and started talking about killing him, then I saw how nervous he was and that suddenly made me feel powerful," Will muttered as he looked at the wall and focused on it for a while. "The more scared he was, the more excited it made me feel, I felt so powerful, like a god... Suddenly I was the one to decide whether he dies or lives." Will ran his hand through his hair. "He had to die."

Hannibal smiled, pressing his nose to Will's hair again and inhaling. His Will, his precious, perfect Will. How could he had ever considered killing this boy? How could he ever live without Will Graham? He didn't remember how it felt to be in that bathtub alone, to sleep alone in his bed, none of that felt right or even real anymore. Will was part of him, and he was part of Will as well. They couldn't exist without each other. "That's exactly how you're supposed to feel," Hannibal started kissing Will's neck again, moving slowly to the boy's shoulder. "You are powerful. As powerful as you want to be."

"I'm not, I'm not as powerful as you, but I'm learning. Besides, I have the best teacher, do I not?" Will said silently as he tilted his head to the side to allow Hannibal go even further. He let out a silent moan as his lips curled into a smile, "Teacher, it's funny when I remember you standing behind that school desk, talking about art and me listening only halfway because I'm too busy sketching your gorgeous face and fantasising about you."

"Tell me about it," Hannibal said, arms wrapping tightly around Will. "What did you fantasize about?" He bit on the side of the boy's neck, just hard enough to leave the imprints of his teeth. It would fade away in a few minutes, he was sure. He slowly traced the marks with his tongue.

"I pretty much told you everything already, I wanted you to take me on the table... I wanted you to take me on every table to be honest. I wanted you to fuck me whilst continuing in the lecture, telling me all about the paintings you love whilst you're inside me. I also loved sketching you, your face was always so gorgeous in the morning light," the boy muttered as he shivered when Hannibal bit on his neck slightly. He loved being marked by Hannibal in this way, rather than having letters carved in his skin as sort of a punishment.

"Mmm... If only I could take you back in that room, just to fuck you on my desk," Hannibal said with a smirk, lips still touching Will's skin. He couldn't pull away, he just needed to be closer and closer to the boy. "I'd take you there, undress you slowly, bend you over that table and stretch you open for me... And I'd thrust into you so hard I'd make you scream... And if anybody saw us, we'd murder them." Hannibal bit Will again, just below the first bite, harder this time. He squeezed Will's flesh between his teeth until he was sure he would leave a purple mark.

Will growled this time, gritting his teeth. "We could... couldn't we? Break into the school during night. Wouldn't it be wonderful? The adrenaline, the danger of somebody walking in on us..." His hands squeezed Hannibal's thighs tighter, "I'd love to try and take the risk, it would be so fucking exciting."

"And if someone walks in on us... Would you help me kill them?" Hannibal asked, placing one hand on Will's chest, right above his heart to feel it beating, a bit faster now. "Would you feel good about it, Will?" He gently bit on Will's earlobe just to feel the boy shivering in his arms - he loved playing with Will's body this way, teasing him and watching his body's responses.

"I would... I would help you kill them, whoever it is, they can't see us together fucking on your desk," Will agreed to this so willingly and so quickly; the thought itself was just too tempting. "I would kill them with you, Hannibal, I want to do this, I want to feel the adrenaline pumping in my veins as you take me on a desk in my former school..." He involuntarily moaned, cursing Hannibal's teasing under his breath.

Hannibal smirked, letting his lips touch Will's skin so the boy could feel him smirking. He knew the idea was just too dangerous - he would have to be prepared for pretty much anything if he was going to take Will back into the school, but he enjoyed the danger way too much, and now he was curious - and curiosity always got the best of him. "We'll do this, then. Soon."

"Oh that's just marvelous, Hannibal, thank you... I love you, you know? I love you so much." The younger boy hummed, his head turning as much to the side as it was able to only to catch Hannibal's lips in a lazy long kiss. Will's lips were caressing Hannibal's, the boy slowly pushing his tongue inside the man's warm mouth to taste him inside. Everything about Hannibal was perfect at that moment, his embrace, kisses and all the attention he was giving to Will.

Hannibal returned Will's kisses at the same lazy pace, burying his hand on the boy's curly hair as they breathed together - Hannibal could feel the rise and fall of Will's chest in time with his own, Will's heart was beating against his hand, and he felt so blessed for having the boy in his arms.

Will breathing got progressively more and more quick and it could've been the warm water surrounding him or Hannibal's tender kisses, but the boy soon found himself lustful again, craving for his teacher's body. He moved around in the bathtub so that he could sit on Hannibal's thighs just as his lips found the man's again and started kissing them more passionately.

Hannibal held Will close and returned his kisses again, hands caressing the boy's thighs under the water, moving up slowly to his back, then down again and grabbing Will's butt, fingers pressing hard into Will's flesh as he pressed the boy even closer to him, their growing erections touching. He groaned into the boy's mouth, more than ready to have him again.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

> We're sorry for the late update - again. Only four more chapters to go after this one, we hope you enjoy!

Waking up in Hannibal's arms was strangely satisfying after those couple of days when the man was gone. When Will opened his eyes and saw his teacher's arms wrapped loosely around him, he smiled and softly pecked his chin before pulling away. They ended up having sex in the bathtub, of course, and they didn't even stop when they got back into bed again. Will slowly stretched his arms in front of himself, feeling the stiffness and soreness of his muscles from yesterday's night.

Hannibal woke up as he felt Will moving slightly. He was a light sleeper - even more now that he had Will to take care of. Purring softly into the boy's ear, he tightened his grip, his arms pulling the boy even closer. He buried his face on Will's hair and inhaled, then sighed contentedly.

"Good morning," Hannibal muttered with a smile.

"I didn't mean to wake you up, I'm sorry," the boy whispered when he registered his boyfriend was awake and talking to him. Will turned in Hannibal's arms as carefully as possible only to face the man and be able to peck the tip of his nose, "Did you sleep well? I must admit that I feel a bit.. well, fucked, my whole body is hurting from last night, I think we overstepped it a bit," he added with a soft giggle.

Hannibal chuckled. "You were, in fact, very nicely fucked. Overstepping can be a good thing sometimes."
Hannibal had found time to take care of his injuries between the moment they left the bathtub and went to bed just to have sex again sometime later, and he felt much better now.

"I'm hungry, will you please make us some breakfast? I hope you bought some food before you returned because even though I barely ate anything, there's not much food left in here," Will raised his hand to stroke Hannibal's cheek softly, "I'll be fine with anything, really, even scrambled eggs and toast.. give me anything you want," he hummed, shifting a bit more towards the older man.

"I'll have to go out and buy food later, then," Hannibal caressed Will's hair for a moment before kissing his forehead softly and getting up to make the breakfast Will had asked for.

"Do we still have meat, though? Or did you eat it all?" He asked with an amused grin - all the meat he had in his fridge was literally the student he had painted before he kidnapped Will.

"I didn't touch it.. it has a funny smell, I couldn't really tell what meat that is so I just left it there for you to consume it since it's yours," Will shrugged and when he stood on his own feet again, he walked to the closet to wear some underwear and one of Hannibal's sweaters - again. "If you could go shopping, that would be extremely nice," he added later on with a short nod of his head.

"I will, in the afternoon. And I believe I should return to the school tomorrow," Hannibal said as he got dressed as well, in pajama pants and a sweater. He decided to prepare meat for lunch, then, and maybe even tell the boy what it actually was, to see his reaction. That was probably the only thing Will didn't know about him yet.

He took Will to the kitchen with him, discovering that all he could prepare was literally scrambled eggs and toast, it was all they had now.

Will in the meanwhile lay down on the sofa in the living room, turning the tv on just to see what was in news. He cuddled more to the sweater he was wearing since he completely forgot about the smashed glass door he used as an escape route some time ago. The boy curled into a tiny ball on the sofa, remote control in one hand, as he was switching through the tv channels, trying to find something relatively normal to watch.

As Hannibal finished preparing the breakfast, he placed it on the dinner table and walked to the living room to call Will, finding the boy curled up on the couch - there was a cool air in the room, and it reminded Hannibal that he had to fix the glass door Will had obviously broken. The TV was on, on the news channel, and the first thing he heard was that the police was now investigating Jack Crawford's disappearance. He smiled. "Breakfast is ready."

"His grandma was sick, she was in the hospital," Will mumbled all of a sudden as he was getting up. He followed Hannibal to the table and sat on the free chair there, right by Hannibal's side, "Maybe I should've waited.. that old lady didn't deserve to lose her grandson whilst she herself was still alive," he sighed and grabbed the fork, looking at the eggs on a plate.

"Loss is part of life," Hannibal said, starting to eat his own breakfast. "You have to be prepared for it. Nothing is permanent." Hannibal thought about losing Will - what it would do to him. He knew it would happen one way or another, eventually, one of them would lose the other.

"What would you do if you lost me?" The boy ate some of the eggs before asking this question, his free hand resting on top of Hannibal's thigh under the table, "Now.. when you're in love with me, what would you do if I.. I don't know died by an accident or some disease you couldn't cure? Would you just accept it and move on, Hannibal?" He was genuinely curious about the teacher's reply, especially given to the fact that he himself knew he would go insane without Hannibal and eventually ended in a mental hospital or with a gun pressed against his temple.

"No," Hannibal replied, not even needing to think about it. Before, when they promised each other to kill themselves if one of them died, Hannibal didn't actually mean it. But now, seeing how things had changed, how much Will had changed for him - because of him, Hannibal felt so in love with Will that he couldn't imagine his life without the boy. He turned to look at

Will. "I made you a promise, didn't I? I promised I'd end my own life if I lost you... Because I know I couldn't live without you."

"I'd do it, Hannibal, if I lost you. Whilst I wasn't sure back then if I could keep such a promise, I am now absolutely certain that my life without you wouldn't be life at all," Will stroked Hannibal's thigh and pulled his hand back before he continued to eat again, finishing the breakfast in a short time since there really wasn't that much to eat in the first place. The boy wasn't really an amazing cook, all the food he prepared for himself when Hannibal was gone was edible, but not as tasty.

After they finished the breakfast, Hannibal decided it was time to finally get rid of Jack's body - something he would have done the day before if Will hadn't kept him in bed for so long. He decided to just burn the body as Will had suggested, in the garden because they wouldn't be seen there, and he let Will watch as he set the boy's body on fire, mercilessly watching him turn to ash.

Even though Will had murdered Jack personally, it was suddenly painful to watch the body burn. He sighed and wrapped his arms tightly around Hannibal's waist, pressing to the man's body as much as he could so that he would have some support. Jack's body was burning rather slowly, painfully slow in Will's opinion - the boy watched it all nonetheless, he didn't turn his eyes away not even once.

"I just think it's a shame," Hannibal said after a while, his voice low as he wrapped his arms around Will as well. "To let all the meat go to waste." It was a small commentary, but that implied heavily what Hannibal actually did with his models after killing them, and the teacher waited curiously to see Will's reaction to that, watch him process what he had just said, and keeping his arms tightly around the boy so he couldn't pull away.

"All that meat? What are you saying.. what meat? It's Jack, well, it was Jack but that's not .. that's not just some meat," Will frowned, thoroughly confused at the moment by Hannibal's comment. He raised his head up to look into the man's face, both of his eyebrows raised by now as he tried his best to comprehend just what did that little note mean and why did Hannibal feel like saying it in the first place.

"Human meat is not so different from animal meat, if you know how to prepare it, Will," Hannibal said simply, looking down at the boy. He pressed a kiss to the boy's forehead, ignoring the fact that the look in Will's eyes was terrified.

"Why are you telling me all this?" The boy suddenly felt as if someone clutched his heart and was threatening to tear it out of his body, "What is this supposed to mean, Hannibal? Why are you saying all of these things about human flesh.. it's not even, what is.." he confusedly turned his head towards the body that was still burning near them. Something inside his head told him to pull off and that was what he tried to do.

Hannibal didn't let the boy pull away, instead he held tighter, holding him even closer. He wasn't going to let Will get away from him. "You said you couldn't identify the meat I have in my fridge," he said slowly, his eyes fixed on Will's. "It's human."

The truth hit Will hard in the face and he gasped for air as his pupils dilated, "You.. you.. eat.. people.." he said completely breathless as he stared into Hannibal's face that suddenly weren't loving at all, the teacher was giving Will a pure predator-like stare. "You eat people! You .. I cannot believe it! All of those students then? You kill them and then you eat them?" Will slammed both of his hands hard against Hannibal's chest. The truth was far more shocking to him once he started thinking about it a bit more. "You were going to eat me too? Cut me into pieces and eat me.. literally eat me.."

"I was going to, yes," Hannibal said, not minding the way the boy hit his chest. He still didn't let Will go, didn't loose his grip. "If I had killed you, yes. That's what I did to the student before you, I painted him, and when I finished the painting I killed him and removed all the meat I could eat... Nobody ever notices. I was hoping you would, but you didn't, either."

Will was silent for a moment before he quickly put his hand in front of his mouth and bent over even despite that was very painful with Hannibal's arms around him. There was no way he could possibly hold inside him today's amazing breakfast after these shocking news. The boy tried to push himself away with all his strength and when he found out that it was indeed pointless, he just turned his head away from Hannibal and threw up everything that was inside his stomach on the grass.

Hannibal kept holding Will, trying to comfort the boy now. He pulled him slightly to the side, and moving one hand to touch Will's face, he lifted Will's chin and made the boy look at him again. He pulled Will slightly to the side, away from the mess Will had made on the ground.

"Will... It's alright. Are you alright?"

After a while Will finally calmed down a bit, but was just shivering heavily. He wanted Hannibal to give him a break to process all of this, he needed to get away from the man for a moment to fully accept the cold truth. "Could you.. could you leave me for a while? I need to be alone.. I'll go upstairs and have a shower.. alone.. please.."

Hannibal considered saying no. He didn't want to let Will go upstairs and stay alone, and leave him alone - he didn't like the fact that the boy wanted to be away from him. That definitely wasn't right. He thought it was better to let him, though, before Will tried to fight him - and before Will felt even worse. He felt like he cared even more about the boy now than he did before.

"Yes..." he said, deciding to go upstairs as well soon and wait right outside the door until Will decided to come out. He released the boy from his grip. "Of course. Take your time, Will."

The boy took this as a good sign, Hannibal wasn't that fanatic after all and he still cared about more Will than about keeping him close at any cost. Will nodded slowly and stroked Hannibal's arm before he turned away and returned to the house; going straight upstairs and to the bathroom. He needed to wash his mouth several times, needed to clean his teeth and he needed to wash himself as well just to feel better.

Hannibal managed to leave no evidence that Jack's body had ever been at his place - he didn't think the police would investigate there anyway, and if they did, he could easily kill the cops as well before running away with Will. He went upstairs, then, following Will. He could hear

Will having a shower, so he waited in the bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed and hoping the boy would feel like staying close to him again after the shower.

Will was taking his time with the shower, he washed his hair twice, he rubbed his body until his skin was dark red and when he got to the sink, he brushed his teeth three times before he was finally happy with the state of his mouth. At the end, he even shaved and put some nice cologne on; he dressed himself and when he was done, Will returned to the bedroom only to find Hannibal there.

Standing up and walking to Will, the teacher stood in front of him to lift his hand and touch the boy's cheek softly. He thought that starting with a small gesture instead of pulling Will into his arms and restraining him in a tight hug as he did earlier would be the best approach, after seeing the way Will had reacted.

"How do you feel?" He asked in a low voice, looking into the boy's beautiful eyes. He could see that Will wasn't perfectly fine yet, in fact the boy still seemed distressed, but Hannibal was sure he would be alright.

"Hannibal.. please don't, don't force me into eating human meat, I am begging you don't try and trick me into human meat.. I will not.. I will not restrict you from eating it if that's what you want to do, but I don't want to be forced into eating it otherwise I will starve here, I don't even care," Will's voice was absolutely serious, he stared Hannibal in the eyes. He was determined not to eat human meat, he didn't want to and he wasn't planning to do so anytime soon.

"Alright," Hannibal agreed, finally pulling the boy into his embrace, holding Will's head close to his chest. He buried his hand in the boy's curls and kept his other hand on the small of his back. He knew that eventually he would convince the boy otherwise, everything seemed to work out with time. "I won't force you to eat it. I promise."

"Thank you.. I will need some time, Hannibal, to accept this.. because I am not okay with it but I know that forcing you to change would be extremely stupid of me," the boy could feel tears in his eyes, "I just don't want you to force me to do it, I ate it already without knowing what it was, you used my exhaustion, drugs and everything to feed me a student I once knew," he let out a little sob.

Hannibal nodded, sighing softly as he held Will tighter. He kissed the top of Will's forehead. "Trust me," he said quietly, "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do, Will." Unless, of course, it's necessary, Hannibal thought. "Do you want me to prepare lunch for us? No meat, I promise."

"There are no groceries anymore," Will said sadly when he pulled back, leaning against the wall instead. He ran a hand through his hair and sighed, "Make sure to buy some pasta, maybe some potatoes.. there's rice in the cupboard, I checked that, we also need vegetables, maybe you could prepare some meal from your home country?" He tried to lighten the mood as much as possible, forcing himself to look happy and relaxed again.

Hannibal knew that the boy wasn't feeling much better, but decided to leave it like this for the time being. "A Lithuanian meal. Alright then," he smiled softly, pecking Will's lips one more

time before actually pulling back and opening his closet to choose his clothes. "I'll go to the grocery store, then. I won't be long. You know the rules, alright? Stay inside, don't answer the door, and if you feel the need to, lock yourself in a room."

"Of course, you don't have to worry, I'll be okay here, I'll read something or sketch some more," Will nodded with a small smile that was half genuine and half forced. He then walked over to Hannibal just to interrupt him from choosing clothes and pull him down for a desperate kiss. He squeezed the man's cheeks in his hands and sighed into the kiss before pulling away, "Be safe."

"I'll be back soon," Hannibal said as he parted from the boy and walked out of the bedroom. Since his car wasn't back yet, he decided to take a taxi, and he didn't take long to get to the grocery store and buy everything they would need for the week. He also bought meat, in case Will decided to accept it, maybe if the boy saw him bringing it home and then preparing it, he wouldn't think that Hannibal was tricking him into eating human meat. Hannibal would probably do that eventually, but not right now.

In the meanwhile, Will spent his time looking through the bedroom to find something to read. To his own surprise he found a journal, very old leather book with tons of pages filled in a language he didn't speak. On the first page there was Hannibal Lecter's name gorgeously written in golden ink and beneath it there was a photo attached of much younger Hannibal, probably in his 20 years of age. Will lay on the bed with the journal, going through the pages to try and find some more photos.

Hannibal arrived home and put the groceries away, but also left everything he would need to prepare their lunch on the counter. But before he started preparing lunch, he went upstairs to his room, sure that his boy would be up there.

'Will?" he asked as he entered the bedroom, soon finding the boy on his bed, looking through one of his journals. "Interesting reading?" he asked, raising one eyebrow.

"I'm really sorry, I wasn't trying to be nosy, I was just looking for a good book and I found this, I think it's your journal?" Will was just looking at a photo of little blonde girl the second Hannibal walked in and he now held it in his hand, "It's in Lithuanian so I can't really say it's an interesting read.. more like fascinating, you've had so many things to write about and the photos are so interesting."

"Mischa," Hannibal said in a low voice, sure that Will had already realized that when he saw the picture. He hadn't seen that picture for a long time now, and surprisingly he was okay with the fact that Will had found it. "I don't have many pictures of her. She was beautiful," a small smile spread across his lips. "No need to be sorry... I don't mind."

"She was very adorable, you both were," Will smiled too, looking at the picture of little girl with a little stuffed toy. He then pulled out a different photo with Hannibal embracing Mischa tightly, smiling into the camera. "This is a gorgeous photo.. if I were you I'd frame it and look at it every day, keep the memory alive instead of hiding it in a journal," he looked up at the man.

"I'm not sure how much keeping the memory alive would help," Hannibal commented softly, sitting on the edge of the bed and reaching for the picture. He took it from Will's hand gently, thinking about how everything was easier when he was a kid and Mischa was still alive. They had been very close, she was the person he had loved the most in his life. He handed the picture back to Will and caressed the boy's hair softly. "I'll think about it. Let's keep it in the journal for now."

"I would like you to tell me about your family, Hannibal.. what was Mischa like before she.. before what happened to her. And what were your parents like and why aren't they here with you?" Will closed the journal and pulled himself up to sit, "I believe you have so many interesting stories and I would love to hear them.. sometime, you don't have to now if the cut is still too deep," he added quickly, remembering just how upset Hannibal still was because of Mischa and the fact that he couldn't save her.

"I wouldn't say we were a very interesting family," Hannibal said, lying back on the bed and pulling Will down with him to make the boy lay his head on his chest. Wrapping his arms around Will, he sighed, and only then kept talking.

"We used to go out or travel sometimes, or just spend time together... That was, until Mischa died," Hannibal said, not trying to hide the sadness in his voice. "I remember when I was 10, I asked my mother to teach me how to cook. Then I learned all of Mischa's favorite meals to prepare for her."

He sighed, playing with the boy's hair again. "She always wanted to help me... Usually slicing vegetables... After she disappeared, I stopped doing it. I stopped doing many things..."

"What else did you use to do and stopped when she passed away?" Will asked curiously as he was listening to the man's heartbeat because his head was resting against Hannibal's chest. The boy closed his eyes, feeling safe and protected once again, feeling as if that protective Hannibal returned and the scary cannibal left forever. "You obviously stopped caring about people, I mean.. loving them, falling in love and all," he hummed and started drawing tiny circles on the man's hip.

Hannibal sighed again sadly, still playing with the boy's hair. "I didn't... Notice at the time. I couldn't think about anything else other than the pain I felt for losing her, for a long time."

There was something Hannibal hadn't told Will. When Mischa was found dead by the police, she was missing a few organs. When they caught the man, he confessed he had been eating the children after killing them. For a long time, Hannibal had had nightmares about it. Until he found another way to cope.

"She was my only friend. I never liked other children, before or after her. Losing her meant losing everything. It was almost like losing myself."

"You said you weren't able to get rid of the man as you wished.. did that, did that trigger your obsession of kidnapping young students? I'm just trying to understand you, love, I'm not trying to mock you with this," he added immediately when he realised his question might not be the best one.

"I just wish to know why and when did you decide to kidnap your first student, paint them and then.. eat them," the thought still made him shiver, but he said nothing bad about it.

Hannibal only thought for a while before answering. His fingers moved slowly between Will's hair as he answered, deciding to be honest about it.

"I was still in college when I chose my first model. He was my classmate. When I saw him for the first time, I immediately felt like painting him. And having him. Owning him," Hannibal said, closing his eyes for a moment, seeing the boy's face in his mind again. "You remind me of him, actually. He had curly hair too, was younger than me, and so... Innocent. So naive. It was easy to lure him into my house, and I already lived alone at the time," Hannibal was so lost in thought while he was saying this, he didn't know how Will felt about it, and didn't care.

"I painted him, and sent the painting to a gallery. Not using my real name, obviously. The police started investigating his disappearance at some point, and it amused me that I knew he was actually drugged in my basement for three weeks. When I killed him, I got curious about how he would taste - so I removed his liver and prepared it for dinner."

"You just got curious about somebody's liver? Just out of the blue you got curious?" Will still felt as if he wasn't getting the whole story here, he frowned as he opened his eyes and turned his head look at the teacher, "I'm sorry, but no one just decides one say that they're curious and want to taste human flesh.. unless of course they're insane, which you absolutely aren't, you're the cleverest man I know," he muttered, resting his own chin against Hannibal's chest now so that he could still see his face.

"The man who kidnapped Mischa enjoyed eating human flesh," Hannibal said then, but didn't add more details. "I thought that maybe if I did it too I could understand it. Understand him. I found that I enjoyed killing. That it was fun to be in the middle of an investigation when I was guilty, and still be able to fool the police and everyone around me," Hannibal buried his hand in Will's hair now, letting his fingers slide between the curls softly. "I found that human flesh tastes good, when well prepared. I found that the critics said my painting looked so real, as if the boy was alive there. They were curious to see more paintings. I was curious to taste different people. So I finished college, moved to another state, and did it all again."

"Oh my God.. that's insane, Hannibal.. I shouldn't be so in love with you when you do all of these things, but I simply cannot help it," Will whispered as he slowly raised his hand to stroke Hannibal's cheek and then pull him close for a loving kiss. He tasted Hannibal's lips only for a second before pulling back and resting his head on the man's chest again, "I love you so much, Hannibal..and you've done so many horrible things that should repulse me but they don't.. I forgave you, for everything, and I need you by my side, forever."

"And I love you," Hannibal replied quietly, pulling the hair away from Will's face - his hair was getting longer and Hannibal still hadn't decided if he wanted to cut Will's hair or let it grow a bit more. The boy looked adorable anyway. "I've never loved any of them, but I do love you. And I don't intend to ever leave your side."

"Will you make us the lunch now? I must admit I am getting a bit hungry, and I miss your cooking.. the normal one," he snickered when he leaned closer again to nibble softly at

Hannibal's jaw, just a sweet gesture he thought was appropriate especially given to the fact that the man might've been bit upset because of the memories from his past.
"I love to watch you cook.. believe me or not, but I adore the way your back moves when you cook."

Hannibal hummed, pleased to know that, and pulled Will for a soft kiss. He thought that it was adorable how Will seemed to like looking at him all the time, because he felt the same about the boy.

"Come help me cook, then," he said, finally moving to sit up again and then stand. He offered his hand to Will, to pull him up as well. "Then you can watch me move through the kitchen as much as you like."

"Well it's not like there would be anything more important to do anyway," the boy giggled when he took Hannibal's hand and stood up again. "Do you know what you're going to cook for us today then?" he was already heading out of the bedroom, to the stairs and down to the kitchen. Will pulled a bar stool closer to himself and sat on it, smiling the whole time.

"Cepelinai," Hannibal said, indicating the ingredients he had already left on the counter. "It's made with grated and riced potatoes and usually stuffed with ground meat, but since you don't want any meat for now, we'll use cottage cheese and mushrooms instead."

Hannibal knew that if he insisted on eating meat right now, Will would think Hannibal was trying to force him to eat people, which would lead to Will locking himself in a room again wanting to be alone. Hannibal didn't like that, so he decided to do what Will wanted.

"Want to help me peel the potatoes?" He asked, remembering how Mischa always said she wanted to help.

"Yeah, sure," Will jumped off the chair and walked to the kitchen counter. He searched through the drawer for the right tools to do this. "I don't even remember when was the last time when I cooked something, I used to help my mother in the kitchen too."

Hannibal watched as Will moved, admiring the sight. He could never get enough of looking at Will, the boy was just too beautiful. "A familiar memory, then," he said, smiling softly at the boy. "I've been cooking for myself since I left home, twenty years ago... It's funny when we think that you weren't even born yet, twenty years ago."

"Yeah.. you started living on your own and I wasn't even in my mum's belly," Will giggled as he sat on a chair in front of a trash can and started peeling the potatoes, "Actually, I don't believe I've told you, but it's my birthday in two days.. this little kid is turning nineteen," he added with a snicker, raising his head just to look at Hannibal, "I expect a castle from you for my birthday, just saying."

"Oh, we definitely need to celebrate," Hannibal said with a smile, already thinking about what they could do in that special day. As he prepared the rest of the potatoes they were going to use - only some of the potatoes were supposed to be cooked, the rest was raw - he wondered what he should buy for the boy's birthday. "A castle is not that easy to get, but if there's something smaller that you would like, I promise I'll get it for you."

"I don't need anything, Hannibal, you're too kind.. maybe only some new pencils and a sketchbook, but other than that I'm more than okay with my current situation," the boy sighed happily whilst he continued peeling all of the potatoes Hannibal was handing to him. When he peeled one, he always washed it thoroughly before cutting it to smaller bits.
"We don't need to celebrate it either, I'm not really much of a party person."

"Then I'm thinking... a nice dinner, a bottle of wine..." Hannibal said as he put half of the potatoes to boil. "I will get you slightly drunk," he continued as he approached Will from behind, speaking close to his ear. "And make love to you for hours... What do you say? Sounds like a good birthday to you?"

Will felt Hannibal's breath tickling at the back of his neck and he closed his eyes, nearly dropping a potato he held in his hand as the man whispered to him.

"I.. I.. think that could.. yeah that could work.. couldn't it.. some dinner and wine.. and you naked in our bed.." he whispered, shivering only at the sound of it. Hannibal always seemed to know what to say and when to say it. The boy released a short sigh and straightened his back, smiling.

'Our bed', Will had said. Hannibal smiled. It wasn't just Hannibal's bed anymore, it was their bed, because they were together, they were one. He could almost forget about making lunch when he had Will so close to him like that, and those beautiful images in his head.

"Yes. I want you naked in our bed, and a bottle of wine," he pressed a soft kiss to the back of Will's neck. "Now focus on the food," he said with a chuckle.

"And how am I supposed to focus here, Mr Lecter, when you're telling me all of these things and you keep kissing my neck, hm?" Will turned to Hannibal with an accusing look in his eyes, snickering afterwards as he turned back to his work. He was nearly done with the potatoes, he just needed to focus on the cutting so that he wouldn't cut himself. "I'd like to celebrate my birthday like that.." he smiled and nodded, wondering what his parents would do on that day.

Chapter 19

Two days later, Hannibal left home in the afternoon to buy Will's birthday present and the ingredients for the dinner he would prepare at night. He chose an italian dish this time instead of a Lithuanian one, and while Will stayed in the living room watching TV - Hannibal wanted it to be a surprise -, he took the gift he had bought in their bedroom, leaving the small box on the bed, and then headed to the kitchen to cook dinner.

He only called Will after he had finished setting the table, wanting everything to be perfect for his boy's birthday - that would be Will's best birthday ever, and Will would love Hannibal even more and want to spend each one of his birthdays with him, he was sure. Hannibal could give Will almost anything the boy could want.

Going to the living room to find his boy sitting on the couch, he smiled, standing behind the couch and resting his hands on Will's shoulders. "Dinner's ready, birthday boy."

Will looked up at the clock and chuckled to himself, "Mum said I was born at 6:25pm, which means in now officially nineteen years old," he turned his head to see Hannibal before getting up on his feet and adjusting his shirt a bit. Of course he dressed up all nice for this big dinner; he was wearing his black skinny jeans, dark blue shirt with rolled sleeves and his hair was nicely pulled back so it wouldn't be in every direction possible.

"You look absolutely stunning, Will," Hannibal said as he approached the boy, pulling him into his arms. He leaned in to kiss Will, his lips touching the boy's softly and lingering there for a moment. Then he pressed Will to his chest, hugging him tightly and kissed the boy's forehead lovingly.

"Happy birthday," he said for the second time that day, since he had already wished Will a happy birthday that morning. It felt more meaningful now, though, and he felt even more in love with Will in this moment.

"Thank you, darling, I couldn't wish for anything better than having you by my side forever," Will hummed whist he buried his face in Hannibal's chest, inhaling the man's cologne through his shirt. Hannibal always smelled so good, the cologne he was buying for himself was so significant; Will was certain he'd never erase the smell out of his head. "What did you prepare for us tonight?" He then asked curiously, raising his eyebrows in a question.

"Beef brasato with pappardelle and mint," Hannibal said, hoping he hadn't crossed a line by preparing meat. He had kept Will's meals free of meat for those last days, but now he wanted to make something special, and not eating meat just seemed to be a waste. He took Will's hand and gently guided him to the dining room. "I promise there's nothing human in the food, you don't have to worry."

Will did shiver when Hannibal mentioned meat, but after the man reassured him there was no human in his future dinner, he calmed down and nodded, "I trust you, you know, I hope you wouldn't lie in my face just to make me eat human food, because that would be a really

backstabbing move from you," he muttered when he sat down by the table on a place Hannibal clearly prepared for him.

"I love you," Hannibal said, leaning in to press a kiss to the top of Will's head. "I wouldn't lie to you like that." He circled the table and sat in front of Will, smiling at him. Fact is, he would lie to Will about it if he thought it was necessary, but that was not the case at the moment. He smiled at the boy. "I hope you enjoy it."

"It certainly does look delicious," Will smiled softly before he took both knife and fork and started eating. It didn't even look delicious as he found out soon enough, it even tasted delicious and Will closed his eyes in delight as he continued to eat without really saying anything to Hannibal.

Hannibal watched Will eat and smiled - it always made him happy to see the boy enjoying his food - and only then began eating as well. He grabbed the glass of wine in front of him and just smelled it for a moment before tasting it, closing his eyes. Everything was going as he had planned on that day, it was all perfect and Will was happy - that's what mattered to him.

The boy tried as much as he could not to wolf down all of that food because it was so delicious and he enjoyed the taste of it tremendously. He was cutting himself small pieces of meat on purpose to slow down his process and he was watching Hannibal every now and then just to admire his beauty silently, however, the food soon disappeared off of his plate and he had no other option but to wipe his mouth clean and take a sip of the wine.

"I supposed you liked your birthday dinner, then," Hannibal said with a small smile. He though it was adorable how the boy just ate everything without saying a word, they had been in a comfortable silence and that was something Hannibal valued. At this point, the teacher had already finished eating as well, and he couldn't stop staring at Will. "We should clean this up and go upstairs," he suggested, and took another sip of his wine.

"Hm? Upstairs? And what are you planning for me upstairs, Mr Lecter?" Will asked with a little smirk whilst he himself took another sip of his wine just to get into a more cheerful mood rather than get wasted as hell. He didn't want to get wasted, definitely not today when Hannibal acted so nice towards him. The boy ran a hand through his hair nonchalantly and giggled, "Should I be excited about your surprise or not?"

"Well, I can guarantee that it's a very nice surprise," Hannibal stood up. "I'm sure you'll like it." The teacher smiled before he started taking everything back to the kitchen, wanting to leave everything clean before taking Will upstairs. He knew they would spend a long time in bed, in fact if it depended on him, he would stay in bed with Will for the whole next day.

"Will I?" The boy stood up as well, following Hannibal with his plate so that the man wouldn't have to go back again. As he noticed all the dishes from making dinner were already clean; Hannibal has truly prepared himself for this day thoroughly. Will smiled and hugged his teacher tenderly from behind, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's hips. He pressed a small kiss in between the man's shoulder blades and hummed happily.

Hannibal hummed as well in response, sighing happily in the boy's arms. For a moment he wished he didn't have to go to the school anymore and could just stay home with his boy

forever - he knew at this point that he would never get tired of Will, no matter how much time they spent together. The boy was really everything he needed to be happy - well, that, and painting his models. He didn't take long to clean the kitchen, and soon they were heading upstairs to their bedroom, with his glasses and the bottle of wine.

"Do you plan on getting me drunk, Hannibal? Because I'm not sure if I won't fall asleep once I'm drunk," Will chuckled out loud when they both got to the bedroom and he was the one to close the door behind them, even though there was nobody else in the room and this gesture was quite pointless. He stayed close to the door, not sure whether Hannibal planned to give him some present now or whether he had some other plan.

Hannibal placed the glasses and bottle of wine on the bedside table and grabbed the first gift he had bought for Will - he had left on their bed earlier - it was a black box with a necklace inside.

"Maybe you shouldn't drink too much or too fast, then. I'll want you awake for at least a few hours. But first..." Hannibal said as he turned to face Will and walked to the boy, holding the box in front of his body and opening it to let Will see what was inside.

The necklace had a small anatomical heart pendant, and Hannibal thought that it was perfect as a symbol of his love. "Your birthday present. The first one."

Will looked inside the box and a silent gasp left his mouth, "Oh my God, Hannibal, that's for me?" he slowly pulled the necklace out of its place and stroked the pendant with his thumb, "that's wonderful, I love it." His eyes were literally glowing with love as he looked up at Hannibal and stretched out his hand towards him, "Will you please put it around my neck, my love?"

Hannibal smiled, gently taking the necklace from Will's hand and moved to stand behind the boy to put the necklace around his neck.

"It's supposed to represent my heart," Hannibal said as he closed the clasp on the back of Will's neck and leaned in to press a kiss to the spot right below Will's ear. "It belongs to you. I think it belongs to you since the day I saw you for the first time."

"The day you saw me in the class with my big blue eyes and messy curls and long legs in skinny jeans and completely not paying any attention?" Will grinned widely and hummed, loving all of the attention he was getting from his boyfriend. He gladly pressed his back against Hannibal's chest and smiled, stroking the necklace around his neck.

"Yes," Hannibal muttered against Will's skin, hands moving up Will's chest, then down again. "I fantasized about bringing you here... Drugging you, touching you... I've wanted you for so long. That night when I got those texts from your phone, I touched myself thinking about you."

Hannibal slowly moved his hands up again, softly touching Will's nipples through his shirt, lips lightly brushing on the boy's ear. "And now I want you wearing only this necklace... And nothing else."

"You touched yourself? I don't remember you telling me that.. wait, you really touched yourself?" The thought made Will feel extremely warm and he sighed softly whilst his fingers started unbuttoning his own shirt. His fingers were teasingly slow since he wanted Hannibal to elaborate on that story, he wanted to hear more especially since it concerned his man losing control.

"I couldn't stop thinking about you after I read those texts," Hannibal pinched Will's nipples gently, then his nails grazed them lightly. "They weren't yours, though, that wasn't true," Hannibal bit Will's earlobe a bit too hard as a punishment. "They made me hard all the same, and I just had to wrap my fingers around my cock... And imagine it was you touching me."

"It was partially true, okay, because I didn't deny sending them or anything.. I could've told you straight away it was Jack and not me, but I didn't, because before Jack even sent that message about me wanting to be fucked by you over the table I told him I wanted that, he heard me say that I wanted to be fucked like this," Will unbuttoned his shirt fully, but didn't take it off just yet since he was pressed against Hannibal's chest.

"I already wanted you when I got that text message... But it made me want you so much more," Hannibal moved his hands to touch Will's skin directly instead of touching him through the fabric of the shirt, and for a moment he simply placed his hand above Will's heart to feel it beating.

"Then I was just desperate to bring you here... To make you mine. Paint you, fuck you, kill you, and then..." He stopped himself before he could say 'eat you', but he was sure Will knew what he meant. "But I started needing you more than I needed to paint you. I feel an endless... Hunger for you. It's never enough," he bit the side of Will's neck, wrapping his arms tightly around the boy, restricting him.

"I don't even want you to be full of me.. I don't want you to get enough of me, ever, I need you to feel this hunger towards me till the day we die together," the boy released a shaky breath as he rested his own hands atop of Hannibal's, squeezing them just softly whilst the man held him tightly. Will could feel the goosebumps on his skin, his heart beating faster and he was sure his pupils were dilated as well. He could also feel Hannibal's growing erection against his back for he was pressed against the man so tightly.

The teacher smirked against the skin of Will's neck, pressing more kisses to it as he moved his hands to slide the shirt off Will's shoulders. He let it fall on the floor, not caring about it for a second when he had Will in his arms like that. His hands caressed the boy's soft and warm skin again, then moved down slowly to the front of Will's trousers, finding that the boy was just as aroused as he was.

"I don't think I could ever stop wanting you like this," Hannibal said, his hand pressed to Will's crotch, caressing him through the fabric of his trousers. Too many clothes. He wanted the boy naked, needy and pliant under his body. And he would give Will everything.

"I've never been so important to anyone, the feeling is absolutely overwhelming and perfect, I love it," the boy said silently since he was trying to control himself as much as possible only so he wouldn't jump at Hannibal and try and play dominant again. He knew Hannibal wanted to be in control today, he knew his man wanted to spoil him and do everything for him

because of the birthday. "What's in the other box?" He asked as he noticed there was another wrapped box lying on the bed.

"My other present for you," Hannibal said with a smile, grabbing Will's hand and pulling him to the bed. He made the boy sit on the edge of the bed with him, then handed him the box. It was black as well, but larger, and this time, Hannibal didn't open it for him, he let Will unwrap the surprise for himself.

Hannibal had chosen the butt plug carefully, since Will had never used one before. It was black, small, and had a little button that made it vibrate. He thought it was perfect - he could fuck Will, then slide the plug into him and leave it there until they were ready to go again.

Will unwrapped and opened the box only to turn completely tomato red and almost choke on his own saliva. He looked at Hannibal, then down at the butt plug, then at Hannibal again, "I.. thanks.. I.. that's.. thank you.. it's very.. we'll surely put it into some good use," he giggled shyly as he sat on the bed with it. He didn't know what appropriate words to say and so he kept smiling as if this was the prettiest gift he's ever received.

Hannibal smiled when he saw how happy Will seemed to be about the sex toy. He was shy, though, and Hannibal thought that was simply adorable.

Without saying a word, Hannibal leaned in and kissed the boy, first just touching the boy's lips with his own softly as he placed a hand on the back of his neck, and then licking his way into Will's mouth, deepening the kiss.

Will moaned and shivered, resting the box by his side so it wouldn't be in the way as he pulled Hannibal closer and eventually made him sit on the bed too. He quickly changed his position to sit on the man's lap, his arms wrapped around Hannibal's neck as their lips never parted. Hannibal tasted like wine and just overall perfection, something Will could get never enough of.

Placing both hands on Will's back, Hannibal hummed into the boy's mouth as he returned the kiss, and gently caressed the boy's skin up and down with his fingertips. He wanted more - was hungry for the boy, and couldn't wait to see how beautiful Will would look using an anal plug for him. He lowered both hands to grab Will's butt and pulled the boy against him harder, breathing heavily, needy for more contact.

Will let out a short gasp as he gripped on Hannibal's hair and pulled at it needily. His hips rolled against Hannibal's body, their hardening erections brushing one against another whilst Will continued in the kisses, hungry as ever. His fingers started working on the shirt his man wore, the buttons seemed to be exceptionally small this time and he had some trouble unbuttoning them, "I need you so much, Hannibal.." he added.

Hannibal helped him with the buttons, moving a bit faster than Will did, and when he finally undid all of them he quickly took the shirt off, letting it fall on the other side of the bed.

"You have me," Hannibal breathed against Will's lips, opening his eyes to look into Will's before staring down at the boy's mouth again. "I'm yours, just as you're mine," he added with a smile, touching the little heart pendant with his fingertips and kissing Will again.

"Yes.. we belong to one another, don't we?" Will cupped Hannibal's face and pecked his upper lip softly, then the tip of his nose and then both of his eyelids in a very sincere and tender gesture, "How will you take me? I would love to be able to stare into your eyes tonight if you don't mind that.. since this night is special and it's my birthday," he hummed, his fingers softly brushing through Hannibal's hair as he spoke.

"Since it's your birthday, you can ask for anything you want," Hannibal assured him, fingertips slowly moving from the pendant to trace a line down his torso until he reached the front of Will's jeans.

"I'll let you choose today. My only request is that you take these off," the teacher smirked against Will's lips as his fingers worked on the button and fly of Will's jeans.

"That is a wish I'll gladly grant you, my dearest man," Will grinned widely as he stood up and pulled his skinny jeans down as well as his underwear and socks. He remained in the standing position, his eyebrow raising slightly, "Well it would be hardly fair to be the only one naked here, would it? You, Hannibal, should undress yourself as well," he hummed, running fingers through his hair before he folded his arms over his chest; waiting.

Hannibal chuckled, standing up as well to finish undressing himself. After he pushed his own trousers down along with his underwear as well and was finally completely naked - and half hard.

"Is this good enough for you?" Hannibal asked with a smirk, pulling the boy closer. Will was now wearing only the necklace and nothing else, just like Hannibal had wanted. He smiled. "Now... How do you want me to take you?"

"I want to see your face when you're inside me, I need to see you and hear your moans, listen to your sweet voice and feel your breath tickling my skin," Will snaked his arms around Hannibal's waist, pressing against the man almost as if they could become one body. He looked up to see his lover's face, small smile stretching on his lips, "Tonight it's just us and nothing else, it's just me and you.. let's forget about everything and everybody else."

"There is no one else in my mind," Hannibal reassured the boy, kissing his lips softly before pushing him to the bed and climbing on top of him, and kissed Will again as if he had never stopped. He reached for Will's hands to pin them up against the mattress, on both sides of the boy's head, parting from his lips just to attack his neck instead, biting and sucking on the boy's skin.

Will moaned from his bottom position, opening his legs for Hannibal to lie between them. He cocked his head to the back to expose his neck even more in a hope of getting decorated with tons of new bites and bruises all over again - something he didn't even think he'd miss having. His eyes closed as he relaxed and let Hannibal take the absolute control over him. Despite enjoying being the one with control that one time, bottoming for Hannibal Lecter was far more entertaining.

"So beautiful," Hannibal muttered against the boy's skin, praising him. "My lovely, gorgeous boy. I love you so much," he bit Will's neck hard and then sucked, leaving a dark bruise behind, and moved down to the boy's collarbone. "You smell so good... I want to devour

you," he said as he captured Will's flesh between his teeth and squeezed it, leaving the imprints of his teeth.

"You know you'll only be able to call me a boy for one more year? Then I'll be a man.. and not just your little boy," Will chuckled whilst turning his head slightly down only to see his boyfriend marking him. He let out a silent hiss when Hannibal squeezed his skin too much to the point of actual pain, but to his own surprise he found this more exciting. Now he finally understood why Hannibal enjoyed all that beating so much - the man's body was still covered with bruises and healing cuts.

"I'm my eyes, I think you'll always be my little boy," Hannibal spoke against Will's skin, his breath warm against the spot he had just bitten. He started moving down then, pressing kisses all the way down Will's torso, lips caressing the boy's skin. "You're so sweet, darling... You're my innocent, beautiful little boy," he wasn't even sure Will was still listening, but he kept talking anyway, lips brushing Will's skin as he moved to kiss each one of Will's hip bones.

"Innocent? I murdered for you, Hannibal.. and I plan on doing that again if we get to the school and somebody sees us there as we fuck on the table," Will was free to move with his arms again and so he instantly buried his hand in Hannibal's hair to pull at it needily and accompany such action with a moan. He raised his hips a bit, wanting more of those sweet kisses so close to his crotch.

"You were, before I brought you to live with me," Hannibal smiled at how responsive Will was, "before I changed you."

The teacher parted Will's legs a bit more to kiss the inside of his thighs, sometimes alternating the kisses with soft bites." Now you're becoming just like me."

"Which is both terrifying and exciting at the same time if I'm completely honest," the boy groaned and shivered, his legs starting to tremble as Hannibal continued to cover them with kisses and small bites. Will could feel his erection growing faster now that the man's lips were so close, he let out a silent whimper and squeezed the sheets beneath him in a desperate attempt to calm down. "That normal and innocent Will was boring."

"I never thought you were boring..." Hannibal moved to the other thigh, giving it the same treatment. Teasing Will was one of the things he liked the most. "You were always fascinating to me."

Moving to reach for the bottle of lube on his bedside table, he opened it and spread some lube on his fingers, trying to warm it up for a moment before lowering his hand to tease Will's entrance with a fingertip. "But now, you're even better."

Will let out a gasp just as he lifted his hips a bit so that Hannibal could get further, "I don't consider.. myself.. fascinating.. but if you.. say so.." his breath was quicker and Will had to laugh at himself for a moment there because he was needy as some horny teenager. "Hannibal.. did you ever do.. sixty-nine?" He asked very silently, not wanting to risk the embarrassment of remembering the position name wrong.

"Yes," Hannibal answered, quite surprised with the question. It was a nice surprise though, and Hannibal remembered how he had said he would let Will choose whatever position he wanted. Will had also said he wanted to look into Hannibal's eyes while they had sex, but maybe the boy had changed his mind to try something new instead. Hannibal wanted to fuck Will, but he also wanted Will in every possible way.

"It's one of my favorite positions, in fact," he pushed his finger inside the boy, moving it in and out slowly. "Would you like to try?"

"I'm very curious.. but I wouldn't want to hurt you, you know.. I wouldn't want to.. well, make you choke on me..I.. is that even possible?" Will's cheeks turned completely red and he gasped once he felt Hannibal's finger inside him. "I want to try it though.. even though it might be stupid, I am way too curious to let it go now," he whispered with his breath quickening with every word.

"We'll do it, then," Hannibal pulled his finger out just to push two inside of Will instead. Thrusting both fingers into Will, he lowered his head to press his lips to the base of Will's cock, and then licking it, all the way up to the tip. "I want you to use the plug for me anyway," he said as he looked up at Will and brushed his fingers softly on the boy's prostate.

"You want me to use the plug whilst we are doing it?" Will's cheeks were crimson red by now and he cleared his throat just so that he could look somewhere else and not at Hannibal. He let out another load moan; his legs twitching as he was way too excited by now, "So I just.. I just slide it inside? Is that all? I've never.. never used one before so I don't know.." he admitted shyly.

"Yes," Hannibal answered as he kept thrusting his fingers into Will, harder now. "It's supposed to keep you open for me. But it will also settle right against your prostate and feel great when it vibrates."

Hannibal didn't let Will think too much, just reached for the plug and pulled his fingers out of Will to spread lube on the toy instead.

"Oh.. but won't it.. won't it just make me come.. and end this evening ridiculously quickly? I wouldn't want to come in few seconds and then have to wait before being able to go again," the boy whispered as he slowly sat on the bed just to watch Hannibal preparing the plug for him. He took a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair, eyes fixed on the teacher's face because it just was so goddamn gorgeous he couldn't help himself.

"I won't let you come that easily," Hannibal assured him, he knew Will's body and knew that he could stop when he felt that Will was too close to his orgasm. "Now, do you want to be on top?" He asked when he was satisfied with the amount of lube he had spread on the toy. That certainly would be comfortable enough for Will.

"Yeah, I want to be the one on top," Will said as he stroked Hannibal's face and pulled him close for a kiss, something that would calm him down and would give him the courage to try the toy under Hannibal's supervision. "The plug won't be uncomfortable, right? Just like when you're inside me."

Hannibal smiled, looking those beautiful eyes that were so close to him now. "I don't think it's very different from when I'm inside you," Hannibal assured him, knowing for sure that Will would enjoy it. "It's definitely not uncomfortable, don't worry."

Pressing one more kiss to Will's lips, Hannibal lay on the bed and helped the boy position himself on top of him, caressing his thighs slowly to help him relax.

"I'm just a little worried, I'm sorry, I've never really experimented with toys before, I just don't know what to do and such," Will bit on his lip and blushed again; something Hannibal couldn't possibly catch since Will was already facing the man's thighs and not his face. The boy slowly got on all fours at first, then lowered his torso and got on elbows, catching Hannibal's erection in between his lips and starting to bob his head really slowly but steadily.

Hannibal let out a surprised moan, he wasn't expecting Will to start so suddenly. "You're... really... eager..." He groaned, grabbing the anal plug firmly and guiding it into Will - just the tip first, and then he pushed the rest of it in as well very slowly. The way he had prepared Will and the amount of lube he was using made it easy.

Will whined uncomfortably at first, wiggling a bit on top of Hannibal before he finally adjusted himself to the plug and stopped moving. Letting out a soft moan once he released Hannibal's cock from his mouth, Will closed his eyes for a second to enjoy the feeling. "I'm.. always eager.. for you.. don't you know that?" He whispered, his hand wrapping around the erection again so that he could continue in sucking.

"Good," Hannibal said, gasping softly when he felt Will's mouth on him again, and then he finally grabbed Will's cock as well and guided it into his mouth, sucking it softly. His hands caressed the boy's thighs for a few seconds before they moved up to press the button at the end of the plug and make it start vibrating inside the boy.

This made Will squeak unexpectedly and he tensed for a second because he couldn't see this coming. His body relaxed rather quickly though and he purred against Hannibal's body, continuing in pleasing the man orally whilst he was stroking his thigh. He thought of fucking the teacher too, to give him a taste of his own medicine, and so he parted for a second only to wet his finger and push it inside Hannibal as he returned to sucking hum off.

Hannibal groaned around Will's cock, taking him in deeper and sucking harder, at the same time parting his own legs even more to expose himself to Will. Lifting his hand again, he pressed the plug against Will, making it go even deeper and feel even more intense.

The boy was slowly pushing his finger in and out of Hannibal, adding second after a while just to tease the man even more. He let out a satisfied moan and decided to try and deepthroat his teacher. He did his best, going as far as he could before retracting and just sucking lightly on the tip of Hannibal's cock.

Arching his back slightly, Hannibal moaned around Will's cock again, but still tried to be careful not to move too much or push into the boy's mouth. He didn't expect Will to actually deep throat him, and it felt so good - combined with the feeling of Will's finger inside him - that he was distracted by it for a moment. He could feel Will leaking into his mouth, and he sucked harder, loving the taste and wanting more.

"Good God Hannibal, this feels so good, you feel so good around me.." Will whimpered when he parted his lips from Hannibal's cock. He stroked it couple of times and licked the tip gently, sucking on it just lightly before he took him inside again, starting to deep throat. He loved the way Hannibal responded to it, moaning so out loud and shivering so much.

The vibrations as well as Hannibal's teasing made Will moan like crazy and he kept fucking Hannibal with two fingers now, going in and out rather quickly just to please the man. He felt as his body started to tense as it always did when he was getting closer to an orgasm and he whined in pleasure.

Hannibal knew Will's body too well, he knew the boy was about to come and so he pressed the button to turn off the vibrations of the anal plug - and immediately stopped sucking Will off as well. He pulled back, letting Will's cock slide out of his mouth and turned his head to bite the boy's thigh - not the one he had carved the words into that time, but the other one, leaving now the marks of his teeth in the boy's flesh.

"Lie down," Hannibal said breathlessly, but still in a demanding tone.

Will obeyed Hannibal's order immediately, pulling away from the teacher and lying on his back on the bed right next to him. He didn't know how Hannibal intended to take him, but he was definitely more than ready for it, shivering in anticipation and desire. He spread his legs slightly and looked Hannibal in the eyes, "I really really need you inside right now or I'm going to die."

“So dramatic…” Hannibal smirked, grabbing the anal plug and pulling it out of Will slowly. With a predatory smile, Hannibal pushed two fingers into the boy, looking at him.

"You feel so good, open and ready for me like this," he pulled his fingers out and slid his cock into Will instead, groaning as he felt the boy so tight and warm around him.

"Oh fuck.. for fuck's sake, Hannibal," Will's slim legs immediately wrapped around the man's hips, both warm thighs pressed against the teacher's burning skin. Will pulled the man close to himself only to kiss him some more, to push his tongue inside Hannibal's mouth and take him, taste him. His body surrendered to Hannibal's so naturally, he took him in completely and without any pain - being already used to Hannibal anyway.

Hannibal returned the kisses, feeling just as hungry as Will was. He started thrusting into him, groaning loudly into the boy's mouth, but never breaking the kiss - at this point, they were both a mess, desperate for more, hungry for each other. Hannibal only parted from Will's lips to attack his neck instead, leaving a trail of bite marks and sometimes sucking on the boy's skin as well.

"I love you so much.. so fucking much.." Will groaned when he cocked his head to the back just so the teacher could ravish him more. The boy shivered, loving the marks that were forming on his body, loving every single scar or bruise Hannibal has ever gifted him with. He squeezed the man tighter around the waist, arching into his body.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will to hold him even closer, completely lost in the pleasure and in his hunger for the boy. He continued biting and sucking on Will's neck and

leaving dark bruises behind, which he honestly loved to do.

"I love you, Will," he said breathlessly against the boy's skin, just to continue biting his neck after.

"I'm going to.. oh my God, Hannibal!" Will screamed the man's name as he came in between their tightly pressed bodies, instantly smudging his semen as they continued to move. He felt the strong wave of pleasure hitting him and he gasped for air, burying his nails in Hannibal's wide muscular back he loved so much. Knowing Hannibal wasn't done yet, Will pulled the man's face close to his own and started kissing him passionately again to help him out a bit

Hannibal moaned loudly as Will came, feeling as the boy clenched around him. Hannibal kissed Will hungrily again, thrusting harder, and it didn't take long for him to come inside the boy, burying his face on Will's neck to breathe him in, whispering into Will's ear about how much he loved him.

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal as well, both of their bodies covered in sweat. He kissed Hannibal's forehead and smiled, closing his own eyes too to relax and enjoy himself. "This is definitely the best birthday present I ever got.. getting fucked by a gorgeous man who loves me," a smile spread on his face as he said so.

Hannibal kissed Will's lips softly, smiling at him as well. He was still inside the boy, and Will was holding him so tightly with both his arms and legs and he never wanted to move away from the boy. "A man who will love you for the rest of his life."

"I believe that your words are true, so are mine," Will looked into Hannibal's eyes just to smile once again and stroke the man's cheek lovingly, "Ugh, now we gotta have shower but I just feel so used and tried and not wanting to move an inch," he let out a small chuckle just as his hand buried in Hannibal's hair and started to play with it.

Hannibal smiled, pulling out of the boy and moving away to get up from the bed. "Come with me," he said, pulling the boy up with him, "Let's have a quick shower and come back to bed." Taking Will into the bathroom with him, he turned the shower on and pulled the boy under the warm water.

Will wasn't paying that much attention to what was happening around him since he was pressed against Hannibal without any intention to get away from him anytime soon. He kept smiling throughout the whole time they had this little shower and once he was back in bed again, Will curled in the sheets like a little puppy - still smiling. He yawned then and rubbed the back of his neck, his blue eyes turning to Hannibal, "Goodnight.."

"Good night, my darling," Hannibal muttered as he curled up around Will, wrapping his arm around the boy and pulling him as close as possible to him. "I hope you had the best birthday of your life," he kissed the boy's neck softly, his voice even lower now.

"This sex was equally as good as the bike I got for my seventh birthday.. when I'm twenty, you'll have to do you fucking best to impress me, Hannibal," Will said this in a teasing funny tone, his back pressing against Hannibal's warm chest - the man's chest hair was softly tickling him against his back. He hummed happily and stretched his legs beneath the blanket

before tangling his legs with Hanibal's.

Hannibal laughed, closing his eyes and holding the boy tighter. "I will," he promised, pressing more kisses to the boy's neck and shoulder lovingly.

"Sleep, my dear," he whispered, lips still caressing the boy's skin softly.

"How am I supposed to sleep when I have such a gorgeous man pressed against my back," the boy was very tired and sleepy though and he soon found himself napping lightly before falling asleep completely. He cuddled as close to Hannibal as possible and slept throughout the entire night in peace.

Chapter 20

Hannibal woke up that morning and decided to prepare breakfast for Will before the boy woke up. Having to go to school in the afternoon, he was already thinking about which cameras he would have to take care of to be able to take Will there at night and make the boy's fantasy of being fucked in the classroom come true.

It was risky and he knew that, but it was something he wanted to do - and he knew that it would make Will happy, there was nothing in the world he wanted more than to make Will happy. Hannibal was sure that it would be fun to have sex with Will outside of the house, and he was also very confident about doing it without anyone finding out.

He decided not to tell Will about it yet, instead he simply prepared the breakfast and took it to the bedroom to serve Will breakfast in bed. That was something that always made the boy happy, so it was definitely something Hannibal did frequently.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal said with a smile as he entered the room and noticed that Will was awake and looking at him.

"Hi," the boy slowly sat on the bed and stretched out his arms before reaching for the plate with breakfast, "this is so sweet, we're like an old married couple now, knowing what the other wants and doing it for them because we're so in love," he smelled the eggs and bacon first before giving them nearly a wolf look. He knew he couldn't just swallow it all at once and so he started eating as a sophisticated person. "You're going back to school today, huh?" He muttered between munching.

"Yes, and probably be interrogated again about you as if they hadn't asked me the same questions at least twice already," Hannibal said with a chuckle. It didn't bother him, in fact it amused him to know that he could fool the police for as long as he did. "But I only have to go there in the afternoon, so we still have time."

"We still have time for what, Mr Lecter?" Will raised an eyebrow and grinned widely at the teacher. He continued in eating his breakfast in the same exact pace although when Hannibal spoke like this he just wanted to shove all of that food down his throat just so he'd be able to interact with the man. "I wanted to thank you for the last night as well, it was amazing, truly."

"You don't have to thank me, it was my pleasure," Hannibal smirked, lifting his hand to pull the boy's curls back and off of his forehead, and there was no reason for him to do it except that he just wanted to touch Will. So he kept moving his fingers through the boy's hair as he watched him eat.

Will moved so he could lean against Hannibal and continue in eating his breakfast, being curled close to his boyfriend like a puppy. He carefully took the cup of tea in his hands, smelling the delicious liquid first before taking a little sip, "I wish you wouldn't have to go.. but I of course understand. We must not raise any suspicion," he snickered, his facial expression softening as he looked up at the man again.

"I wouldn't go of I could choose," Hannibal replied, fingers still moving slowly and softly through the boy's hair. He turned his head and buried his face on Will's curls, breathing in - his own shampoo, Will's own scent, himself... Perfect. Hannibal smiled. "But don't worry, I'll come back to you as soon as I can."

"I hope you will, no more car crashes please, the last one was absolutely intolerable, I missed you like crazy," Will complained silently when he looked up just to brush the tip of his nose softly against Hannibal's jawline, "Don't you ever disappear on me like this ever again," he hummed and started stroking the teacher's thigh lovingly, just brushing his fingertips against it.

"No, that won't happen again," Hannibal reassured him, closing his eyes and leaning in to brush his lips softly on Will's, just before kissing him. "I'll come back to you at night," he promised, fingers curled in the back of Will's head, gripping the boy's hair as he deepened the kiss.

"At night? You have so many classed today? Or are you planning to go shopping maybe?" Will pushed the plate with breakfast away just as he pulled Hannibal down with him on the bed, already snaking his arms around the man's waist to not let him go so easily. His lips found the teacher's, planting one needy kiss to it after another, making just a little break there so that Hannibal could reply to the questions he's been asked.

"I'll shop for groceries and maybe... Maybe I could buy you some new clothes," Hannibal said with a smile against the boy's lips, kissing him again before he could answer. He loved to see Will wearing the clothes he had chosen for the boy, they made Will look so good. Hannibal groaned softly into the boy's mouth as he kissed him deeply, already knowing that the boy wouldn't let him go so soon and being completely fine with it.

"Some new clothes, hm? And what would you like to see on me? I could be seducing you here with some corsets and sexy panties and something.." Will laughed softly against Hannibal's lips when he parted from him. He used the fact that Hannibal wasn't fully clothed just yet to move his hands beneath the teacher's shirt, stroking the soft skin there.

"I would actually love to have you in a corset," Hannibal smirked, kissing the boy's lips repeatedly between his words. "Lacy panties maybe?" He kissed Will's lips again. "Stockings? God, you'd look good in those... I'd want to devour you," Hannibal's voice was low and deep. "More than I already do."

"Would such a thing seriously turn you on? If I dressed for you in lace and stockings and everything?" Will's hands underneath Hannibal's shirt went more further down just to change their location and slide beneath the lace of the man's pyjama bottoms.

"Yes... That would seriously turn me on," Hannibal looked into Will's eyes as he said this, so the boy would see that he wasn't kidding, but before Will could answer he started kissing down the boy's neck and kept talking. "I'd find that very arousing... I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off of you... Or my mouth..." He sucked a dark bruise on Will's neck.

"Oh God, Hannibal, this makes me want to try it.. I hate you for this, you always bring up some idea I really like and I can't get the idea out of my head for another week," Will laughed

softly before tilting his head to the side so that the teacher could get to his neck even more. His hands inside Hannibal's pants found the man's butt cheeks, squeezing them as rightly as possibly whilst he practically rubbed Hannibal's crotch against his own.

Hannibal laughed against Will's neck and then moaned as Will pressed them closer together - he rubbed his crotch against Will's and groaned into the boy's skin, biting him after, catching the flesh between his teeth and squeezing until he was sure it would leave dark imprints of his teeth on the boy's neck. Beautiful. "So you want it, then... Good."

"I want to try it.. I've never wore lace or stockings in my 19 years of age, I don't think I'll look bad with stockings because my legs are long and slim, but the lace, hmm.. not so sure there," speaking of his legs, Will spread them so that Hannibal could nestle between them. Will then raised one leg higher, pressing his thigh against his boyfriend's side whilst the other leg stayed stretched out on the bed. "I know you love my legs, how long they are and how they can wrap around you like snakes."

"You have lovely legs," Hannibal agreed, "and you will look so good..." he started kissing down Will's torso, pressing his warm lips to the boy's skin, until he reached Will's leg with his lips as well. He started pressing kisses to Will's thigh - the same one he had carved the words into - it had a big scar now that clearly said 'I cannot escape.' Hannibal loved it. Letting his lips brush the soft skin there for a moment, he smiled. "I want to have you wearing only the stockings. I want to feel it against my skin when you wrap your legs around me."

"Goddamn Hannibal, keep talking like this and you'll have to be delayed to school, because I won't let you leave unless you at least let me give you a blowjob or we can fuck," Will raised his leg even higher up, looking at the scar he had on the skin, scar that was bright pink now as it healed quite nicely. The words were still visible though and although Will didn't like the scar, he respected it because he deserved it for his actions.

"I believe I'll have to accept the offer then," Hannibal smirked against Will's skin, pressing more kisses to the scar on Will's thigh lovingly. "I can't say no to a blowjob, if you want to give me one, even if I have to get to the school a bit later than I should."

"Oh? Very well then, if you don't mind you'll get to school later then.. then sure, let me please you," Will groaned as he let his head fall to the back and against the mattress. He was so glad he didn't knock the plate with breakfast off and not break anything, that surely wouldn't be comfortable. He buried both of his hands in Hannibal's hair and started pulling at them needily, "You must let me though."

Hannibal hummed softly and pressed his lips to Will's skin once more.

"Alright," he said softly before turning around and positioning himself on top of Will again. Will seemed to like the sixty-nine position, was always so eager to take Hannibal into his mouth, and Hannibal couldn't resist. He positioned himself, his knees on both sides of Will's body now, his face right above Will's cock, and he leaned in to take him in his mouth just as well did the same to him.

Later, both of them lay in bed together, cuddling. Hannibal held Will tightly to his chest, and he could still taste the boy in his mouth. Perfect. He stayed there with Will as much as he

could, until he truly needed to get up and get ready for school.

"I think I'm just going to draw a bit now.. wait till you get home. I could maybe try and cook something? I only do pasta though so I'm not sure you'd be so impressed by it, even though, who knows?" Will sat on the bed dressed only in his underwear and Hannibal's shirt by the time the older man was putting on one of his suits. "You look great, I've always admired those suits, me and Jack were trying to guess just how many do you really have."

Hannibal laughed, turning to look at Will fondly. "You look great too," he said, "when you wear my shirts. It looks even more like you belong to me."

He walked to the boy and kissed his lips softly. "You can cook anything you want. I'll try not to take too long to come back home. And remember, if anyone knocks on the door, hide and wait for them to leave. Alright?" It was easy for him to believe when Will nodded in agreement, was easy to trust the boy, now that he had seen how devoted the boy was to him after the accident.

Will followed him downstairs and Hannibal kissed him one more time before leaving. He didn't leave Will locked in the basement, but left him locked inside the house, taking all the keys with him so Will couldn't possibly get out. He knew Will wasn't going to do anything wrong. Now that he had fixed the glass door, he could take the keys with him to prevent Will from leaving again in case Hannibal took too long to come back and the boy panicked. Driving to the school, he was sure that when he came back home Will would be there waiting for him, possibly with dinner ready.

Will stood there for a while, just staring at the door blankly before he sighed softly and left to the bedroom again to sketch a bit as he said he would.

Sometime later in the afternoon, he heard a car stopping in front of the house and even though that was a bit unusual since he expected Hannibal to be back for dinner the soonest, Will got excited and ran down the stairs to greet with his lover. He already rested his hand on the handle when he froze on place after hearing two voices from behind the door.

"Remember, don't push him in the corner.. we don't know if it was him."

"Got it boss, I won't do anything you wouldn't do.."

Then there was a knock on the door and a deep male voice announced, "Mr Lecter; this is police officer Johnson here, we just have few questions about the disappeapearance of Jack Crawford."

Will gasped for air. Police. He shook his head in disbelief and stepped away from the door - but since this wasn't his luckiest day, he slipped on the rug at the door and fell on the ground; immediately getting back up and running to the basement.

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Hannibal had a nice day at school that afternoon. He was sure that now that he had suffered the accident, there was no reason for anyone to suspect him anymore, especially because on

the day Jack Crawford disappeared, Hannibal was in a hospital bed. If they thought Jack was kidnapped by the same person who kidnapped Will and all the other students, they couldn't be suspicious of Hannibal anymore. Nobody at the school threw him weird looks anymore, but at the same time many students were terrified, since three students had disappeared from that school in a short period of time. As he got ready to start his next - and last - class of the day, Hannibal decided he would only choose kids from other schools for a while.

Will hid in the corner of the room, pulling a blanket over his head as he heard the knocking coming from the main door even louder this time. He covered his face with both hands and wished he would have a phone with which he could call Hannibal for help, but unfortunately the phone he had used last time was now in Hannibal’s bedroom. The knocking stopped and Will could hear the voices no more; he raised his head and looked towards the basement door.

There was a sound of glass being smashed and before the boy could locate the sound, the basement door flung open and two men with flashlights burst in. One of them pressed the switch and as they both were descending the stairs, Will curled in his hideout even more tight, hoping they just don't notice him.

"Chief! I got something, there's someone under the blanket here!"

"Be careful alright? If it's Lecter, we want him alive.. what the fuck is this place?"

"Chief, I don't think it's Lecter.. I.." the officer grabbed the edge of the blanket on the floor and suddenly yanked it away just as Will jumped at him in somewhat desperate attempt to defend himself. The police office gasped and fell with Will on the floor,wrestling with the boy for a while, but since Will was very thin and weak - he had no real chance of winning this.

"Chief.. for fuck's sake..you know who this is?"

"No fucking way."

"It's Will Graham."

***

Hannibal was preparing to leave as he watched all his students getting out of the classroom. He still had to buy groceries and a few new clothes for Will before he went back home, but it was good to be finally leaving. Just as he finished packing his bag, though, and there was nobody else in the classroom, the principal opened the door and entered the room, two policemen behind him.

"Mr. Lecter," he said, looking dead serious. "The police is here for you."

"Mr Hannibal Lecter, you're being charged of kidnapping, several murders, cannibalism and God knows what else, I cannot believe an animal like you still lives," the police officer standing right beside principal frowned as he watched Hannibal staring so peacefully back at them, "Yeah, we broke into your house and guess what we found? Not only there was some freaky torture room there in your basement, but we found Will Graham - the boy who's been

missing for quite a while. I don't know what you did to him back there, you sick freak, but his parents are with him right now and you're going to rot in hell."

Hannibal didn't show any emotion on the outside, his face completely blank as he heard the policemen talk about how they found Will. Inside, though, he was angry - so angry that they were taking his Will away from him, taking him away from his Will, and he knew that Will wouldn't be alright without him.

"Did you find the paintings?" Hannibal asked calmly. Trying to kill everyone and run was pointless now, he could hear the sirens outside the school, he was sure there were police cars outside the whole building. Still, Hannibal knew that he was going to find a way to escape and get his Will again, sooner or later.

"The paintings? We found them and I've never seen more fucked up shit - so you painted your victims and then killed them? Or are they already dead on the pictures? Why is there no picture of Graham? Why was he even alive? I only pressume you murdered Crawford as well.. but he was kidnapped only recently then, why is Graham still alive?" the policeman snapped at Hannibal - the man's peace was truly making him furious.

"Officer, please, could you two discuss this in custody? I'd like this man to be in handcuffs already, I am worried of the reputation of this school and safety of our children," the principal's voice cut the silence in the room and set one policeman into movement as he walked to Hannibal, yanked his arms behind his back and put handcuffs around his wrists.

"I kept Will Graham alive because he's mine," Hannibal said, ignoring the principal, and also ignoring the fact that he was being handcuffed. It was pointless to resist. All he could do now was find a way out of it. "Because he wants to be mine. Because we love each other."

Hannibal didn't care if those people wouldn't believe him. All they had to do was ask Will Graham, and they would see that Hannibal was right. Hannibal has to make sure nobody would know that Will was the one who killed Jack Crawford, though. He didn't want Will to be arrested as well. "And yes. I killed Jack Crawford as well," he said, taking the blame to protect Will. "He found out the truth, so I had no choice. He tasted like fear."

"You sick fuck, you tortured Graham to the point of getting him to love you? Oh you're so gonna rot for this, I'll make sure of it.. we returned Graham to his parents, they were so relieved to see their son alive, you know shit about him, that kid is gonna have a happy life without you and you'll never ever see him again," one of the police officers grabbed Hannibal roughly and dragged him out of the room - barely controling his rage.

Hannibal let the policemen drag him out of the school as the other teachers and students watched, some of them whispering about him, some of them yelling at him. He didn't care. All he cared about was getting Will back. If Will was in his parent's house again, that would be easy, he just needed to find a way to escape prison. He got into the police car and let them take him without protesting.

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Mr Graham was allowed to come to the room after a very thorough search and several oaths concerning that he would not in any way harm the prisoner. He left his jacket with the policemen just because it was getting too hot inside anyway or it might've just been his nerves working.
He stepped in to see a massive glass prison in front of him that seemed to have an entire room locked inside - there was quite comfortably looking bed there, small library, toilet and a sink, wooden table with a chair and some sketches were spread all around the walls. Mr Graham focused his sight on some of them and to his utter shock, he could see his son's eyes staring right back at him from every single picture. William was portrayed on the papers in various positions - once sitting on a chair in long jumper, once smiling widely with his curls in his face, once laying nude on a sofa.. all of these were making Mr Graham extremely uncomfortable and he turned his eyes to the ground before meeting the prisoner's eyes.

"I just wanted to see the animal that destroyed my boy.." his voice was rough when he spoke and he frowned immediately.

"Mr. Graham," Hannibal said calmly, approaching the glass, holding his hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on the other man's eyes. "You have seen me before, I'm sure you remember," Hannibal smiled, reminding the man of when they met in the principal's office, where Will's mother was crying, desperately trying to find her son.

"But you're mistaken. I didn't destroy your boy, or should I say my boy? Will loves me. He chose to be with me," Hannibal insisted. "Chose to be mine, belong to me - his heart, mind... and body."

Mr Graham's features hardened the moment Hannibal mentioned Will didn't belong to him. He let out a hiss and shook his head dismissively, "That's a lie and I'm not going to listen to you talking about using my boy.. he is my son, he doesn't belong to you - not anymore anyway. He is safe home with us and he'll forget you soon enough." he scanned the man's face closely and the longer he was staring at Lecter's face, the more he was convinced Will was forced into all of this - there was no way he would believe Will truly loved this man.

"I doubt that he will forget me, Mr. Graham," Hannibal said, still with his calm expression, but enjoying himself way too much. He hated being away from Will, but provoking people almost distracted him enough to make him happy. He knew that sooner or later he would have Will again, whether Will wanted it or not. "Not when I've been so close to him. He won't forget my voice, my touch. Won't forget how I've touched him so intimately. How I've been inside of him, so many times. I've never forced him into it, you know. He always asked for it."

"You. Bastard." Mr Graham jumped against the window and slammed his fists against the glass even though such action only hurt him - the glass barely moved at all. He kicked at the glass furiously, "I wish I could strangle you right now for lying so much about our Will, our precious boy.. I've seen what you did to him, you animal, I've seen how many bruises he had on his body, I've seen that writing on his thigh - did you enjoy yourself you sick fuck? Did you enjoy yourself as you tortured a boy half your age? You fucking monster, I so hope they're gonna execute you!"

Hannibal didn't move, didn't even flinch as the man jumped at the glass, simply stood there, inches from him, watching as the man lost his composure.

"Some of the bruises I gave him were punishments for disrespecting me," Hannibal said. "Others were... As most people would call them, love bites."

"I can't believe monsters like you are allowed to live.. this is unspeakable.. you murdered all of those children and you tortured our Will, made a puppet out of him.." Mr Graham spat at the glass, wishing it would hit the man instead, "we will make him better and once he's forgotten all about you, I'll come here and laugh at your stupid face," he hissed as he stepped back, "He doesn't belong to you anymore, he's free."

"That was rude, Mr. Graham," Hannibal's voice was low and calm, and he still didn't move an inch. He watched as the man's spit slid down the glass slowly. "You're rude."

He didn't feel the need to reply to the man's accusations or threats, it was amusing to see how angry the man was when he heard the truth. "You're this angry because you know what I say is true. I'm sure he already told you that he wants to come back to me. I'm sure you think I forced him into everything, but in the end he just wanted to live in peace. With me."

"Fuck you.. it's not true, I don't believe a word you're saying and I hope you'll be locked in here forever for all the crimes you've comitted... If I could I would spat on your face, you freak," Mr Graham barked those last words out before he turned on the heels of his shoes and stormed out of the room, furious beyond measures - both because he knew Hannibal wasn't lying to him and because he refused to believe Will would do so many horrible things.

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Barbara Graham knocked on the door of her son's bedroom slowly, so quietly she wasn't sure Will had heard it. Will had been there since the day before, when the police brought him back, refusing to eat or talk, crying, telling her and her husband to go away every time they tried to talk to him. She had been awake all night, listening to Will sobbing in the room next to her on. It was obvious to her that her boy was too traumatized by what happened to him, probably afraid that that horrible man would come after him and take him away again. She needed to make him understand that he was safe now.

"Will?" She called, her voice low and broken. "Please talk to me, my darling."

Will's blue eyes turned to the door and the boy slowly walked towards it, squeezing the handle feebly and letting his mother enter the room. He immediately returned to bed, squeezing one of his pillow so tightly his knuckles turned white - he wished the pillow was Hannibal. His Hannibal. "I want to go back, mum.. I want him back... I need him. He is my everything, why don't you get it? Why does no one get it? Where is he now?" he blurted all of these questions at once, his body shivering before it rested against the wall.

Mrs. Graham's eyes filled with tears when she heard her son, her baby, telling her that. She couldn't imagine why Will would want to go back to that bad man, and she sat next to him, on the edge of the bed.

"You can't go back to him, honey," she tried to stay calm, and lifted her hand to push his hair away from his face. Will was still wearing the clothes from the day before, including a red sweater that was way too large for him - she was sure it belonged to that man. "He's in jail now," she said after a while. "I don't know if he got a death sentence or not, but he's never getting out of there, darling."

"What? Death sentence? Never getting out?" Will gasped and immediately pulled away, dropping the pillow on the floor as he did so. He squeezed a his jumper and smelled it, calming down a little when he could smell Hannibal's cologne, "You cannot be serious, are you? He did nothing bad.. he's an artist, mum, he gave those students a new life.. he would've painted me too, but he.." his lips stretched into a smile, "he fell in love with me, mum. He loves me more than he loves his own life, he told me so."

"Darling, he hurt you..." Mrs. Graham said, her voice weak as the tears threatened to fall down her face. She did her best to hold them back, both hands on her lap now that Will had rejected her touch. "He killed all those students, and he tortured you... You're covered in bruises, honey, he's a liar, a murderer... He looked into my eyes and told me he didn't know where you were, when he was actually keeping you in his place. He killed Jack... Your best friend," she said, desperately trying to shake some sense into her son.

"No no no, he didn't kill Jack, he didn't even touch Jack.. he will tell you he did, but he is just covering for the real killer," Will leaned towards his mother and squeezed her hands, "it was me mummy.. it was me, I stabbed Jack to death because he figured it out, he realised Hannibal was the man I was staying with so he had to be eliminated. Don't blame Hannibal for this, it was me, I had a kitchen knife and I stabbed him, I watched the life leaving his body and then I drew him. It wasn't as perfect as any of Hannibal's drawings, but I tried my best, mum."

"Will, you--" her voice faltered and she lowered her head, the tears finally falling as she squeezed her eyes shut. She squeezed his hands back, and she couldn't be completely sure if what Will was saying was true or if the boy was simply trying to protect Hannibal, but her mother instinct told her it was true. That her son had killed his own best friend. It was horrible, because that meant her Will wasn't himself anymore. "This isn't you, darling," she cupped his check with her hand, shaking her head slightly, in denial. That wasn't her son, not the one she knew. "He changed you. If what you say is true, then he made you a killer. How could that be good? Before he took you from us, you would never hurt anyone..."

"Oh mother you don't have the slightest idea what it feels like to take someone's life.. you have no idea what a thrill that is and just how you end up enjoying it in the end. You should've seen Hannibal's eyes when he saw Jack's body, he was so touched and proud of me, he nearly cried - I surprised him," Will sat closer to his mother and rested his head on the woman's shoulder hesitantly. "Can't you see just how much he means to me? He transformed me from this whiny little student into a man who knows what he wants and doesn't hesitate to take it."

Mrs. Graham stared at him, momentarily speechless, truly horrified now. Hannibal Lecter had indeed destroyed her son, turned Will into someone else, someone she didn't recognize. It was terrifying to see her son talking like that.

"Will, what--" she stopped, not even knowing what she wanted to say. "Hannibal Lecter is a monster, Will. And he turned you into a murderer just like him. How can you love a man who did you so much harm? While we were looking for you, desperate to find you again, he was torturing you..." She looked down at his thigh again, where that horrible monster had obviously carved words into her son's skin. Her eyes filled with tears again.

"Look at your thighs. Your neck. God knows what else he did you to beside the bruises and wounds I can see now. He cannot love you. People like him aren't capable of love."

"Desperately looking for me? Desperately? You two kept looking for few weeks only and then when the letter was delivered you stopped. It took me one paper to make you stop looking to bury me with all the memories. I bet you two were already getting over me, you'd re-paint this room, maybe put some new furniture in, hide all of my photos.." Will pulled back, his blue eyes staring at his mother with so much hurt, "He would never stop, mum.. Hannibal, he would never stop looking for me. He would cross the oceans, he would travel through states.. we would go to the end of the world to find me, which is something I cannot say about you two... my own parents. He was so right, I don't need anyone but him, everybody else just wants to lecture me, to yell at me and be nasty... get out, get out!" He pressed himself tight to the corner of the room and hid his face in his hands just as he started to cry again.

Mrs. Graham knew that it would be pointless to argue with him now, or even try to talk. His words hurt like knives, and she didn't think she could say a word without bursting into tears, or yelling at him, or both. Her baby, her little baby who was always a sweet kid, a loving son, a boy who would never hurt anyone, now was someone she couldn't recognize. Because of Hannibal Lecter. Lecter had brainwashed her son, trying to turn him into a monster too. And what was worse, he had succeeded in making Will love him.

Barbara Graham turned her back on her son and walked to the door, closing it behind herself as she left the room. She would have to talk to her husband about this as soon as he got home. Saving Will was beyond them now, they needed help. They would have to send him to a mental hospital, and soon. It was the only way her son would have a chance to get better.

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The mental hospital his parents drove him to proved to be even worse than Will had imagined it. The building was scary on its own and the men who stepped out of the front door to take care of him frightened Will so much he clung to the car seat and refused to leave the vehicle.

His mother signed the papers before she burst into uncontrolable cry and hugged Will tightly - almost crushing his bones as she squeezed him. The boy pushed her away, the disgust projecting in his eyes, he was not going to share her pain when he didn't have to be here in the first place. One man in white cloak rested his hand on Will's shoulder and before the boy realised it, he was being pushed down the corridor to his new room.

After a while he stopped counting the pills he's swallowed, the injections he's received or the number of electro therapies that were supposed to work on his Stockholm Syndrome. Every night Will looked at himself in the mirror, two bloody bruises covering his temples, muttering the one and only sentence that was on his tongue.

I love Hannibal Lecter.

Day after day he was being told how bad Hannibal was until one day it Will found out that apparently someone had informed some other patients of Will's story because ever since that unfortunate lunch Will's been targetted by the most brutal of patients. 21st century and he was still being tortured for loving a man. He was being called various names starting from faggot, prick, fairy to cocksucker, slut and worse, he was being pushed around and couple of times touched on places he certainly didn't want to be touched at.

After couple of months his parents stopped visiting him - instead they started sending letters. Apparently, they moved houses and were all eager to inform Will about a baby sister he'd have soon. Will was far from impressed to say at least, the letter impaled his heart and left him empty for the rest of the week. Baby sister. They moved on and were fine with him going insane in this facility.

One year later he would still face the mirror in his room - a stranger with shorter hair, taller body, but just as skinny, whispering:

I love Hannibal Lecter.

Two years later Will met another stranger in the mirror - a young man with growing stubble on his jaw, firm shoulders and stomach muscles moving under the cloth of his shirt. Still he murmured.

I love Hannibal Lecter.

Three years later Will had broken his mirror during a particularly bad anxiety attack. The mirror was never replaced and so he had to mutter his words against the wall.

I love Hannibal Lecter.

Four years later Will moved from his tiny room to a more spacious one - unfortunately being forced to share it with a man who was in a worst condition than he was. Whilst the man would growl and make all sorts of noises at night, Will curled in his bed with his hands over his ears, repeating to himself:

I love Hannibal Lecter.

Five years later Will turned 24 and on the day of his birthday a card was delivered to him from his family.

We will pick you up today at midday. We are so looking forward to see you, Will. Mom, Dad and Sophie xxx

The young man smiled to himself - finally. He's been working on his lying techniques for quite a while, he disguised his illness so that no one would suspect anything. Lying to the doctors was just as easy as getting out of bed every morning and by now, Will Graham tricked everyone into thinking he was absolutely sane and in no need of staying here longer than necessary. He stood up from behind the table where he was reading, taking off his

glasses. A rough hand with slim fingers rubbed at the stubble on his chin just as the blue eyes flew to the mirror on the wall. Almost wicked smile spread on Will's lips as he made a silent promise to his own reflection:

I am going to see Hannibal Lecter again.

Chapter 21

In those five years, there hadn't been one day that Hannibal didn't think about Will. Mr. Graham never visited him after that time when he spat on the glass of Hannibal's cell. Hannibal had waited for Will to come, to look for him, but doubted that the police would let the boy in. Doubted that his parents would let him come after him. After a while, he started doubting that Will Graham even wanted to see him again at all.

Nobody ever gave him information about Will, no matter how much he asked or tried to trick people into telling him. Not many of the guards who had contact with him knew how Will was these days anyway. After a while he stopped asking. He wondered if Will had been sent to a mental hospital, and part of him strongly believed he had. He could imagine the boy - his boy trying to fight everyone to go back to him. Hannibal had intended to escape from prison, to look for Will, to take the boy with him, so they could run away together to some place in Europe, and never be apart again.

He never had the opportunity. The guards were careful, sometimes more than necessary when they were dealing with Hannibal. He was being watched. Every single one of his movements, every single thing he did. He waited and waited for an opportunity, a single chance, but it never came.

He spent his days reading and drawing. Every day he worked on a drawing of Will. His obsession with the boy made everyone believe he was insane. He put everything on paper, Will's face, Will's body, Will's scars, the bruises Hannibal left in his body. And every day he waited for a chance to escape. Every day he waited for Will. Every night he lay on his bed, closed his eyes and retreated into his memory palace, replaying his memories of Will, over and over.

On the day of Will's 24th birthday, Hannibal made a new, different drawing. Instead of drawing Will as he remembered him, Hannibal drew him how he thought Will would be now, five years older, maybe still with those curls Hannibal remembered and loved, but maybe also with a stubble, and maybe with a different look in those beautiful blue eyes. Not just a boy anymore. After five years had passed, there was one thing Hannibal still knew for sure, one thing nobody could ever take away from him.

He loved Will Graham.

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The moment Will left the building he could see his mother waiting next to the stairs. She looked much older than Will remembered her, but then again, he himself looked almost as a completely different man. He adjusted his glasses on the tip of his nose and cleared his throat before descending the stairs slowly whilst putting on the most convincing smile he could possibly make. "It's been a while mum.. you still look fantastic," his voice was much deeper than before and the moment he stopped in front of his mother, he hesitantly spread his arms wide open, waiting for the woman to initiate the hug herself.

Mrs. Graham couldn't hold back the tears when she finally saw her son again. She didn't expect Will to ever forgive her for having stopped visiting, for not being able to handle the pain, for feeling like it was too much for her to take. It had been too painful to go there to see Will tell her again and again how he loved Hannibal, how he wanted to go back to him. After a while, Mr. Graham didn't want to let her see Will anymore because she always cried all night after she saw Will. She had missed her son, but it became easier with time to know that he was there, safe, and receiving treatment away from them. Away from the life he knew.

Now, she stepped closer to him and hugged him tightly, and he was taller than she remembered, looked a lot older than she remembered. He was still her little boy, though, and she pressed him tightly against her chest, resting her head on his shoulder. Her husband was a few steps behind with their daughter in his arms, but in that little moment she couldn't think about anyone else but Will.

"My boy," she said, and she sounded affectionate, but also hurt. She didn't know if she would ever be able to heal completely from what happened. She hoped Will had. "You look beautiful," she smiled with tears in her eyes, lifting both hands now to cup Will's face as she looked at him.

"I'm sure I look absolutely different to you right now, don't I? I tried to shave as much as possible but then I kind of just.. didn't do it," Will shrugged with a small smile on his lips as he squeezed his mother in a hug for a moment before letting go - he still wasn't used to hugging people who weren't Hannibal. "Mum, I am very sorry for my behaviour earlier.. I mean five years ago, I was in a weird phase of my life and now it's finally over," he added with a confident voice, running a hand through his hair, "Are we going to go home now? Because there's something else I need to do first."

"Will..." Barbara Graham hesitated, she thought she knew exactly what Will wanted to do. She was torn between letting him do it and not letting him - but if Will was truly decided, she couldn't do anything to stop him. She was still his mother, but he was a twenty-four year old man now, and made his own decisions.

"You're going to see him, aren't you?" she asked, already knowing the answer. She understood that Will naturally wanted to see the man who had hurt him so much. The doctors had told her that Will was cured, that he was much better now, that he understood how bad Hannibal had been for him and didn't have feelings - or the illusion of feelings - for that man anymore. Will probably just needed closure, so he would feel free to start a new life, far away from Hannibal Lecter. She would respect that. Still, she was afraid that seeing Hannibal would make Will suffer, remind him from that horrible past. "Are you sure that's what you need?"

"Mother I really need this.. I need to look into his eyes and to tell him just how much he destroyed my life and how better I am now without him. I want to see him suffer behind the bars whilst I'll be on the other side free and with no bond towards him," Will lied as he gently squeezed her hands, "Please mother, this is very important to me, I need to see him one more time, I've planned my words for five years and I need to tell him just how much I loathe him as a person."

"Alright, darling," Mrs. Graham agreed, nodding and hugging her son one more time, just briefly now. "We'll take you there. You can talk to him and then we'll go home and move on from all of this. Everything will be fine now, Will, I promise you."

She grabbed Will's hand and pulled him to the car with her, where her husband and daughter were waiting, and she had never felt so relieved in her life. Finally she would have her son again, and everything would be back the way it was before that horrible man got into Will's life.

The journey was painfully long, most likely because both of his parents wanted to talk to him and Will could literally think of nobody else but Hannibal. He was biting on his lower lip nervously, his hands squeezing and releasing piece of his button up shirt and once the car finally stopped at the parking lot, he felt like dying. He sincerely asked his parents to wait in the car, that he would be back as soon as possible and since his mother at this point would do anything for him - this little wish of his was immediately granted.

Will Graham entered the main building, walking to the desk there to request his audience with Hannibal Lecter. When the woman behind the desk asked for his name, he quickly came up with some other one, not sure whether it was wise to use his name at this moment. He said his name was Gregory Wikkins and that he was a psychiatrist who was asked to do a psycho-analysis on Mr Lecter. Luckily, his voice and smile were so convincing that sooner than later, he found himself going through the metal control and an extra check-up before entering the cell.

A police officer entered first, closing the door behind himself so Will couldn't see. He cleared his throat when he focused on Lecter in the cage and then with louder voice than necessary he said, "Lecter, you have a visitor.. some psychiatrist named Wikkins came to do a psycho-analysis of your brain so you better co-operate if you want to have those books in your room."

Hannibal sighed and nodded. Another psychiatrist, as if Hannibal hadn't seen a lot of them in those five years. He stood up from his desk and approached the glass, watching as the officer left and let the other man - the psychiatrist - in. And Hannibal laid eyes on him for the first time.

For the first time in five years. Will. This was Will, there was no doubt about it. He seemed different, Hannibal was right about the different look in his eyes, Will seemed to have been through so much in those five years. Hannibal was also right about the stubble on his face. Only his hair was shorter, and the boy was taller than Hannibal remembered. Hannibal wondered how his scars looked like now. The physical and psychological ones.

"Will," he said, but his voice sounded weak. He couldn't read Will's expression anymore. He couldn't see what Will was thinking or feeling. His boy had changed so much.

"They cut your hair. Why did they cut your hair?" Will's voice was on the other side clear and firm as he was being reassured back in the room he just came from that for this experiment to work, there will be no cameras or audio recorded. He slowly walked towards the glass to take a better look at the man he so desperately loved and missed for five years. Hannibal barely changed except for the haircut, his eyes were still cold on the first sight, his cheekbones still

high and sharp and his lips trembled a bit as the man said Will's name. The young man took a deep breath, taking off his glasses only to slip the to the front pocket of his button up shirt, "Hello Hannibal."

Hannibal took a step closer to the glass, closer to Will. He was sure that the boy would see the sparkle in his eyes, sense the happiness Hannibal felt by seeing him. With the way Will was talking, he assumed Will had made sure that the police wasn't listening to them. But he kept his hands behind his back, knowing that he was probably still being watched. He wanted to break that glass, tear it to pieces and pull Will into his arms, feel him again. The fact that he couldn't do that made him want to scream. He took a deep breath.

"Who cut your hair?" he asked, offering the boy the smallest of smiles. It was there just for a second, then it was gone.

"Doctors in the asylum, when I came in so that they could start with the shock treatment," Will replied in a calm voice, looking at the camera only briefly to notice to his satisfaction that the light on it did went off. He had to promise on the death of his mother that in case of emergency he would scream his lungs out and the cameras would go back on. Another thing he noticed were the holes in the glass wall, most likely for breathing. He frowned a bit, he didn't like the fact Hannibal was kept here as an animal one bit.

"It’s growing back quickly... almost to the length I had five years ago," he added then as he looked at one of the holes only for a second - his head already screaming at him to at least touch Hannibal's arm before he would have to leave.

Hannibal nodded. Doctors in the asylum. Shock treatment. He wanted to kill those doctors for touching his Will. How dare they.

"You've been there for five years," Hannibal said, realizing the truth. Will had been kept in a psychiatric hospital for five years. Probably almost as long as Hannibal had been in prison. His Will. His precious boy. Hannibal mirrored Will's movement and eyed the camera as well, pleased that it wasn't on anymore.

"You look so different now, Will. Stronger. They can't hear us, can they? You made sure this would be completely private. If you had come here to tell me how you hate me now, you wouldn't have asked for this level of privacy."

"Well, you can never know for sure, can you? Maybe I asked for privacy so I could be really nasty to you," the young man's lips stretched into a small smile that disappeared way too quickly, "no one can listen to us and nobody can see us, I told them this psychoanalysis is extremely important and that it cannot be recorded." He eyed the holes in the glass again and the stepped away from the glass only to push a chair right next to it and sit on it, "This all is my fault, you see, I heard a car back then and I thought it was you. I ran to the door to open but suddenly heard some strangers talking. I immediately disappeared in the basement but on my way I fell on the floor and they heard it."

"I wish I had stayed at home that day," Hannibal said sadly. "With you, as I should be. To protect you." He moved away from the glass slowly, hesitantly, just to grab his own chair and place it in front of Will, sitting down as well and crossing his legs.

"I've missed you, Will," Hannibal confessed, eyes fixed on the boy. "Every day. And every day I wondered where you were, and replayed our memories in my mind."

He didn't dare asking if the boy still felt the same way about him, he was already making himself vulnerable enough by admitting that he had missed Will so much. He couldn't know what five years in a psychiatric hospital had done with his boy and how much it had changed him.

"They tried doing just what you did to me, they tried to break me and pour new thoughts in my brain; make me accept the fact that you're a dangerous murderer and that I should hate you. Someone once told everyone in the room I was there to cure my obsession with you and ever since then I became the ultimate target for them, I went through hell, Hannibal, physical and mental hell just because you changed me in the first place. My parents were so desperate that they even stopped visiting me after a year and you know what? They have a second child now.." the words came out bitter on Will's tongue, his hands squeezed the fabric of his shirt again.

"Little cute Sophie to replace the broken William. After five years I realised a lot of things and I'd like to say that I matured... now, I want you to tell me what can you offer me at this point? Why should I pursue my love towards you any longer when we've been separated for so long and you didn't help me out... you didn't help me run away."

"I've wanted to," Hannibal said, his voice low. He would give anything he had for that glass to disappear, even if it was just so he could hold Will in his arms for a second. "I've tried to find a way to escape, but never had the chance to do it. I spent nights awake wondering where you were, if you were alright, and planning an escape so I would be able to see you again. To leave, and take you with me."

He lowered his gaze, sighing. "I'm sorry, Will. I've never meant for any of this to happen. I could give you several reasons why you should pursue your love towards me, but I'll only give you one. The moments we shared. Can you remember our love?" he asked, looking up into Will's eyes again. "Remember how it felt when I held you in my arms? I still love you, Will, the same way I did five years ago. Maybe even more now."

Will felt himself take a deep breath and shift in his seat. Once a prisoner, always a prisoner. Even though Hannibal was the one behind the glass, Will realised he was trapped all over again in this golden cage where no one but him and Hannibal existed. His heart was beating fast and strong, his veins spreading the new blood through his body - he could lie to people around him, but he couldn't lie to himself.

"I was so hurt when you didn't come and rescue me, you know, I waited for you for five years and eventually had to get myself out of there... now you're the one who's locked and it's up to me to get you out," he slowly raised his hand and pushed it through the hole in the glass as his eyes never left Hannibal.

Hannibal reached for Will's hand immediately, grabbing it and squeezing it between both of his own, and he closed his eyes taking a deep breath.

"It would be dangerous," Hannibal said, fingertips caressing Will's hand now. "You have to be sure this is what you want to do. That it's worth the risk. Do you still love me the same way, Will? Even after all these years in a psychiatric hospital? Still wish to be with me and nobody else?"

"I have few conditions, Hannibal. If I do this, you will stay away from my family and you will never hurt them under any circumstances... also, I am adult now, I can leave wherever I want, but I will be allowed to write a letter to my parents every month or so, of course I won't tell them our location or anything important, but I will be allowed to write to them," Will let out a soft sound when Hannibal finally touched him after those five years. His hands were just as soft as he remembered them. "I am ready to sacrifice everything in order for us to be together, but you must grant me these two things or we'll go our separate ways."

Hannibal nodded slowly, hesitantly, considering Will's request. Will wasn't asking for much, he wasn't asking to have friends or anyone else in his life, he wasn't even asking to see his family again someday. Hannibal could give him that.

"You've grown so much," Hannibal said quietly, fingertips tracing the lines on Will's palm. "Evolved. Changed. You're not that little boy I brought into my house five years ago, not anymore."

Will already stood up to Hannibal in the early days of their relationship, but the way Will was standing up to him now, requesting things, threatening to leave him... Will seemed stronger, braver. Maybe it was the facial hair, maybe it were his eyes that looked a lot colder than they used to be.

"I'm proud of you for surviving the hospital. For coming here to see me," Hannibal said, leaning in to press his lips to the back of Will's hand. "I'll grant you those two wishes. You can write to your family, and I'll never harm them in any way. It's a promise."

"And you always keep your promises..." Will shivered the moment Hannibal's lips pressed against his skin again. A burning desire shot through Will, he had to bite on his lower lip and take a deep breath to keep his body under control. He freed his hand from Hannibal's, but didn't pull it away just yet, "Come closer, I'd like to touch your face, it hasn't even changed over the years, I quite miss it."

As he waited for Hannibal go grant his wish, he thought of what he would have to do to get the man out of there. "What am I required to do to get you out of here? We can't go the legal way, they won't let you go, you're too dangerous... so you have to run."

Hannibal let Will touch his face as he quickly thought about a way Will could help him. In those years, he had thought of many ways Will could help him, if Will ever came to visit. Will never did, and so Hannibal eventually pushed those ideas aside. Now he considered them again.

"There is a way. But as I said, it's dangerous," Hannibal said, sitting up straight again but grabbing Will's hand, not being ready to break the contact just yet. Hannibal lowered his voice even though he knew only Will could hear him. "You would have to kill people. Many people, in horrible ways. Ways that will make you stand out as a serial killer. It doesn't matter

who. You can't leave evidence behind,at least, not anything that leads to you. Would you be willing to do that for me?"

Will froze in the chair but then a picture of dead Jack Crawford flickered in front of his eyes and he straightened his back. He's killed before, what difference would it make to kill again if the final prize was Hannibal? Will would do anything to get Hannibal back, he once promised he would sacrifice his life even.

"I'm not sure I'm professional just yet.. I don't know how to sufficiently kill people, you would have to tell me how to kill without leaving any traces behind," he entwined their fingers together, "I am not as skilled as you, Hannibal. You saw my killing, it was very sloppy and unprofessional."

Hannibal was stunned with Will's devotion. He knew that killing felt good, that even Will had felt good when he had killed Jack Crawford, but hearing Will talk like that, wanting to kill several people just to have Hannibal back made him feel warm inside. He proceeded to explain to Will, as fast as he could, how he should do it, how she should kill, how he should be careful as he did it, how all the killings should have something in common so the police would relate all the victims to the same killer, but wouldn't know who the killer is.

As he finished, he squeezed Will's hand tighter, looking deeply into the boy's eyes. "I know you can do it, Will," he said sincerely. "You have the potential, and I have huge faith in you."

"What happens then? What if I kill all of those people, create a pattern and make police believe there's a serial killer in the city? How will that get you out of here? How will that make you escape?" Will started stroking Hannibal's hand with his fingers, looking quickly at the clock on the wall to realise he would have to leave soon. "Parents are waiting outside, I'll have to go but I'll be back as soon as possible, Hannibal, I swear I will try and get back to you tomorrow or the day after."

Hannibal didn't answer Will's question about how he was going to escape, he wouldn't have time for it if Will was already leaving. He didn't want Will to leave. "Trust me, Will," he said simply, touching Will's wrist with his fingertips. "Trust me as I trust you, and we will be away from here soon. Be careful. Please."

"I hate leaving you here like this, I don't want to leave. I want to bring a hammer and smash this fucking wall apart just to be with you," Will gritted those words through his teeth and squeezed Hannibal's hand firmly for the last time before letting go. He stood up and carried the chair back to the table in the corner. As he made his way to the glass again, this time he pressed his hand against it and whispered, "I love you and I will wait for you a hundred years if I have to."

Hannibal placed his hand on the glass as well, right over Will's. His Will was going to help him get out of there, he knew it. "I love you, my dearest boy," his words were whispered as well. "We'll be together again soon. I know that."

"Take care, I'll tell them I need more sessions with you since the psychoanalysis is a long process and every session can be quite tiring. Get some rest now, I'll be back tomorrow I

hope. And I will do what you asked me.” Will stepped away from the glass and with pain in his heart turned away, leaving the room and Hannibal behind him.

Hannibal hated to see Will go, but he was sure that Will would come back soon, and that gave him strength. He put his chair back in place and watched as the camera was turned on again, then lay on his bed and closed his eyes. It was easy and comfortable to stay with Will inside his memory palace, he could stay there for hours, ignoring the world outside, ignoring his own reality. Soon he and Will would be together again. That was all that mattered to him.

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Will tried to at least target a very dangerous person at first. Will spent the entire night wandering through streets, trying to find someone who wouldn't be missed or was dangerous enough already and the world would be a better place without them. As he was passing by a particularly dark alleyway, he noticed a weird looking man just standing there, trembling in the wind. This was it. This was his chance. Will squeezed the knife in his hand and set off towards him.

When he visited Hannibal again the second day, he looked more neat than during his first visit. He was dressed in a tight button up shirt now, a pair of black trousers and a jacket to complete the look. He instantly headed for the chair this time and pulled it close to the glass before sitting down.
"How are they treating you?"

"They don't talk to me very much," Hannibal said, taking a look at the camera to make sure it was off before grabbing his own chair and placing it across from Will's. He sat down as well, crossing his legs and looking into Will's eyes. "Except for the fact that I can't go anywhere and can't hug you, I can't complain. Although I'd like to have windows."

Hannibal smiled, noticing that something was different, something about Will had... Changed. He could sense it, could see it in his eyes, the same look Will had in his eyes when he killed Jack Crawford. Will had already started doing what Hannibal had requested.

"Windows, it is true that the room is a bit gloomy, I appreciate that you have lot of space there, but other than that I don't agree with this glass prison, you shouldn't be locked in here as some princess in a tower," Will frowned slightly, looking at the glass as if it was his worst enemy - and frankly it was his worst enemy.

"I did it.. I began with the plan. I targeted a man in some dark alley and to make it significant, I took his eyes out, cut off his tongue and also ears so he couldn't see me, hear me and couldn't scream," he was quite proud of himself as he announced Hannibal this; smile spreading across his face.

Hannibal smiled at the boy. That was even more than he had expected, and he smiled, picturing what it had looked like - Will Graham, his Will Graham, mutilating and killing a man for him.

"I'm proud of you," he said. "Now you can't stop. Do it again tonight. And tomorrow night. And the night after. Don't stop. keep the pattern." Hannibal slid his hand through the hole in

the glass, reaching for Will's. He had missed the boy so much in those last years.

"I will, I want to get you out of here as soon as possible anyway.. I know I have to be consistent and keep killing until police knows about me," Will watched Hannibal's slim hand sliding through the hole and he touched the fingers immediately once they were on his side, "I miss you so much it's ridiculous, I miss everything about you, your lips and your touch especially. I thought of you last night in bed.." he stopped there for a second as he didn't know if he could continue, "and I got aroused."

"Tell me," Hannibal said immediately, eager to know more. It reminded him of the night he got those texts from Will's phone while he was in bed, and touched himself thinking about Will. It felt like a lifetime ago. He remembered the nights he had spent in prison, lost inside his memory palace, because there he could touch Will, there he could have him. Sometimes he would touch himself, even knowing that he was being watched. "Give me the details. What did you think of, and how did you touch yourself?"

" I thought of you getting out of this cell and the first things you'd do. You'd kiss me roughly, it wouldn't be a gentle kiss because you wouldn't be able to control yourself," Will squeezed Hannibal's hand whilst his other hand casually rested on his thigh, "I imagined you bringing me home, wherever that may be.. or to a hotel room. You'd throw me on the bed and tear my clothes off, you'd want to map my entire body because it changed over those five years," his own story made him sigh a bit too loudly for his liking. "At this point I was desperately jerking myself off in my bed."

Hannibal let out a shaky breath, squeezing Will's hand even more. He wanted that, needed it. To throw Will on a bed, rip his clothes off and touch, kiss every inch of his body. See how it changed over the years.

"Did you use your fingers too? Did you fuck yourself with them? Did you imagine they were my fingers? Did you imagine me sucking you off?"

"No, I didn't want to be too loud, besides, no one has touched me in five years and I didn't really have a bottle of lubricant with me in our new house.. so I imagined it was your hand around my cock, that you were the one stroking me and when I came, I almost screamed your name but had to muffle it with the pillow," Will's fingers were now surely painfully digging into Hannibal's hand.

"Are you aroused right now?" Hannibal asked, moving his fingers to Will's wrist, caressing the skin there lightly. "I can see you in my mind... Lying in bed, touching yourself and moaning my name into your pillow. You'd look so beautiful. Someday I might ask you to touch yourself and just sit down and watch."

"Whether I am aroused is not that important.. more important to me is if you are aroused?" Will's blue eyes flew to Hannibal's crotch, noticing some reaction, although not yet absolutely sattisfactory. He hummed and ran a hand through his hair before resting the free hand on his thigh again, "If we had time, I'd suggest we both jerk off right here and right now whilst whispering to one another what will we do once you're free.. but I should go, shouldn't I?" he was teasing.

"No... You should not," Hannibal said, knowing that Will was only teasing him. Will had just arrived. They had time. "I'm always aroused when I think of you that way, Will."

Will snickered and leaned down to press a kiss to Hannibal's hand, "Oh how I missed the smell of your skin, Hannibal, once you're out I'll spend an entire day just exploring you and making a new map of your body in my head."

Hannibal chuckled, the holes in the glass were being very convenient because he could hold Will's hand. It wasn't nearly enough, what Hannibal truly needed was to hold Will in his arms, kiss him, fuck him. But even touching his hand was better than not touching him at all. Now Hannibal wondered if he could touch Will more than that. “You can touch yourself now if you want to. I would love to watch that. Would you like to see me do the same?"

Will looked at their entwined hands, but then his eyes slipped to his own crotch and the obvious erection there. He wasn't painfully hard just yet, but all these talks were certainly getting him there. He bit on his lower lip and shook his head, "This is so wrong.. but I want you to touch yourself for me, I want to see those eyes filled with lust once again."

"I've done it so many times, in the middle of the night while I saw you in my mind," Hannibal said, pressing his free hand against his crotch, touching himself through the two layers of fabric. He moaned, closing his eyes, and didn't let go of Will's hand. "I didn't care that they were watching me."

"You did? You touched yourself whilst being watched by all those people? Hannibal, you're living life on the edge, aren't you just?" Will smiled as he slowly undid the button on his trousers and slipped his hand beneath the fabric to touch himself through his underwear. He let out a moan as well and shivered, "Tell me more about it, I'm begging you."

"I would lie in bed under the blankets, close my eyes, and I'd remember touching you," Hannibal said, his fingers working to free his cock from his clothes as well. He grabbed his erection in his hand and started moving slowly, eyes fixed on Will's erection now. He had missed seeing Will like this, and missed touching him even more.

"I'd touch myself then, bring myself to orgasm and try to be quiet as I pictured you riding me, or sucking me off. Or just sitting in the corner, watching me."

William licked his lips and shivered, freeing his erection from beneath his underwear and pumping his hand up and down as he watched Hannibal closely. He never really let go of the man's hand, they were still almost violently squeezing each other's hands and Will let another moan escape his lips, "So you were here enjoying yourself whilst others could see you? That's so kinky, Hannibal, you haven't changed a bit."

"And you like it," Hannibal observed, seeing how aroused Will got just for knowing that Hannibal touched himself there, not even caring about the cameras, about the microphones, about the people watching and listening to him as he panted and moaned quietly and whispered Will's name, his hand moving fast around his cock under the covers. He watched as Will stroked his own cock and mirrored the movements of the boy's hand, touching himself in the exact same pace and groaning. It had been a while since he had done that for

the last time, and now he was painfully hard for his boy. "You would love to see me like that, I'm sure. Wouldn't you?"

"I would, I would like to see you like this when we are reunited... I will sit in a chair and let you touch yourself, let you come without me touching you, the only thing you'll be provided with is going to be my voice and nothing else," Will's hand moved more quickly now and the man let out another silent sigh as he bit on his lower lip and shivered, "I will make you pay for not rescuing me from that place and my revenge will be sweet, Hannibal."

Hannibal moaned, his hand tightening around his own cock. He would let Will do anything he wanted to do to him in bed, would be happy to give his boy anything, as long as he could have Will again. And he would have Will again soon. He started moving his hand quickly, so aroused he was sure he wouldn't take long to come like that, with Will's eyes fixed on him.

"I can't wait to be able to touch you... Take you in my mouth..." His voice was almost a whisper.

"Hannibal, for Christ's sake, I cannot wait to have you here with me," Will gritted his teeth and just as he leaned forward, he came all over his hand, moaning out loud just as his body started shivering, "Oh God, oh I missed this, I missed this so much... I cannot be without you any longer, Hannibal," he was gasping just as his body still went through the remaining orgasm. His blue eyes closed just as he leaned back in the chair and squeezed Hannibal's hand needily.

Watching Will come was enough to push Hannibal over the edge and he came all over his own hand, right after Will. It was almost perfect, having his boy there in front of him, panting and sweating.

"Your hand. Give me your hand," Hannibal said, and he was sure Will knew exactly which hand he was talking about.

Will couldn't concentrate for a split second, but then he raised an eyebrow in question, "Are you sure? You don't have to do that," he whispered softly as if to reassure the man. Then he did rose his hand that was all sticky in desperate need of washing and slid it through the whole in the glass. He wasn't even breathing at that point, post - orgasm feelings floating through him.

Hannibal grabbed Will's wrist, dismissing the boy's words and leaning in to lick the semen from his fingers. He slid each one of them into his mouth, sucked on them, licked Will's hand clean.

"You have no idea how I've missed your taste, Will," Hannibal said, letting go of Will's wrist and allowing the boy to pull his hand back.

"Right, it's been way too long for both of us.." this simple gesture almost made the man horny again, but luckily he focused on controlling his body at that moment. He bitterly realised he needed to get Hannibal out of there as soon as possible because otherwise he would go insane if this was all they could have for limited amount of time.

"I will kill more.. today, I'll target more people and kill more of them to get their attention," he whispered shortly after a small break, his eyes scanning Hannibal again, devouring him.

Hannibal smiled, proud of his boy. Will had grown so much, had become so much more than what he was when Hannibal first met him. Hannibal had helped him find his true self, and it was beautiful. Will was beautiful.

"If I cause an absolute massacre today, I'll have to stay low and hide for a while so I won't be able to come in here for some while. I'll try and call you, of course from a phonebox on the street, but I'll be incredibly shady, so don't expect some sexy talk," Will snickered at Hannibal and made sure he looked respectable as he looked up at the clock. The guards would soon get suspicious, so he had to go. "I will get you out of here soon, Hannibal, I promise you that. I honestly can't wait to be able to touch you properly again."

"I'll see you again soon, my darling boy," Hannibal said as he stood up, making sure he too looked respectable. He didn't want to let Will go, now that he got his boy back, he hated to let him out of his sight. But he watched Will turn his back and leave anyway, knowing that they would be reunited again soon without a glass wall between them. It was painful not to be able to touch Will, to hold him in his arms like he used to five years ago.

Turning around, he walked back to his desk to continue his drawings of Will.

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The same night, William decided to go beyond his plan, being too obsessed with the thought of having Hannibal close to him again. He targetted an entire house full of drug addicts near the quarter where he lived with his parents at the moment and as he sneaked out of the house, he made sure to pack all the kitchen knives with him. Since all of the men and women inside the house were all so heavily drugged, murdering them wasn't that big of a challenge for the young man. He continued in elimination, nicely one after another - always keeping a pattern. Will was almost worried since he didn't feel a bit of remorse or stab of guild doing this. He felt proud. He was doing this for Hannibal.

Once his work was done, he made a massive collage of the bodies on the ground, positioning the corpses so that would form a word on the ground if a spectacle was about to see this from above.

HELLO.

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

> This is the last chapter! Thanks so much for reading this :) After much discussion, we decided not to have major character death after all, because they're cute and deadly and deserve to be happy. We hope you enjoyed it.

Hannibal had been waiting for Will's call, so it wasn't a surprise when one of the guards pushed the phone into his cell saying that someone was insisting in talking to him.

He had barely slept that night, wondering what Will was doing, if he was killing, and how he doing it.

He grabbed the phone, brought it to his ear. He could hear Will breathing on the other side. "Hello?" Hannibal said, waiting to hear the boy's voice again.

"Mr Lecter, good evening, I was waiting for this moment for far too long," Will deliberately changed his voice, sounding much more deep and rough, "I left a little note for you at the storage near the police station, I think the police officers, who keep you on such an awful place, might want to check it out. It's so wonderful to talk to you, sir, I must admit I'm a big fan of yours and your work. I saw one of the paintings you sold, it was absolutely magnificent."

Hannibal smiled. He couldn't recognize that voice, but he knew exactly who it was. He was so proud of his boy.

"I'm flattered," he answered, looking at the guards that were still watching him, just to provoke them. "Clearly not everyone is able to appreciate my work. It makes me truly happy to know that someone appreciates it that much."

At this point the guards were fully alarmed and running all over the place; no one interrupted the call yet since they needed to trace it.

"I must confess I have certain feelings for you, Mr Lecter, and it wild be my absolute pleasure to paint with you one day. I must practise a lot, I know, I hope the officers will at least show you a photo of what I've done. When I get better, I'll come for you, Mr Lecter and we will create a masterpiece together, what do you think?"

"It would be my pleasure to work with a fan," Hannibal said, amused, watching the guards talking to each other. He gripped the phone tighter, knowing that he would have to hang up soon, but not wanting to stop talking to his boy. He wanted to listen to his real voice. "I hope they show it to me, too. I'd love to see it."

"I promise you will soon enough, Mr Lecter, soon my face will be all over the news as the America's most gruesome killer," Will on the other side laughed maniacally before clearing his throat, "If I don't get the police's attention now, I will continue in dropping little messages here and there... and once I get to you, Mr Lecter, I will do unspeakable things to you," he muttered.

"I'm curious to know what the unspeakable things would be," Hannibal said. He couldn't wait to be reunited with the boy again. "I hope someday you can show me, and I hope to see your work as well."

At that moment Hannibal's room filled with people with various computers in order to find the exact address the man was calling from. Will knew he couldn't talk with Hannibal for very much longer and that the police could track down the phone box he was using as so he patiently waited for Hannibal's sign to finish the call. "I can promise you we will meet one another sooner than you think, Dr Lecter."

"I sincerely hope so," Hannibal answered, smiling. It was time to end the call, Will had to leave wherever he was soon. He was sure no one would believe that Will was the one doing it, since the doctors obviously decided that the boy was completely cured after five years in a mental hospital. Everything was going as planned. "It's always a pleasure to talk to a fan," Hannibal said at last, waiting for Will to hang up.

"I love you." With that Will smashed the phone back and stepped out of the phone box, making his way back to his house as quickly as possible. He did everything that was in his power to make a mess and attract the police's attention; quite possibly let them believe Hannibal knew the killer. He knew they listened to his every word and that they would now interrogate Hannibal who would start some mind games on them all. Will smiled to himself.

The chief investigator turned completely pale when the call ended so quickly. He turned his face to Hannibal, rushing to the glass that separated them, "Who was that? Who called you? You sounded like you know that person!"

Hannibal smiled, amused. He couldn't stop thinking of Will, picturing him killing people, covered in blood. All of that, just for him.

"I do believe I know who he is. As he has said, he's a big fan of mine. Once I met a man who had quite the potential to kill. I told him he should follow his nature," Hannibal smirked. "I'd like to see this note he mentioned, if you allow me. It's always good to feel admired by a fan."

"We'll look into it, but I swear to God, Lecter, if you're lying to us you're going to pay for this, we will take everything from you in this cell," the man hissed angrily before leaving the room.

They all returned three hours later, clearly disturbed and angry. One of them approached the glass and showed Hannibal a picture of the crime scene that more resembled a slaughterhouse with the HELLO in the middle of the room made from human corpses. "Lecter... you have to tell us who this man is," he blurted.

Hannibal couldn't suppress another amused smile. Will only made him more and more proud. What a remarkable boy. Hannibal's gaze flickered from the picture to the man's eyes.

"I will tell you exactly who he is and possibly where to find him," Hannibal said calmly. "But I have a condition. I want to be transferred to a better cell. Bigger, and preferably with some windows. It's getting boring in here."

"You scum, do you really think I will believe this? You just want a nicer room, you surely know shit," the police officer spat, getting all red in the face from all the fury, "this is a trick to you, it's a joke you play on us for what? Few windows?"

Then another man walked to him and whispered something in his ear that Hannibal couldn't possibly catch. "You swear on your life that you'll tell us? If not, you're seriously going to regret this and you'll end up being in a much worse place than this, you'll be locked in a basement in the dark like you kept Will Graham."

Hannibal decided that the man was indeed very rude. Something would have to be done about that. His expression was unreadable when he answered.

"You can trust that I will tell you, or keep searching for him while more people die every day. It hardly makes any difference for me. I'd simply like some windows for a change." He looked directly into the man's eyes as he said it, his gaze intense.

"Fucking hell, I feel like you're going to stab me in the back the first moment you get, but then again, we do need to catch this maniac sooner than he does more damage," the police officer turned a bit pale there ad he stared back to Hannibal's eyes that made him feel very uncomfortable, "Lecter, you'll be under guard this whole time, don't try anything or seriously, I'm no joking with you, you will regret the day you were born." The man left shortly after his threat, heading to the main headquarters to arrange the criminal's transport to a better facility.

Hannibal watched as he left, and his face didn't betray any emotion. He turned around and walked back to his bed, lying back to stare at the ceiling. Soon, he thought. Soon he would meet his boy again, would be reunited with him forever. They would run away together and nothing would stop them, nothing would ever take his Will away from him again.

The transport was arranged several hours later; however before they even moved Hannibal out of his cell, the officers made sure he was handcuffed, muted and had no way of getting out of his new prison. Then one of them nudged Hannibal in the back to force him to move and go through a long corridor all the way outside where there was a van waiting for them already to take the criminal to a different prison.

They were moving him round and round in a van, foolishly thinking they could confuse him about his whereabouts. Hannibal knew the city as the back of his hand since he's spent quite a long time wandering through its streets in order to find the perfect spots where to capture his little victims. He knew where they were and where they were heading - a prison at the very end of the town with rather lovely cells as far as Hannibal has heard. However, from what he could read from driver's lips, the room wasn't ready yet and he would have to spend several hours in a cage surrounded by officers. Hannibal pushed back smile that was threatening to play across his lips - his one and only chance, the one he's been waiting for for 5 years.

The cage was ridiculously small and looked like it was made for an animal rather than for a human. Lecter highly doubted this wasn't planned, the officers apparently thought that keeping him in a cage like some trapped tiger was funny. With a warm feeling in his chest, Hannibal looked forward to wiping off that smile from their faces - with their faces. He was pushed to the cage, handcuffs disappeared and two officers stood in front of his door. "May I get some refreshment in this golden cage or am I forbidden from doing so?" the sly smirk on his face clearly made more than one officer irritated, rambling something about small dinner soon. At least that.

An hour later a small woman entered the room with loads of papers in her hands. She looked at the officers shyly and then slowly made her way towards the cage, being carefully watched. "Mr Lecter... these are the case files we have regarding the murderer you're helping us to catch," she handed the file through the bars to the man who gifted her with a shining smile. Finally someone with some attitude; Hannibal knelt down and took the file from the woman's hand, thanking her wholeheartedly. What was even more pleasing to see was a little metal paperclip clinging to the papers - a stupid mistake only a new secretary could make. Before anyone could notice it, the paperclip was gone and deeply hidden in the man's pocket.

"Lecter! Move to the bars and push your hands through it, we'll handcuff you again and give you some dinner."

"Officer, sir, if I may, please don't disturb the files on my little table, I'm just in the middle of reading them," the man replied softly, catching the paperclip in his palm. He put his hands back and let the guard handcuff him, and just as the man had finished, Hannibal worked quickly and precisely with the paperclip, freeing himself in a matter of seconds, keeping his hands tightly together at his back so the handcuffs wouldn't fall. The moment the officer was just about to leave the cell, Hannibal suddenly jumped at his back, pushing him to the ground. The man started screaming which alarmed the other guard, but just as his colleague the other one was soon silenced as well, forever.

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Will nervously sat in the parking lot near the prison, squeezing the steering wheel with both hands. He kept checking his phone this whole time, waiting for anything that would show him Hannibal was close. During the night, the boy managed to hack into police system and track down Hannibal's movements, that is why he sat at the correct parking lot in his parents' car. Suddenly his phone lit up very shortly with an unknown number which was as Will thought coming from any local phone inside the prison. Hannibal was close and Will could feel his throat tightening, fingers tingling with excitement. He wiggled in his seat and bit on his lower lip, blue eyes focused on the car window.

What made him frown was an incoming ambulance stopping right in front of the main entrance as well as several police cars. All of a sudden the door flew open, officers ran in as well as the paramedics, making Will even more nervous. What if Hannibal got caught? What would he do? He would have to kill himself for sure or get himself arrested.

Several painfully long minutes later the door opened again and Will with horror watched the paramedics carrying someone who's face was far from recognisable inside the car. Who was that person? Did he or she meet Hannibal? The young man panicked, he didn't know what to

do, he had no idea how to react when another thing shocked him. Explosion coming from inside the building. Will hid his face in his hands, hearing the buzzing in his ears, screams coming from the police officers and gunshot. As he opened his eyes again, he could see someone moving towards him at a rapid speed, that person had blood all over his face and clothes and Will was at first tempted to lock the car.

Hannibal rushed towards the car, he could see Will inside. Could smell him. He opened the car door quickly and jumped on the seat next to Will, panting for breath and closing the door again immediately.

"Drive," he panted, then finally looked at Will, resting a hand on his thigh. "Get us out of here, my darling boy."

"Oh my God, are you okay? You're all covered in... that's not yours, is it?" Will's head filled with so many questions and yet he asked only two before starting the car and getting out of he parking lot as quickly as possible. Finally he joined the main road and was able to look at Hannibal more thoroughly, "There are tissues in the glove department, clean your face a little so we don't attract unnecessary attention," he muttered, Hannibal's hand on his thigh giving him the good old comforting feeling. "I've checked the surroundings of your house,it's all clear now and the house is locked... we can get you nice and clean in there, grab some of your clothes and supplies as needed."

Will turned the car with skills of a professional driver, heading South to where he truly belonged - to that one solitary house that Hannibal was entitled to call home.

"It's too risky," Hannibal said, already reaching for the tissues to clean up his face. "I have a house near a cliff that nobody knows about. We can stay there for the night and nobody will find us." He typed an address on Will's GPS. "And no, the blood is not mine. And we'll have everything we need once we get there."

Hannibal looked at Will then, feeling so proud of his boy, so in love. He lifted his hand and caressed Will's hair softly.

"I would've gone crazy it all this blood was coming from you," Will's head turned affectionately towards the touch, the younger man smiling a bit as the familiarity of having Hannibal by his side started sinking in. He glanced over at the GPS and turned again, this time changing the direction completely and heading to the ocean as many cars in the same direction did.

"I left a letter behind, for my parents, asking them to start a new life without me... that I won't be going back ever again and I want them to accept it. I left some of my personal things in there including a photo I took yesterday with both of them. I love them very dearly, but they are no longer a part of my life," he continued in his mini speech as they were getting closer to the house each mine spent on the road.

Hannibal smiled, watching Will as he spoke. He played with Will's hair, listened to his breathing, leaned in to press a soft kiss to his jaw. "It'll be just you and me now," he said lovingly, his hand sliding to the back of Will's neck. "No one will ever take you away from me again."

It didn't take long for them to arrive at the house. It had been more than five years since Hannibal had been there. They would need to buy groceries, but Hannibal decided to worry about this in the morning. He has missed the place. Had missed Will.

Will stooped the car and pulled out the keys from it before turning to the older man, "It'll be just you and me till death tears us apart," he confirmed and squeezed Hannibal's hand simultaneously with opening the door. He got out of the car and looked over at the house. "Why don't I know about this? This is a gorgeous house, is this where you've been painting students too? Or was it just in the other house?" he asked curiously and slowly set off towards the house, leaving Hannibal in the lead to open the door.

"No, I've never done it here. I never told anyone about this house," Hannibal said as he bent down to lifted a rock and grab the key that was hidden under it. He headed to the door. "After I decided to keep you, I knew I'd have to bring you here sooner or later. Unfortunately it took me five years, but here we are." He unlocked the door and opened it, leading Will inside.

"Better late than never," Will joked behind Hannibal's back and entered the house, following the man. Everything inside was intact, even the furniture was still wrapped in bubble wrap or covered with sheets. Will randomly touched one table near him and looked at Hannibal's back, "This place... it means more to you than the previous house, doesn't it? You're keeping it perfect and you brought me here," he whispered, the feeling that hannibal brought him here was making him all warm and happy.

"This is my secret house," Hannibal said softly. "The place I was saving for if I ever needed to run away. But we can't stay here for long. Just one night, and we're leaving tomorrow morning. They're certainly looking for me already, and soon they will be looking for you.”

Hannibal locked the door again behind them, and they were safe inside the house. He grabbed Will's hand and led him to the bedroom, where the furniture was also covered in sheets. Inside of the wardrobe there were clothes, each of them carefully stored to endure the long periods of time that Hannibal stayed away. "I'll take a shower. Wait for me here."

"I will, won't go anywhere," Will smiled softly and then walked over to the bed to take the sheet off of the mattress as well so he could sit down. Before he did so, he decided to explore a bit. Hannibal must've been gone for too long, the place looked old and yet new as nothing was unpacked and stayed under the covers. Will headed over to the wardrobe and opened it, staring at suits that were there, each of them tailored specifically for Hannibal. The young man touched one and smiled, the plastic bag didn't allow him to feel the fabric, but he could already picture Hannibal wearing this particular suit in his head.

Soon he made his return and sat down on the bed, legs slightly open, hands rested in his lap. He thought of his parents for a second and what could they possibly do in the future - hopefully they'd forgive him.

After finishing the shower, Hannibal left the bathroom wearing only a towel around his waist, and walked to his wardrobe to get pillows, sheets and blankets from inside their plastic containers so he could make the bed for them to sleep. It had been too long. Hannibal had missed being here.

Will was sitting on the bed, and Hannibal approached him slowly, stopping right in front of him, between his legs. He leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Will's lips.

Will could feel the familiar tingling in his whole body, reacting to the touch and he sighed against Hannibal's lips as it has been way too long since their last kiss. Will willingly returned the kiss, leaning more into it as both of his hands squeezed at Hannibal's strong arms.

Hannibal's hand caressed Will's face, moving down to his neck, feeling the soft skin under his fingers. His lips caressed Will's, and it had been way too long since he had tasted his boy's lips for the last time. Hannibal buried his hands in Will's hair.

"Stand up," he said softly against Will's lips. There were pillows and blankets and sheets in the wardrobe. "We need to make the bed."

"Sorry... I got distracted," Will replied silently, slowly standing up and pressing against the other man's body. He let out a sigh and his hands traced Hannibal's arms all the way down to squeeze his hands. He laced their fingers together for a short moment, smiling with the gesture, "I never truly realised just how much I missed you... I see it now."

The younger man let go of Hannibal and stepped aside, allowing the other to bring the bedsheets so that he could help him.

After there were sheets and pillows and a warm blanket on their bed, Hannibal pulled Will close again. Truth was, he had missed his boy too, way too much. He would never get tired of him, and would never be able to stay away again.

"Now," Hannibal said, pulling Will closer to start undressing him. "You're only mine again..."

"Oh please, I've never truly belonged to anyone else but you," Will's lips stretched into a small smile and he looked down to watch Hannibal undressing him, "You're incredibly tender tonight... does this mean we'll sleep in bed side by side as a couple in love without anything really happening?" he asked teasingly, knowing that even if Hannibal wanted to do so, Will wouldn't mind in the slightest. He was far too happy to have his man back to care about sex.

Hannibal chuckled. "No..." He slowly slid Will's shirt off his shoulders, then let his fingertips travel all the way down Will's torso until he got to his trousers. His fingers worked on the button and fly. "It means I want to properly feel you..." Hannibal leaned in, pressing his mouth to Will's neck as he pushed Will's trousers and underwear down. "Taste you..." He bit Will's neck softly then sucked a bruise on his skin.

"What does that mean for me? What are we doing tonight?" Will tilted his head to the side and let out a small, yet needy sigh when Hannibal sucked the hickey on his neck. "Gosh, it's been far too long since you touched me, I'm quite desperate for more if I may say so," his eyes closed and he tugged at Hannibal's towel, feeling with satisfaction how it simply fell to the floor beneath his fingers.

"You will have more," Hannibal murmured against Will's neck, resting his hands on Will's buttocks and pulling him closer, making their cocks touch and rub slightly against each other.

They were both already half hard.

"Did you bring lubricant, Will?" He asked as he started kissing Will's neck again, unable to pull himself away. He wanted to fuck his boy again, to be inside him. It had been too long.

"I did... of course I did, it's in the bag I brought with me, the smaller one..." The young man panted and arched his back as he needed to be released from this sweet pain that was causing his head to disfunction. He got the goosebumps immediately and buried his hand into Hannibal's hair, pulling at the strands needily, "Go get it, but don't take too long," Will's voice was already raspy as he spoke and he could feel the shivers running down his spine.

"Get undressed for me, darling," Hannibal said quietly against Will's neck, and moved away just to get the lube from Will's bag. He was already naked, so he simply walked to the bed and lay down.

"Come here, my boy," Hannibal reached out his hand for him.

This made Will feel like the first time they did this after he was resurrected from the basement by his saviour. His eyes closed for a split second to recall that sweet moment when Hannibal took him after being locked up in a cell for God knows how long. He worked his way down the buttons of his shirt and pulled it off, exposing his naked torso and the scars Hannibal made on him over time. As he was getting rid of his boxers, the words on his inner thigh came up again, vivid as from the day one.

Will walked over to the bed, feeling the goosebumps on his skin again as he softly touched the curve of Hannibal's knee, wandering up his thigh teasingly. He joined the man on the bed, lying by his side with a smile nestling in the corner of his mouth.

As Will settled next to him, Hannibal leaned over his boy and claimed his mouth, moving to place his legs between Will's thighs.

"My beautiful boy... My darling..." Hannibal murmured against Will's lips. He moved down to Will's neck then, biting and sucking on his skin hungrily.

"Oh Hannibal... I've missed you for far too long," Will's legs spread apart and he wrapped them around Hannibal's waist, squeezing more tightly than he would've if he was about to treat Hannibal nicely. His fingers buried in Hannibal's hair and he started pulling on it, desperately needing everything the man could offer. His body arched against his lover and he rubbed their bodies together.

"I've missed you too, darling boy." Hannibal's warm breath tickled Will's skin, and Hannibal bit him harder, moving down to his collarbone to leave even more bruises. Proof that Will belong to him only, and no one else.

Hannibal kissed his way down his body, sucked hard on the boy's skin. Will was so beautiful, so precious, Hannibal just couldn't pull himself away. His cunning, remarkable boy. Hannibal was so proud of him.

He grabbed the bottle of lube, opened it, squeezed some of its content into his hand. He spread the lube on his own fingers trying to warm it up a bit, and he continued moving down, with soft, teasing bites down Will's torso until he got to Will's groin. He placed Will's legs on his shoulders, moving his hand down to press the tip of his fingers against Will's hole and spread the lube there.

"We're not doing any foreplay today, huh? Are you too anxious to be finally inside me? I might need more stretching now, it's been five years after all since I've last had sex," Will could feel his heart beating frantically in his chest as he bowed his head to look at Hannibal between his legs. He was shivering, he found himself being slightly nervous as if this truly was the first time they met. After all, he's been locked up in one room from too long and missing Hannibal's face every day persuaded his body into believing the man was a dream - a myth to keep Will alive.

The young man relaxed against the mattress, "Please be slower... at first... when I get used to you then we can do whatever."

"I will be gentle, my darling," Hannibal assured him, kissing Will's thigh softly, lips caressing the scar he had left there five years ago. It was still possible to read 'you cannot escape' on Will's skin, and Hannibal was quite proud of it. Will had not escaped, after all. Hannibal continued massaging Will's hole, not pushing his fingers inside just yet. He placed his thumb on Will's perineum and massaged him there as well, wanting to increase his pleasure, make him more pliant and needy. "I have no intention of hurting you."

Hannibal withdrew his hand, spread more lube in it and returned his hand to where it was before. His touches were light and careful, and he used his free hand to hold the base of Will's cock as he licked at the tip and tasted the boy's precome.

"I just couldn't wait to feel you like this... It's been too long, Will." Hannibal's thumb pressed harder on Will's perineum, stimulating his prostate from outside. He took the head of Will's cock in his mouth and sucked lightly.

"Trust me, I couldn't wait either... I was dreaming of this moment and my dreams would often betray me and make me think that it was a reality, that you really were with me. The reality was far too cruel then once I woke up," Will's lips parted so that he could let out a moan as he was being teased from both sides which made him tremble even more. He gritted his teeth as his hand buried in Hannibal's hair again, "Push inside... I'm ready, oh God, I'm ready," his voice was getting hoarse and he clenched his hand into fist, squeezing the sheets beneath him.

"I'm so proud of you, darling boy," Hannibal said reverently, kissing Will's thigh as he pushed the tip of one finger into Will. It had been too long, but the feeling was familiar, Will's body was familiar. Hannibal pushed all the way in and smiled against Will's skin. "You are so loyal... So strong..." He curled his finger to rub Will's prostate slightly.

"Am I strong enough though? Am I good enough for you even now? That I'm older and different... I'm no longer that sweet boy you so loved once," Will squeezed Hannibal's hair even more tightly before arching his back and groaning as the good old feeling of being

under intense pleasure returned to him and he could scream his lungs out as they were on this place completely alone.

"You will always be my sweet boy, Will." Hannibal pulled his finger out and pushed two inside of Will now, stretching him thoroughly. He knew Will had changed, that he wasn't the same boy he knew five years ago. Will had gone through so much. But still he was here, in Hannibal's bed, still in love and loyal to him. Hannibal loved him. "And you feel so good, just as I remembered."

"So does this mean you'll still have me and not... not leave me after I give you my body today?" Will prompted himself his forearms and looked at Hannibal who was still settled between his legs. He spread his own legs more wide apart so that the man could have a better access and groaned yet again once Hannibal decided to put second finger to use.

"I will never leave you again, my darling boy," Hannibal promised him, still kissing Will's thighs and looking up at him, fingers buried deep inside his body. "I never intended to leave you, Will. I wanted to leave with you, travel to another country, start a new life. They caught me before I could do that."

Will glanced shortly at his bag before fixing his eyes on Hannibal again, "What happened? I hid in the basement," Will shuddered. "Please, get inside me already, I need to feel you."

Hannibal pulled his fingers out and leaned over Will, kissing him softly. "Shhh..." He said against Will's lips, "Everything's alright now. You're mine. I won't let anybody else touch you, my love."

Hannibal pushed his cock inside him slowly, adjusting Will's legs around his waist and pressing soft kisses to the boys neck. "We'll never be apart again."

Will let out a muffled cry, his legs parting more to the sides before they embraced Hannibal's body tightly. His fingers found the man's strong shoulders and buried its nails in the delicate skin.

"Promise me..." he demanded in a raspy voice, eyes clouded with desire once his smaller body rose against Hannibal's and moved to extend their shared pleasure. He could feel the man sliding to the right place, he felt his sweet spot being hit and it felt like heaven, making the young man scream off the top of his lungs.

"I promise you, my darling," Hannibal murmured against his skin, kissing his collarbone, his throat, his jaw, his lips. He started thrusting into Will, slowly but firmly, and bit his lower lip softly.

"We're leaving in the morning," he said. "No one will ever find us again. We'll be safe, just you and me."

"Yes, oh god yes, I want nothing else and will accept no less than future with you," Will's body was reacting just the same to Hannibal's and the sensation was making the man shiver. He could no longer control his moans and the young man arched his back to make Hannibal

rub against his prostate with every single one of his moves. He bit on his lower lip as he felt himself getting closer to the orgasm he so desperately needed.

Hannibal groaned, wrapping his arms around Will to hold him as close as possible, pressing their bodies tightly together. "Forever, my darling boy..." He whispered into Will's ear, thrusting harder, desperately holding onto him.

"Hannibal... " Will whimpered and squeezed Hannibal tightly around the shoulders just as he reached the breathtaking orgasm and covered his own stomach with hot spurts. He bit down on Hannibal's neck as he did so, feeling the teeth burying into the flesh, tasting the sweat and blood underneath.

Hannibal felt Will clenching around him combined with the bite on his neck and groaned, coming deep inside of his boy. "Will," he whispered softly against the boy's neck, still holding him tightly. It had been so long. Hannibal had truly missed him. "My beautiful boy," he said, pressing kisses to Will's jaw, moving up to kiss his lips.

Will's breath was hectic and he could feel his toes curling into the mattress as he pulled Hannibal closer and returned the kiss to him extending it to make it more tender. He licked at the man's upper lip and pulled back, exhausted smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

"I have something for you... it's in my bag," he whispered, clearing his throat since his voice was still very raspy from all the whining and moaning he just went through moments back.

It was hard for Hannibal to pull himself away from Will, and he did so slowly, pressing one more kiss to Will's lips before he got out of bed. He walked to where he had left Will's bag, then moved back to the bed, sitting on the edge of the mattress and looking inside the bag to find whatever it was that Will brought for him.

The younger man moved behind Hannibal, spreading his legs so he could embrace him from behind an be able to manipulate with the bag. He reached out for it and guided Hannibal's hand to a white envelope that had two flight tickets to London, UK. With a delight Will rested his chin on Hannibal's shoulder, awaiting the man's reaction to his small gift he purchased right before he left off to pick up the man from prison.

Hannibal opened the envelope to see what was inside, finding the tickets. Will had taken care of everything for them, and now they could safely run away together. He smiled, putting the envelope back inside the bag and caressing Will's arms softly. "Thank you," he said, shifting in Will's arms just enough to be able to kiss his lips.

"There's nothing stopping us now, Hannibal, we're both free and can start a new life in England. No one will judge us, no one will hunt us down, we can even adopt a dog or get a puppy... it's amazing, I cannot wait, to be honest," Will's eyes were sparkling with excitement as he spoke and he stroked Hannibal's cheek before laying down again to get at least some sleep for their journey.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will to pull him closer, never wanting to move away from his boy. He pressed a kiss to Will's forehead. "It'll be perfect," he said softly, closing his eyes. "We can have everything you want."

"We will have everything." William muttered just as his eyes closed and he drifted off to sweet sleep.

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